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THE
WRITINGS
OF
CONNECTICUT
WOMEN

1892

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Lakeville, Conn.
May 19th., 1894.

George W. Harris, Esq.
Cornell University,
Ithaca, N. Y.

Dear Sir:-

A book entitled "Selections from the Writings of Connecticut Women," has been mailed to you today with the hope that it will prove an addition to your library.

Issued under the auspices of the Woman's Board of World's Fair Managers of Connecticut, as a permanent part of its Exhibit of literature, the volume possesses a historical value which makes it one of our choicest souvenirs of the Columbian Exposition.

The edition was limited, and in deciding upon a final distribution of the remaining copies we felt that we could not make a more fortunate disposition of the book than to secure for it a place upon the shelves of each important library in our country.

It gives me great pleasure to present the accompanying volume to your library in the name of the Board which I have the honor to represent.

Very sincerely yours,

President Woman's Board World's
Fair Managers of Connecticut.

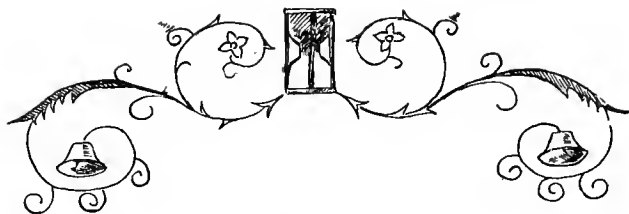
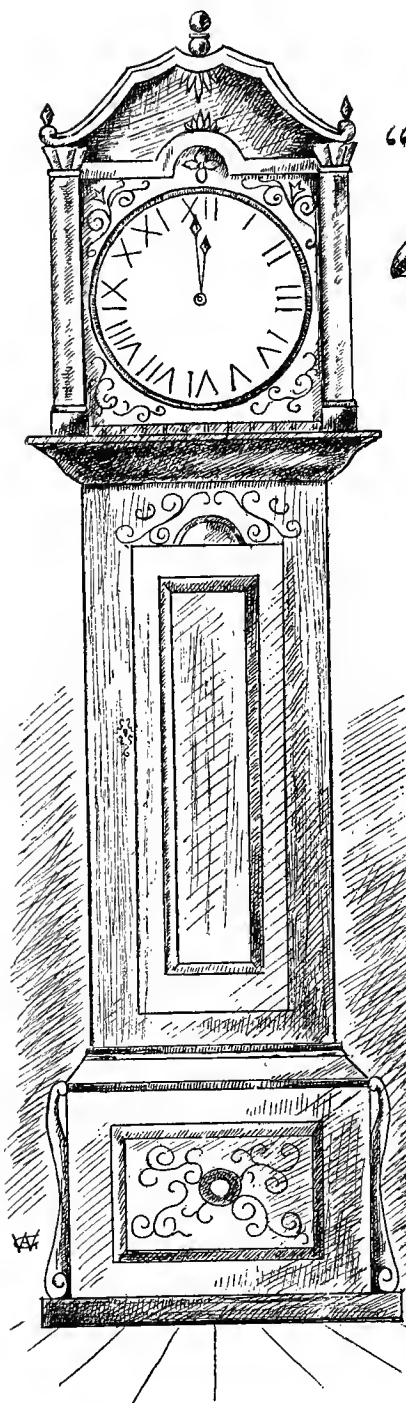
Presented by the

WOMAN'S BOARD OF WORLD'S FAIR MANAGERS

OF CONNECTICUT.

THE decision of the Woman's Board of World's Fair Managers of Connecticut to present a copy of the book brought out under its auspices to each State library in the country makes some explanation of the purpose of this book desirable. The necessity for its existence grew with compelling force in the minds of the Committee on Exhibits of Literature upon discovering that a collection of books alone gave no representation whatever to the great number of Connecticut women who had won recognition as successful writers of short stories. It was impossible to overlook the value of many of these contributions to literature; equally impossible to present as complete any exhibit of the literary work of the women of our State, which did not include these. The committee, therefore, adopted this method of presenting in a permanent form selections from as many authors as possible, omitting, with but few exceptions, the work of those who had hitherto published a volume of either prose or verse. The effort simply was to make a thoroughly readable book, one good of its kind, and therefore valuable; and as it stands, it is "itself its best excuse."

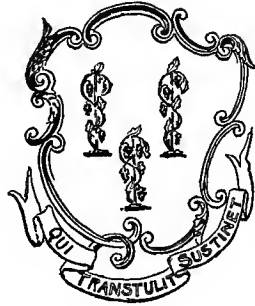
The selections indicate only in a general way the preferences of the committee, the authors themselves, in many instances, choosing that which they considered their best story or poem. It would



“Dealing,
the Clock
of
Time has
struck
the
Woman’s Hour.”

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

SELECTIONS
FROM THE WRITINGS
OF
CONNECTICUT WOMEN



NORWALK
LITERARY COMMITTEE CONNECTICUT BOARD OF LADY MANAGERS ,
FOR THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION

1893



P R E F A C E .

“And she said, I pray you, let me glean and gather after the reapers among the sheaves.”—*The Book of Ruth*.

“Womanhood of the future and the past,
Thee, we salute—”

SUCH representative writers as Lydia Sigourney, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and Rose Terry Cooke will long be remembered as women of great literary strength, who had the power to inspire their readers with a love for the best and highest ideals of life. They stand forth, also, pre-eminently as Connecticut women. Living in their native State, identified with its interests, giving generously of their labor, they leave a memory which must always be dear to every true daughter of Connecticut. Although the life work of these wonderful women is accomplished, and we have only the lessons of their teachings as treasured in their volumes, we have still many of whose literary talent Connecticut may justly be proud. It has been our object to gather in less perishable form, some of the fugitive writings of these women. We fear lest through inadvertence we may have failed to secure all the treasures which rightfully belong to this collection ; if so, we regret it, and beg the indulgence of those whom we have not reached in our appeal for the representative work which this volume is intended to perpetuate.

We wish to acknowledge the kindly sympathy extended to us by all those whose writings make up this volume. Our labors have been lightened and brightened by their encouraging words, and what might have proved a severe tax on strength and patience, through their good will and ready courtesy, has become a labor of love.

J. L. G.

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THE BIRTHPLACE OF COMMODORE HULL.

BY JANE DE FOREST SHELTON.

[*Harper's Magazine*, 1892.]

IF the portrait of some grandam who lived in the early days of the century could "materialize," and stepping down, take her place beside the "tailor-made girl" of to-day, the difference would be no more marked than that between the good ship *Constitution* and a modern "ocean greyhound." Nevertheless, in spite of the top-heaviness of the old ship as compared with the new, if the two sailed down our harbor, there would be no necessity for an order of "hats off," and our heart-beats would tell us for which rang out the "three times three."

Well does this great foremother of ours command both love and reverence. Stanch was she with the strength of oak from the forest primeval; unwavering ever as the polestar in the path of duty; and like a true woman of the olden time, ere "rights" and "suffrage" had lifted their heads from the nether chaos, she *obeyed* her master, while he, true and brave man of the olden time that he was, loved and honored her.

The last century had nearly finished its final decade ere the young United States made any effort to organize a navy. A few frigates were then built, and in 1798 Isaac Hull was appointed to one of them, with the rank of lieutenant in the navy. He had grown up in the merchant service, and at the mature age of nineteen commanded a ship and made a voyage to London. When called to serve his country he was twenty-five years of age, and a distinguished shipmaster in New York. With the opening of the new century the *Constitution* first came under his control, and ever remained his favorite. In the memorable year of 1812 he was again in command of this ship of his heart, which under his direction was destined to win from the people of this land a love akin to adoration, and the strong name of "Old Ironsides."

The war of the Revolution secured a free foothold to the successors of the first sturdy colonists. The fire of liberty no longer needed the protection of an armed host, but burned brightly on thousands

of hearth-stones, sending through the wide-mouthed chimneys the smoke of its incense, ever floating upward in thanksgiving. But it was necessary that the blaze of battle fire should be reflected on the Atlantic's breast ere the Union's right on the high seas was recognized. Isaac Hull not only secured for his country this freedom, but to him, as her representative, the standard of the "mistress of the seas" first bent itself. It was the cool presence of mind that is never taken unawares, the energy and fearlessness that admit of no result but success, and the strategic ability that gives the advantage over superior force and years of discipline—these, inherited from his father and placed at the service of his country, established her claim to be a naval power.

Now that "the dust has settled," now that the mists that lay on the sea of dissension have been blown away by the pure breath of love for a common heritage in face and tongue, now that the hands of England and America are clasped in ever-increasing friendliness, it is the valor, loyalty and patriotism that are honored in a man, whether he ranked once as friend or foe.

In 1639—hardly twenty years since the white-winged *Mayflower* had proved a bird of ill omen to the Massachusetts tribes, and the great Pequot war being ended—a small band of Connecticut colonists chose for a new settlement the site of an old Indian village near Long Island Sound, on the western bank of the Housatonic River. The Indian name of "Cupheag" gave place to "Stratford"—in memory, according to the most pleasing tradition, of Stratford-on-Avon, the birthplace of some of their number.

But in spite of the two claims of "right" and "might"—the patent granted by King James, and the conquest of territory in the Indian wars—it was found desirable, after a time, to have still another basis for their claim as landowners. After much parley, the Indians, charmed by the gleam and shine of sundry brass kettles, weapons of warfare, and the wonderful "white man's thunder," did "ingadge" to waive all right to a certain extent of meadow, forest and hill ranges in exchange for these alluring commodities from beyond the "big water." A display of penmanship followed—quaint old English on the part of the whites, and mystic signatures, arrow-heads ("all the world's akin," surely,) and the like, on the part of the Indian—which ceded to the former the district primarily included in the town of Stratford, stretching up the river "12 myle northward," and running seven or eight miles to the west.

As the colony increased in numbers the more daring ones reached out from the main settlement near the mouth of the river, and here and there the nuclei of future towns were formed. Always on the hill tops, not only because the better land lay there, but because the low lands were skirted by the river, which was the red man's road. He, in spite of treaties and bills of sale, was not always to be trusted.

One of these early settlements, about eight miles northwest of the colonial centre, was named, with a clinging love for old Yorkshire's cathedral town, "Ripon," or "Ripton." In time, however, Ripton, growing in strength, asserted her importance, becoming first a borough and eventually a town. Traditional affection yielding before local pride in honor of one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence and the State Governor, in 1789 she took the name of Huntington. Her "centre" was well up on the hills, a place of consequence in its day, sending out into the world many an illustrious son. Lesser settlements were formed within her limits, and she even attained to the dignity and importance of having her own seaport. The Indian, facing the inevitable, disturbed by the pioneer's axe and the splash of his millwheel, had retreated. At the riverside, four miles over and down the hills by the king's highway, a cluster of houses came into being. Here the river, coming down from between the northern hills, makes a long sweep eastward, and on its southern bank, back of the little docks called "The Landing," and the wide road bordered with elm trees, stands the line of houses, with quaint roofs, hipped and gabled, friendly in their nearness. Beyond them to the eastward rises a rocky wooded hillside called the Point of Rocks, and there the river, after receiving in its wide arms the lesser Naugatuck, makes a sharp turn southward on its winding way to the open Sound.

Across the river from the Point of Rocks is Derby Landing, or, as it was more generally termed, "The Narrows." Derby was settled soon after Stratford, and in time it, too, had found the riverside safe, and being at the head of tide-water, its commerce was early established. It became the base for supplies for the back country, a port whose vessels sailed to all parts of the world, and whose foreign trade was for some years greater than that of New Haven. It was a place for ship owners and ship builders, receiving the name of the "Shipbuilding Town." Naturally it was a place for captains, their homes and families, and of stores where not only domestic goods were to be found, but the merchandise of both the

East and West Indies, and the manufactures of England and the European nations, while the docks were piled with this country's products for export.

One of the wealthiest and most influential families in Derby from its settlement was the Hull family. They lived at "Uptown," and built mills where plaster, grain and flaxseed were ground and lumber sawn for export as well as for domestic use. This industry remained under the control of the family for several generations, and on the site of the old mill one of the millstones even now lies.

In 1750 there was born to this family a son named Joseph, the fourth of the name and the fifth in descent from Richard Hull, who came from Derbyshire to Connecticut before 1640. In those days a man's work began before he reached legal manhood, and while yet a boy Joseph Hull engaged in West Indian trade, becoming as familiar with the changing face of the ocean as with the hills and valleys of his childhood's home.

A ferry was early established between Derby and the opposite shore, then a part of Stratford. Among the earliest houses on that side of the river was one about half a mile from the landing, built in 1721, and sold by Yelverton Perry to Nathan Bennett in 1736. It was a large house with a stone chimney, a sure proof of its antiquity, as bricks did not come into use in that part of the country until about the middle of the century. The house remained intact until April, 1890, when it was burned with adjacent buildings. The old deed of sale says: "104 acres of land in the Burrough of Ripton, in consideration of fifteen hundred and thirty-two pounds in hand . . . a dwelling-house and barn standing on said land . . . one-eighth part of [interest in] a saw-mill standing on said land, and one-half of a ferry-boat, with the privilege of the ferry for himself and heirs."

This property, with more land bought from others, was inherited from Nathan Bennett by his son Daniel, a deacon in the Congregational Church at Ripton. When Lafayette, coming from Rhode Island to join Washington on the Hudson, passed through this part of the State, he and his officers had breakfast at this house. It was on a Sunday morning, and Deacon Bennett, with two little children in the wagon, was just starting for Ripton, when a man in uniform appeared, and asked if he could give Lafayette and his officers breakfast, and also furnish assistance in transporting the troops and cannon across the river. The deacon consented at once, sent the children into the house, ordered a sheep killed and cooked, and then

went to the neighboring farmers for men and teams to render the necessary assistance. The army had been encamped in the upper part of Derby, and the river must be crossed by ferry and fording.

The meal having been served and eaten, and the crossing successfully accomplished, the bill was called for. Deacon Bennett asked if the entertainment had been satisfactory. "Perfectly," was the reply. "Then there is no charge; you are entirely welcome."

In this house in 1752 a daughter was born, to whom was given the time-honored name of Sally.

There is an old story of which the world never tires. "How it happened" is of unflagging interest; but in this instance, as in many others, where tradition has not reached down to the present, only imagination can be sent back to that happy past when Joseph Hull and Sally Bennett found the world all rose-color. Perhaps their friendship began in childhood. Perhaps it was a case of that occasional propinquity which carries its concealed magic. A story is told of an old lady who expressed no surprise when an intended marriage was announced that had caused the rest of her little world to open wide its eyes. She merely said: "Why, of course. I expected it. *He had the next seat to her in the kirk!*" Perhaps, as Ripton meeting-house was far off over the hills, it was sometimes easier to cross by ferry to Derby and walk demurely up the valley to the little church there! However, it happened, as it has ever since there was "a garden eastward in Eden;" and will, until the last sheaf of humanity has been garnered.

So in 1769 there was a wedding in the old Bennett house—weddings were usually in the homesteads in those days—and after living a few years on the Derby side of the river, the young couple set up their *lares* and *penates* in a house built by Joseph Hull at the Landing, on land given by Deacon Bennett to Sally as part of her dower. This added the last one to the line of houses that have stood in peaceful neighborliness for more than a century, and here Isaac Hull was born on the 6th of March, 1773.

The falling of tea-chests in Boston Harbor caused a ripple that was felt to the farthest shores of the thirteen colonies, and on July 4, 1776, the vibrant rim of Liberty Bell set in motion those waves of sound that called every man whose heart yearned for freedom to fall into line. Joseph Hull was among the first to respond, and entered the army as lieutenant of artillery. He was soon taken prisoner, and for two years endured much suffering. Then obtaining release, he

was again at his country's service, and remained through the entire war. His remarkable coolness under danger, his fearlessness and great strategic ability, are verified by many traditions. At one time, riding from Derby to New Haven, as he reached the brow of a hill, he saw a number of British soldiers coming toward him. He was alone and unarmed; he stopped his horse an instant, turned and beckoned as if signalling a force to follow him, then riding forward, demanded the swords of the soldiers, which, as they expected the immediate arrival of his re-enforcement, were at once surrendered.

Those were days for stout-hearted women as well as men, and Sally Hull was a brave example when her husband started on the long march for liberty, leaving her and three little boys, Isaac, the second son, being in his fourth year. She must have borne a patient heart during the weary years of his imprisonment, and the courage of the day was necessary on being left again and again to await the unknown result while he bore his part in the great struggle. Nor were the women and children in the quiet homes always in safety. The sight of the enemy's red coat and the tramp of his footstep were to be watched and listened for. New Haven was plundered and Fairfield burned, and whose turn might come next none could tell.

Undoubtedly a boy's instincts are always a boy's instincts, but the age in which he lives bends them one way or another. Isaac Hull was ten years old when peace was declared, and the long record of his father's endurance, heroism, fearlessly meeting and successfully outwitting the enemy, must have done much to mould the boy for the future. Inheritance, strengthened by a noble example, called to the front the high qualities that told for his country's gain so markedly. It is easy to imagine the boy by the peaceful river-side living over his father's brave deeds and longing to emulate them. But his could not have been a dreamy life. He had an early training in the dangerous whaling expeditions on Long Island Sound in open boats, where courage and boldness of action, following a quick perception, were early instilled. That "the child is father of the man" is again abundantly proved.

The old houses speak only of peace now. It is not easy to realize their "troubulous times." Their outlook has changed with the changes of more than a century, but they silently testify to the brave spirits, the strong-hearted men and women, and children too, to whom the blue sky and shining river and the outlines of the green hills looked as they do now, though mechanical progress and the modern

gods of steam and electricity have transformed all else. Wars and rumors of wars have echoed round them, as 1812, 1848, 1861-65, have left their marks on other parts of the great country; but their peril was when the nation was born, and they have witnessed since only an ever-increasing freedom as the art of war has given place to the arts of peace.

That "the course of empire" is "westward" is well proved. Equally true it is that despite its "course" the *site* of empire remains. Who can count the Jerusalems from Melchizedek till to-day? How many Troys did Schliemann find ere he reached that of Priam? Though the United States is but learning to count its centuries, while the older nations sum up their millenniums, still it is verified. Cupheag was followed by Stratford. The Paugassetts settlement at Derby, and the kindred Pootauck one, where old Ripton's youngest child, the borough of Shelton, now lies, and the old Indian fields and forts on the point between the two, where busy Birmingham long since established her reputation for industry, lift their voices in evidence. It is not possible to measure the distance between a cluster of wigwags on the quiet hillside and the long lines of brick factories with their din and roar; but when the turning of the soil puts a stone pestle or arrow-head into the white hand of to-day, it feels the touch of the red brother's. "We measure time by heart-throbs, not by figures on the dial."

In many things the aim of the present is to reproduce the past. But the line and plummet of the most faithful of architects can no more make the new house like the old model than the theatrical make-up can transform the young man into an old one. The result may be admired as a work of art, but it is not nature. The touch of time gives a sag to the tent pole, a suggestion of waviness in outline, and a rounding of angles that the tool of man tries in vain to reproduce. And the old house has a human interest that cannot be obtained by opening a wide door and letting out a troop of children to play on the porch. It is like a man full of years and honors, whose mental vision sees the empty places filled with those "loved long since and lost awhile."

HOW THE TORIES BROKE UP "MEETING."

BY EMMA W. DEMERITT.

[*St. Nicholas*, 1884.]

FOR the third time little Ruth Holley stepped out on the broad flat stone that served as a doorstep, and shading her eyes with her hand looked eagerly down the road.

"Oh, dear!" she sighed, glancing at the long slanting shadows; "It's almost supper-time and they haven't come, and sister Molly is never late!"

Then she turned and passed through the narrow entry into the kitchen, where her mother was bending over a big iron pot which hung from the crane in the wide fireplace.

"Well, Daughter, any signs of 'em yet?"

"No, Mother," answered Ruth, almost ready to cry. "Perhaps Gray Duke has run away, or some of the dreadful Tories have stopped them; and if anything should happen to Geordie or the twins, I don't know what I *should* do!"

Mrs. Holley raked the embers forward and threw a fresh log on the fire. "I wouldn't borrow any trouble, Daughter," she said quietly; "real trouble comes thick and fast enough in these dark days without any need of borrowing more."

The kitchen door opened, and a tall gray-haired man entered.

"I've put the milk in the pantry, Mother. Where are Molly and the children? Haven't they come?"

Mrs. Holley shook her head.

"Ruth is worrying, Father, for fear that they've been caught by Tories or that Gray Duke has run away with them."

The farmer threw back his head and laughed.

"No fear of that, little girl! Molly Pidgin is a born horse-woman, and Duke may be fiery and unmanageable enough with strangers, but he's like a lamb with Molly. And as for being caught by the Tories,—why, I'd just like to see 'em do it, that's all! There isn't a horse in these parts that can keep within sight of Duke's heels. I knew his value well when I gave him to Molly for a wedding gift. And they are well matched for spirit!"

"I wish Molly had less spirit, Father, for then when Edward went away, she would have come up here to stay with us," returned

Mrs. Holley. "Middlesex is no place for her; it's a perfect nest of Tories! But we had hard work to get her to spend even this week with us!"

"Well, I suppose she thought some of the Tories would run off the cattle or ransack the house while she was away. We are passing through dark days—dark days, Mother! It's bad enough to have to fight an open foe, but when it comes to having neighbors who are on the watch for every chance to plunder you and to give you over to the Red-coats, it's almost more than flesh and blood can stand!"

It was the summer of 1781, the darkest and most trying period of the Revolution. The campaign of 1779 had proved a failure. The British were everywhere successful, and the American army had done almost nothing toward bringing the war to a close. And 1780 was a still more discouraging year. The winter was one of the coldest ever known, and the sufferings of the Continental troops in their winter quarters at Morristown were terrible. Early in 1781, several hundred of the soldiers revolted and were only kept by the point of the bayonet from going home, so that this year, too, opened most disastrously. The dwellers on the Connecticut coast lived in constant fear of the British, who occupied New York City and Long Island, and frequently crossed the Sound at night in boats, to plunder the inhabitants and carry them away captives. Norwalk, Middlesex (now Darien), and Stamford were particularly hated by the English on account of the patriotism of their three ministers, and the Red-coats had been planning for a long time some way of punishing the Rev. Mr. Mather, whose earnest teachings served to keep up the almost fainting courage of the people of Middlesex.

Mrs. Holley swung the crane further over the fire, and then helped Ruth to set the table with the dark-blue china and the large pewter platters, which had been scoured until they shone like silver.

"Hark! What is that?" said the farmer, going to the door. But Mrs. Holley and Ruth were there before him, just in time to see a powerful gray horse dash up to the door and stop obediently at the decided "Whoa!" of his mistress, a rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed young woman. Behind her, on the pillion, and securely tied to her waist, was four-year-old Geordie, while in front, encircled by her arms, sat the baby twins, Ben and Desire, as like as two peas. In a moment, Geordie was unfastened and Ruth was smothering him with kisses, while Mrs. Holley looked very proud with a twin on either arm.

"Well, Molly," said her father, looking at her admiringly as she sprang lightly to the ground, "you are as spry as ever. We had begun to worry about you. What made you so late?"

"I was waiting for dispatches from Edward, and they came just before I left. They've had a terrible winter, Father," and the tears gathered in Molly's eyes. "Our brave men have been without shoes and had only miserable rags for clothing, and hundreds of them have died from hunger and cold. At times they had neither bread nor meat in the camp, and the Continental money lost value so that it took four months' pay of a private to buy a bushel of wheat! Edward says if it had not been for the great heart and courage of Washington they would have given up in utter despair. But things are looking brighter now. Congress has sent them money, and General Greene has had some splendid victories in the South; and Edward says there are still more to follow."

"You don't say!" cried the farmer in a ringing voice, and his bent form straightened, and his blue eyes flashed. "Now, may the Lord be praised! How many times have I told you, Mother, that we'd certainly win in the end."

"But these victories cost so, Father!" said Molly, throwing her arm over the horse's neck and hiding her face against his glossy mane. "O Duke, Duke! When will your master come back to us?"

Duke had been champing his bit uneasily, but at the sound of his mistress's voice, he became instantly quiet. He turned his full, bright eye on her and lowered his head until his nose rubbed against her hand.

"Just look at the critter, Mother!" cried Farmer Holley. "I think he actually knows what the girl is saying."

"Edward wrote that there was a great scarcity of horses in the army, and asked me, in case Duke was needed for our Washington, if I would be willing to give him up."

"It would be rather hard to give up Duke. Eh, Molly, girl?"

"I would even part with him, if necessary. I will do anything and everything that I can, for the sake of our country," said Molly. "And dear old Duke is fit to carry even so good and great a man as Washington."

In a few moments the family was seated at the table, and opening the big, leather-bound Bible, Farmer Holley read a short chapter, followed by the simple evening prayer.

The next morning, after breakfast was cleared away, Molly said to her father:

"I believe I'll ride down to Middlesex church. I don't like to miss one of Parson Mather's sermons. They are a great comfort to me. And I can see, too, whether the house is all right. I can get there in time for the afternoon service, and I'll take Ruth with me for company."

Shortly before noon, Duke was brought to the door, and so impatient was he, that he could hardly wait for Molly and Ruth to mount. Off they went at a rapid pace, through the gate and down the old post-road, and Canaan Parish was soon left far behind.

After a few pats and a little coaxing, Duke settled down to a sober trot. A ride of six miles brought them to Molly's house, and a glance told them that all was safe. Then they came in sight of the wooden meeting-house, with its stiff little belfry. On one side was a dense swamp bordering the road. As they passed it, Ruth glanced carelessly back, and her heart gave a great thump, as she thought she saw a bit of red color and a glitter as of sunshine on burnished steel. She looked again, but there was nothing but an unbroken wall of green leaves, so thick was the growth of bushes and tangled vines. Her first impulse was to tell Molly. Then she laughed at her foolish fears. "I'm but a silly girl," she thought; "it was all imagination!"

The bell was still ringing, and Molly went behind the church, where the horses were fastened, and tied Duke to a tree. Then she took Ruth by the hand, crossed the porch, passed through the little entry and walked up the aisle to a square, high-backed pew.

The young girl heard but little of the service. She could not get that bit of red color and the glitter in the swamp out of her mind. The windows were open, and she found herself listening intently for every little sound, but she heard nothing except the singing of birds and the rustling of the leaves, as the warm south wind gently stirred the branches of the trees. But when Mr. Mather, from his high pulpit perched beneath the great sounding-board, began to read the hymn, suddenly the words died away on his lips. He closed his book and remained motionless, with his eyes riveted on the open door.

"Surrender or die!" called a loud voice. "Escape is impossible, for both doors are guarded."

Three or four young men climbed out of the windows, but the shots fired after them warned others of the dangers of flight. With clanking arms a number of British soldiers, led by some of the Middlesex Tories, rudely entered the church and proceeded to plunder

the congregation. Silver watches were taken, silver buckles were torn from knee-breeches and shoes, and earrings were roughly snatched from women's ears.

Molly started up indignant, as a trooper pointed to the gold beads on her neck. "I'll thank ye for those gewgaws, ma'am," said he.

"Softly, softly, Mistress Pidgin," exclaimed a neighbor; "resistance is of no use." And Molly gave up the necklace.

Then she whispered to Ruth: "Keep close by me, Little Sister! Do just as I do—keep getting nearer the door—a step at a time—without attracting attention. If I *can* only save Duke!" The British tied the men, two by two, and, amid the soldiers' jeers and hooting, the gray-haired minister was dragged from the pulpit.

"Let the rebel parson lead the march," cried one; "and hark ye, sirrah, step lively, or you'll feel the prick of my bayonet—we must make haste, or the whole town will be after us," he added in a lower tone, addressing one of his comrades.

In the meantime, Molly and Ruth had reached the door without being seen, and Mistress Pidgin peeped out cautiously. The guard had left his post to help lead the horses to the front of the church. Most of them had been taken, but Duke was still standing under the tree.

The two sisters darted down the steps, climbed up on a stone fence, untied Duke, and mounted, but had gone only a few yards when they encountered two men.

"Stop!" cried one of them, seizing the bridle. Molly bent over Duke, and patted him gently on the neck. Then she raised her whip and brought it down with all her might on his flank. He reared wildly, and, with a furious plunge that would have unseated a less skillful rider than Molly, he freed himself from his captor, dashed across the green, and, with ears laid flat against his neck and his tail streaming out like a white banner, he darted like an arrow up the road.

Ruth was partly thrown from the pillion, but Molly's strong arm was around her, and her calm voice sounded reassuringly:

"Pull yourself up to the pillion! Never fear! I can hold you;" and even in that mad flight the little girl was able to draw herself up to a secure position. As they reached the top of a long hill, Molly drew rein and looked back. A few mounted men had started in pursuit, but Duke was too fleet for them, and they had turned back.

"O my brave Duke," said Molly; "may you always carry your rider as swiftly from danger as you have carried us to-day!"

Duke bore them swiftly up the old road to Canaan Parish, and as soon as they reached home safely, the alarm was given by the ringing of bells and the firing of guns, and several of the men started at once for Middlesex. But they were too late! The prisoners had been carried across the Sound, and from thence they were sent to the prison-ships in New York Bay, where some of them languished and died, and others, among them Parson Mather, after a long delay, were returned to their homes.

Meantime Duke was sent to the headquarters of the Continental Army, and it was the proudest day of Molly's life when, soon after the declaration of peace, she stood on a balcony with Edward and the children beside her, and heard the thunder of artillery, the ringing of bells, and the wild cheers of the people. For, as she looked up the street she saw, amid the waving of flags and the fluttering of handkerchiefs, passing under the triumphal arch, with proudly arched neck and quivering nostrils, a magnificent gray horse, bearing on his back that martial figure so well known and loved—the noble Washington.

FAILURE.

BY ANNIE ELIOT TRUMBULL.

[*American Magazine*, 1888.]

To always dream; to let the sunlight fall
Thro' twining boughs on drowsy eyes, nor miss
The grace of any dancing leaf the kiss
Of south wind thrills; to lose no scent of all
That south wind brings from by ways where the rose
And sweet fern spend their fragrance, nor lack power
To read aright the message of the hour
Where the strong tide of living ebbs and flows;
To grasp what is revealed, but never rise
To speak incisive words, nor seize the pen
And, dashing misty doubt from languid eyes,
Make known the message one has learned, to men.
Such is the fate of some; to wake, enjoy, perceive,
To smile, to dream again, and let the rest achieve.

AN OVERDOSE OF HASHEESH.

BY MARY C. HUNGERFORD.

[*Popular Science Monthly*, 1882.]

BEING one of the grand army of sufferers from headache, I took, last summer, by order of my physician, three small daily doses of Indian hemp (hasheesh), in the hope of holding my intimate enemy in check. Not discovering any of the stimulative effects of the drug, even after continual increase of the dose, I grew to regard it as a very harmless and inactive medicine, and one day, when I was assured by some familiar symptoms that my perpetual dull headache was about to assume an aggravated and acute form, such as usually sent me to bed for a number of days, I took, in the desperate hope of forestalling the attack, a much larger quantity of hasheesh than had ever been prescribed. Twenty minutes later I was seized with a strange sinking or faintness, which gave my family so much alarm that they telephoned at once for the doctor, who came in thirty minutes after the summons, bringing, as he had been requested, another practitioner with him.

I had just rallied from the third faint, as I call the sinking turns, for want of a more descriptive name, and was rapidly relapsing into another, when the doctors came. One of them asked at once if I had been taking anything unusual, and a friend who had been sent for remembered that I had been experimenting with hasheesh. The physicians asked then the size and time of the last dose, but I could not answer. I heard them distinctly, but my lips were sealed. Undoubtedly my looks conveyed a desire to speak, for Dr. G——, bending over me, asked if I had taken a much larger quantity than he ordered. I was half sitting up on the bed when he asked me that question, and, with all my energies bent upon giving him to understand that I had taken an overdose, I bowed my head, and at once became unconscious of everything except that bowing, which I kept up with ever increasing force for seven or eight hours, according to my computation of time. I felt the veins of my throat swell nearly to bursting, and the cords tighten painfully, as, impelled by an irresistible force, I nodded like a wooden mandarin in a tea-store.

In the midst of it all I left my body, and quietly from the foot of the bed watched my unhappy self nodding with frightful velocity.

I glanced indignantly at the shamefully indifferent group that did not even appear to notice the frantic motions, and resumed my place in my living temple of flesh in time to recover sufficiently to observe one doctor lift his finger from my wrist, where he had laid it to count the pulsations just as I lapsed into unconsciousness, and say to the other: "I think she moved her head. She means us to understand that she has taken largely of the cannabis Indica." So, in the long, interminable hours I had been nodding my head off, only time enough had elapsed to count my pulse, and the violent motions of my head had in fact been barely noticeable. This exaggerated appreciation of sight, motion, and sound is, I am told, a well-known effect of hasheesh, but I was ignorant of that fact then, and, even if I had not been, probably the mental torture I underwent during the time it enchained my faculties would not have been lessened, as I seemed to have no power to reason with myself, even in the semi-conscious intervals which came between the spells.

These intervals grew shorter, and in them I had no power to speak. My lips and face seemed to myself to be rigid and stony. I thought that I was dying, and, instead of the peace which I had always hoped would wait on my last moments, I was filled with a bitter, dark despair. It was not only death that I feared with a wild, unreasoning terror, but there was a fearful expectation of judgment, which must, I think, be like the torture of lost souls. I felt half sundered from the flesh, and my spiritual sufferings seemed to have begun, although I was conscious of living still.

One terrible reality—I can hardly term it a fancy even now—that came to me again and again, was so painful that it must, I fear, always be a vividly remembered agony. Like dreams, its vagaries can be accounted for by association of ideas past and passing, but the suffering was so intense and the memory of it so haunting that I have acquired a horror of death unknown to me before. I died, as I believed, although by a strange double consciousness I knew that I should again reanimate the body I had left. In leaving it I did not soar away, as one delights to think of the freed spirits soaring. Neither did I linger around dear, familiar scenes. I sank, an intangible, impalpable shape, through the bed, the floors, the cellar, the earth, down, down, down! As if I had been a fragment of glass dropping through the ocean, I dropped uninterruptedly through the earth and its atmosphere, and then fell on and on forever. I was perfectly composed, and speculated curiously upon the strange

circumstance that even in going through the solid earth there was no displacement of material, and in my descent I gathered no momentum. I discovered that I was transparent and deprived of all power of volition, as well as bereft of the faculties belonging to humanity. But in place of my lost senses I had a marvelously keen sixth sense or power, which I can only describe as an intense super-human consciousness that in some way embraced all the five and went immeasurably beyond them. As time went on, and my dropping through space continued, I became filled with the most profound loneliness, and a desperate fear took hold of me that I should be thus alone for evermore, and fall and fall eternally without finding rest.

"Where," I thought, "is the Saviour, who has called his own to his side? Has he forsaken me now?" And I strove in my dumb agony to cry to him. There was, it seemed to me, a forgotten text which, if remembered, would be the spell to stop my fatal falling and secure my salvation. I sought in my memory for it, I prayed to recall it, I fought for it madly, wrestling against the terrible fate which seemed to withhold it. Single words of it came to me in disconnected mockery, but erased themselves instantaneously. Mentally, I writhed in such hopeless agony that, in thinking of it, I wonder I could have borne such excess of emotion and lived. It was not the small fact of life or death that was at stake, but a soul's everlasting weal.

Suddenly it came. The thick darkness through which I was sinking became illuminated with a strange lurid light, and the air, space, atmosphere, whatever it might be called, separated and formed a wide black-sided opening, like the deadly pit which shows itself in the center of a maelstrom. Then, as I sank slowly into this chasm, from an immeasurable distance above me, yet forcibly distinct, the words I longed for were uttered in a voice of heavenly sweetness: "He that believeth on *me* hath everlasting life, and shall not come unto condemnation." My intense over-natural consciousness took possession of these words, which were, I knew, my seal of safety, my passport to heaven. For one wild instant a flash of ineffable joy, the joy of a ransomed soul, was mine. I triumphed over sin and hell and the unutterable horrors of the second death. Then I plunged again into the outer darkness of the damned. For the talisman which had been so suddenly revealed was, as if in mockery, as suddenly snatched from me, and, as before, obliterated from my recollection.

Then all the chaos beyond the gap into which I was falling became convulsed, as if shaken by wind and storm. Hideous sounds of souls in torment, and still more hideous peals of mocking, fiendish laughter, took the place of the hitherto oppressive silence. I was consumed by a fearful, stinging remorse for the sins done in the body. Unlike the experience of the drowning, my sins did not present themselves to my remembrance in an array of mathematical accuracy. On the contrary, not one was specifically recalled, but, if my daily walk and conversation had through life been entirely reprobate, and the worst of crimes my constant pastimes, my consequent agony of self-reproach could not have been greater. My conscience, in its condition of exaggerated self-accusation, was not only the worm that never dieth, but a viper that would sting eternally, a ravening beast that, still insatiate, would rend and gnaw everlastingly.

I began then, without having reached any goal, and for no apparent reason, to ascend with neither more nor less swiftness than I had gone down, and in the same recumbent position in which my forsaken body lay upon the bed a fathomless distance above, and which I had been all the time powerless to change. Even the dress, a thin, figured Swiss muslin, was the same, although a hundred times more diaphanous. Even in my agonies of remorse I noticed how undisturbed by my falling were its filmy folds. There was not even a flutter in the delicate lace with which it was ornamented. As I rose, a great and terrible voice, from a vast distance, pronounced my doom in these words of startling import : " In life you declared the negation of the supernatural. For truth you took a false philosophy. You denied the power of Christ in time—you shall feel it in eternity. In life, you turned from him—in death, he turns from you. Fall, fall, fall, to rise again in hopeless misery, and sink again in lonely agony forever ! " All space took up the last four words of my terrible sentence, and myriads of voices, some sweet and sad, some with wicked, vindictive glee, echoed and re-echoed like a refrain, " In lonely agony forever ! " Then ensued a wild and terrible commingling of unsyllabled sounds, so unearthly that it is not in the power of language to fitly describe them. It was something like a mighty Niagara of shrieks and groans, combined with the fearful din and crash of thousands of battles and the thunderous roar of a stormy sea. Over it all came again the same grandly dominant voice, sternly reiterating the four last words of doom, " In lonely agony forever ! " and all the universe seemed to vibrate with them.

Silence reigned again. A strange, brassy light prevailed; rapid and fierce lightning flashed incessantly in all directions, and the shaft-like opening about me closed together. Impelled by a resistless force I still rose, although now against a crushing pressure and an active resistance which seemed to beat me back, and I fought my upward way in an agony which resembled nothing so much as the terrible moment when, from strangling or suffocation, all the forces of life struggle against death, and wrestle madly for another breath. In place of the woful sounds now reigned a deadly stillness, broken only at long but regular intervals by a loud report, as if a cannon, louder than any I ever heard on earth, were discharged at my side, almost shot into me, I might say, for the sound appeared to rend me from head to foot, and then die away into the dark chaos about me in strange, shuddering reverberations. Even in the misery of my ascending I was filled with a dread expectancy of the cruel sound. It gave me a feeling of acute physical torture, with a lingering intensity that bodily suffering could not have. It was repeated an incredible number of times, and always with the same suffering and shock to me. At last the sound came oftener, but with less force, and I seemed again nearing the shores of time. Dimly in the far distance I saw the room I had left, myself lying still and death-like upon the bed, and the friends watching me. I knew, with no pleasure in the knowledge, that I should presently reanimate the form I had left. Then, silently and invisibly, I floated into the room, and was one with myself again.

Faint and exhausted, but conscious, the seal of silence still on my lips, with all the energy I was capable of I struggled to speak, to move, to make some sign which my friends would understand; but I was as mutely powerless as if in the clutch of paralysis. I could hear every word that was spoken, but the sound seemed strangely far away. I could not open my eyes without a stupendous effort, and then only for an instant. "She is conscious now," I heard one of the doctors say, and he gently lifted the lids of my eyes and looked into them. I tried my best then to throw all the intelligence I could into them, and returned his look with one of recognition. But, even with my eyes fixed on his, I felt myself going again in spite of my craving to stay. I longed to implore the doctor to save me, to keep me from the unutterable anguish of falling into the vastness and vagueness of that shadowy sea of nothingness again. I clasped my hands in wild entreaty; I was shaken by horrible convulsions—so at least, it seemed to me at the time—but, beyond a slight quivering of the fingers, no movement

was discernible by the others. I was unable to account for the apathy with which my dearest friends regarded my violent movements, and could only suppose it was because my condition was so hopeless that they knew any effort to help me would be futile.

For five hours I remained in the same condition—short intervals of half-consciousness, and then long lapses into the agonizing experience I have described. Six times the door of time seemed to close on me, and I was thrust shuddering into a hopeless eternity, each time falling, as at first, into that terrible abyss wrapped in the fearful dread of the unknown. Always there were the same utter helplessness and the same harrowing desire to rest upon something, to stop, if but for an instant, to feel some support beneath; and through all the horrors of my sinking the same solemn and remorseful certainty penetrated by consciousness that, had I not in life questioned the power of Christ to save, I should have felt under me the “everlasting arms” bearing me safely to an immortality of bliss. There was no variation in my trances; always the same horror came, and each time when sensibility partially returned I fought against my fate and struggled to avert it. But I never could compel my lips to speak, and the violent paroxysms my agonizing dread threw me into were all unseen by my friends, for in reality, as I was afterward told, I made no motion except a slight muscular twitching of the fingers.

Later on, when the effect of the drug was lessening, although the spells or trances recurred, the intervals were long, and in them I seemed to regain clearer reasoning power and was able to account for some of my hallucinations. Even when my returns to consciousness were very partial, Dr. G—— had made me inhale small quantities of nitrite of amyl to maintain the action of the heart, which it was the tendency of the excess of hasheesh to diminish. Coming out of the last trance, I discovered that the measured rending report like the discharge of a cannon which attended my upward way was the throbbing of my own heart. As I sank I was probably too unconscious to notice it, but always, as it made itself heard, my falling ceased and the pain of my ascending began. The immense time between the throbs gives me as I remember it an idea of infinite duration that was impossible to me before.

For several days I had slight relapses into the trance-like state I have tried to describe, each being preceded by a feeling of profound dejection. I felt myself going as before, but by a desperate effort of will saved myself from falling far into the shadowy horrors which I

saw before me. I dragged myself back from my fate, faint and exhausted and with a melancholy belief that I was cut off from human sympathy, and my wretched destiny must always be unsuspected by my friends, for I could not bring myself to speak to any one of the dreadful foretaste of the hereafter I firmly believed I had experienced. On one of these occasions, when I felt myself falling from life, I saw a great black ocean like a rocky wall bounding the formless chaos, into which I sank. As I watched in descending the long line of towering, tumultuous waves break against some invisible barrier, a sighing whisper by my side told me each tiny drop of spray was a human existence which in that passing instant had its birth, life and death.

“How short a life!” was my unspoken thought.

“Not short in time,” was the answer. “A lifetime there is shorter than the breaking of a bubble here. Each wave is a world, a piece of here, that serves its purpose in the universal system, then returns again to be reabsorbed into infinity.”

“How pitifully sad is life!” were the words I formed in my mind as I felt myself going back to the frame I had quitted.

“How pitifully sadder to have had no life, for only through life can the gate of bliss be entered!” was the whispered answer. “I never lived—I never shall.”

“What are you, then?”

I had taken my place again among the living when the answer came, a sighing whisper still, but so vividly distinct that I looked about me suddenly to see if others beside myself could hear the strange words:

“Woe, woe! I am an unreal actual, a formless atom, and of such as I am is chaos made.”

THE PETRIFIED FERN.

BY MARY L. BOLLES BRANCH.

In a valley centuries ago
Grew a little fern-leaf green and slender,
Veining delicate and fibres tender,
Waving when the wind crept down so low ;
Rushes tall and moss and grass grew round it,
Playful sunbeams darted in and found it,
Drops of dew stole down by night and crowned it,
But no foot of man e'er came that way,
Earth was young and keeping holiday.

Monster fishes swam the silent main,
Stately forests waved their giant branches,
Mountains hurled their snowy avalanches,
Mammoth creatures stalked across the plain,
Nature revelled in grand mysteries,
But the little fern was not like these,
Did not number with the hills and trees,
Only grew and waved its sweet wild way,
No one came to note it day by day.

Earth one time put on a frolic mood,
Heaved the rocks and changed the mighty motion
Of the strong, dread currents of the ocean,
Moved the hills and shook the haughty wood,
Crushed the little fern in soft, moist clay,
Covered it and hid it safe away,
O, the long, long centuries since that day !
O, the changes, O, Life's bitter cost,
Since the little useless fern was lost !

Useless? Lost? There came a thoughtful man
Searching Nature's secrets far and deep,
From a fissure in a rocky steep
He withdrew a stone o'er which there ran
Fairy pencillings, a quaint design,
Leafage, veining, fibres, clear and fine,
And the fern's life lay in every line,
So, I think, God hides some souls away,
Sweetly to surprise us the last day.

CAMELEON.

BY ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP.

[*The Epoch.*]

“WHAT I am astonished at is your power over the confirmed bachelors,” said Felina Drake. “You are too young for that ; but something compensates, evidently.”

Melly, whom some of her friends called Cameleon, was sitting over the fire in her private parlor, discussing her various lovers with Felina. Fortunately, Felina was engaged to be married, and was not in a position to feel envy or to watch unsympathetically the preliminary steps toward an engagement on the part of her friend. It was an event which she eagerly desired, that they might be entirely mutual in their experiences. Felina might have been jealous of the Cameleon's beauty ; but the young girl was of that charming class of lovely women whose members appeal to their own sex by their perfect good-nature and childlike innocence.

“Oh, I can tell you how that happens,” the Cameleon responded, in her cheerful voice. “Clever Mr. Courtney told me that my face would last well, and that he had seen hundreds of belles fade in a few seasons, which had almost made a misanthrope of him.”

“Well, I think it was a fine distinction,” Felina acquiesced. “Younger men don't think of that, and fancy that what is chiefly youth is downright beauty. But your precious countenance will certainly mature to its credit, and I can't imagine you anything but excellent, whether time pulls your face perpendicularly or horizontally ! Plump or thin, pale or rosy, Cameleon, it will be sure to remain a face to conquer everybody.”

Melly sighed.

“Are *you* sorry for anything ?” asked Felina.

“Why, it seems rather laborious,” the young belle answered. “You see, I have got to accept one of them—these inevitable men—and it is so hard to choose. There are so many professions represented, for one thing. The handsomest and most fascinating of all my admirers, in a way, is Mr. Bruce-Lyman ; and you will admit that his being in preparation for a fashionable doctor of medicine is fatal. I had not been engaged to him for two days, Felina (I never told you that I did accept him at first), when he prescribed for a

little cough which I quite enjoyed and would not have had cured for the world. But it was so lucky ! I might have actually married him and heard all my life about drugs." Melly discussed her friend's hand-embroidery for a moment and then continued : " I suppose I rushed to the other extreme after breaking with the doctor, for I allowed Mr. William Fenimore to give me an exhaustive catalogue of his qualifications for making me a good husband. He has all his time to himself until he inherits from his father, when he must devote some attention to the estates ; and he said that we could travel all over the world, and that he did not need any society but mine, and should be happy in China if I were his wife. It looked to me like too much leisure, you know ; and I was afraid that he had a passion for traveling, and that I should become a thorough Arab if I married him. How could I employ Redfern in Asia ? I decided positively against Mr. Fenimore. When Mr. Dalgian offered himself I was *very* much puzzled. Here was a fine social position, in which I should probably have been a leader from beginning to end, and gone down in civic history as the beautiful Mrs. Dalgian, who entertained the élite of both hemispheres with such consummate grace. Mr. Dalgian is not by any means uninteresting. I often think of him, and the flowers he sent me were something astonishing, Felina ; they showed such imaginative taste ; and he insisted on my keeping this ring as an act of charity. Isn't it beautiful ? He made his family call upon me, and seemed to think that he had accomplished a great work for his century when they had paid me their respects. But oh, Felina, I could not endure those Miss Dalgians. I was afraid I should grow to be like them. They seemed to be inconvenienced by their ancestors, as if they had them still with them, and in a particularly paralyzing condition, either as ghosts or mummies ; and they neither looked to the right nor to the left for fear of catching sight of one of the old curmudgeons. It was such a pity, but I had to tell Mr. Dalgian that I could not think of it—that I was too fond of the present."

" I must say, Cameleon, that it is one of your little naughtinesses to keep the poor youth's gift on your finger. Just as long as you keep it he will think that you may relent ; and I hope you will send it back to-morrow, dear. Meanwhile, give it to me," Felina felt bound to say.

The girl complied, pouting and handing her the ring.

" Then there was Dick. Dear Dick ! He had no money in par-

ticular, and his family were up-country people. But how equal to anything he was, Felina! How he talked of anything, from apple cider to the queer old college professors when they were quizzed! I wanted dreadfully to accept Dick. But he would not give me a single definite idea of what he could offer me in the way of an establishment. He said, to be sure, that we should live in Connecticut, somewhere, at the old homestead—where I suppose the ceilings were rickety, you know—until he had made a reputation as an architect. It was very vague. It would be so nice if one were allowed to take a fine young man like Dick and give him Mr. Dalgian's position and Mr. Bruce-Lyman's reputation, with Mr. Fenimore's money!"

"It is to be hoped, Cameleon, that you will find some one who combines almost everything. I wish he would hasten to the front, or our chance of getting married on the same day will be very slim indeed. I almost feel inclined to 'will' you to fall in love, in spite of yourself."

"Why, I *do* fall in love, dear," pleaded Melly, "but something always changes my mind. As I say, it is becoming a positive labor to consider the matter so closely, day after day. It is like skating—love is charming, but requires constant attention, or one ends a complete wreck somewhere under the ice. There's the hall bell now. I wonder if it is any one for me."

"If it is," replied Felina, "let me wait here for you, Melly. I would rather go on with my embroidery than sit by while they talk to you."

"It is some one I have not told you about," said Melly, a moment after, looking up from the card; "he has such a queer name, hasn't he? Anthony Cowl. It is quite a new experience to be admired by a man of such a name and with a character which well coincides with it. Excuse me, Felina dear;—and wouldn't it be funny if I came back engaged?" The Cameleon embraced and kissed her friend with genuine fervor and arranged her lovely hair at the mirror, and then swept out of the room. She stood at the head of the stairs for a breath's space, and then returned to her parlor and put her lips near Felina's ear, whispering: "If Mr. Cowl *would* only prove irresistible!"

As Felina sewed, she often smiled. It was amusing to her to guess, every few minutes how the courtship was progressing; how the suitor with the odd name was becoming elated, and how the rare young flirt upon whom he gazed was involuntarily bringing him to

the dénouement which had proved so fatal to a dozen other men, as if the girl's heart were Swiss machinery which could only accomplish one thing, although it seemed so human. And Felina also gave a smile to the reflection that the Cameleon herself was acting in perfectly good faith, and was most eager to discover a genuine interest in one of these admirers; but her good sense and her unlimited opportunities stood much in the way of a final decision.

"I really don't know what to say," the Cameleon hesitatingly confessed to Mr. Anthony Cowl, looking down at her lapful of black lace, as she locked her fingers together. "I do like you so much; and I think your mother is perfectly sweet. But I suppose I am awfully young to choose what my destiny shall be; and perhaps you are a little old to be my destiny; and then, I never expected to be a Mrs. 'Cowl.' It would seem so strange!" The Cameleon had a mental vision in which people talked about "the beautiful Mrs. Cowl."

"Seems to me," said her lover, with glistening eyes and flushed cheeks, glad enough to find himself in the girl's presence again, after a miserable absence—"seems to me it is a pity to put me off because my name is Cowl, and I have five years more in my existence than I exactly require. Life is short, at any rate, and happiness is never at its climax for a very long space, no matter what our fortune is. Perhaps if you married me your happiness would be as complete for as long a season as if you married a young fellow nearer your own age. And as for my name, you might find people paid a good deal of respect to it, when coupled with fine dinners and a box at the opera."

The Cameleon looked up at him somewhat furtively; but he caught her glance, as he devoured every motion she made. He became eagerly expectant.

"I was thinking, to tell the truth," said she, "that you kept your temper wonderfully under a severe test; for people usually adore their own names. I am sure I am much obliged to you for bearing with my whims, Mr. Cowl."

"Don't—don't be so gentle and encouraging," he exclaimed, "unless you will let me kiss your hand!"

Again she gazed at him from under her lashes, while her lover was on the alert to spring to his feet and kneel at her side, if he saw her permission in her face.

"May I—may I kiss your hand?" he asked, with trembling lips.

"I—I was just thinking how very—very considerate you are of my wishes," she murmured, but shaking her head. "I do think your mother is so sweet, Mr. Cowl," she added, irrelevantly; and then explained, with a burst of confidence, "you know what a lady would not like!" In a moment she went on: "Did you ever do anything which people told you was remarkably noble?"

"No, indeed. Why?"

Again Melly treated Anthony Cowl to a searching but subtle glance.

"You're the first man I ever met who failed to tell me so," she said, smiling. "But wouldn't you make a great sacrifice for me?"

"I hardly believe I would," answered her admirer. "A sacrifice would necessitate my being wholly absent from you, or something of the sort, to strike a death blow to my happiness in you. I should be a fool to make any sacrifice for you worthy of the name."

The Cameleon laughed outright.

"You seem willing to be quite honest," she commented. "But, Mr. Cowl, aren't you afraid to become engaged to me, even if I am to be persuaded, considering that I have changed my mind very often already, so that they actually call me a Cameleon? I was talking about it with your mother the last time I called; and she said that I would probably go on changing my mind until I was twenty, unless something very extraordinary happened; just as a brook runs ever so irregularly down a mountain-side until it reaches a great fissure which hems it firmly in."

"Well, I shall be satisfied if you become engaged to me," Anthony Cowl replied. "I can't ask you to marry me first, you know, and have the engagement afterward, although I might prefer it. It is just possible you might really marry me after all."

"I suppose I am very ambitious," Melly remarked. "I suppose I have such a sense of my own importance that I think only of myself, and believe that nothing is good enough for me."

"I certainly don't feel good enough for you," Cowl declared, with a little sigh. "But I don't pay so much attention to that. I love you with my whole soul, as the most beautiful woman I could ever dream of seeing; and a woman with a look in her eyes and a tone in her voice that awakened something in my heart that gives me the greatest joy I ever felt. You're just the sort of woman to grow nobler and stronger every year, and face the misfortunes of life as bravely as if you were a Sister of Mercy."

The Cameleon turned a little toward him. "Why, don't I seem frivolous in the extreme? And isn't that agreeable to you?"

"Who dares to call you frivolous!" cried Anthony Cowl, springing up.

"Oh, I shouldn't know what to do with myself if I was anything but silly and easy-go-lucky," she protested, merrily smiling. "Oh, I am so sorry! For I see that you would tire of my frivolity!"

"If you would only promise to be my wife!" he exclaimed, sitting down nearer to her, and gazing deeply into her eyes.

"Bless me, I never do that! I just consent to be 'engaged,' and they go to papa and have a talk; and then, in a few days, I tell papa that I have been forgetting an objection, and he will have to manage to break the engagement for me."

The Cameleon looked so innocent, startled, and half-amused, that Cowl burst out laughing.

"Ah, well," he said, "it will not be very hard for you to become engaged to *me*, then, will it? That is all I ask, with all its risks and possible calamity. Let me hear you say that you 'engage' yourself to me, and I will rejoice very much, and call every day, and leave it to your generosity to do me justice, and weigh my love at your leisure."

Melly sagely shook her head.

"If it only wasn't for Dick," she sighed, sinking back into an attitude of dejected musing.

"'Dick' is of no consequence," Anthony Cowl calmly answered. "Let him go, and give your hand to me."

She had covered her eyes for an instant, but she quickly glanced up. She laughed, blushed, and clapped her hands in delight.

"Why, I certainly thought that would make you angry!" she confided to him, giving him a melting look. "I *wonder* what your mother could have said to you about me! Did she tell you anything that we had said?"

"She only told me that you were in every way adorable."

"I thought possibly she had seen how much I c-cared—" All at once the Cameleon held out one of her hands to her enchanted lover, with a radiant face and lowered eyes. "You *may* kiss it," she said.

It was a love-match.

WORLD MUSIC.

BY FRANCIS LOUISA BUSHNELL.

[*Scribner's Magazine.*]

Jubilant the music through the fields a-ringing—
 Carol, warble, whistle, pipe—endless ways of singing ;
 Oriole, bobolink, melody of thrushes,
 Rustling trees, hum of bees, sudden little hushes,
 Broken suddenly again—
 Carol, whistle, rustle, humming,
 In reiterate refrain,
 Thither, hither, going, coming ;
 While the streamlets' softer voices mingle murmurously together ;
 Gurgle, whisper, lapses, plashes—praise of love and summer weather.

Hark ! A music finer on the air is blowing—
 Throbs of infinite content, sounds of things a-growing,
 Secret sounds, flit of bird under leafy cover,
 Odors shy floating by, clouds blown swiftly over,
 Kisses of the crimson roses,
 Crossings of the lily lances,
 Stirrings when a bud uncloses,
 Tripping sun and shadow dances,
 Murmur of ærial tides, stealthy zephyrs gliding,
 And a thousand nameless things sweeter for their hiding.,

Ah ! There is a music floweth on forever,
 In and out, yet all beyond our tracing or endeavor,
 Far yet clear, strange yet near, sweet with a profounder sweetness,
 Mystical, rhythmical, weaving all into completeness ;
 For its wide, harmonious measures
 Not one earthly note let fall ;
 Sorrows, raptures, pains and pleasures,
 All in it, and in it all.
 Of earth's music the ennobler, of its discord the refiner,
 Pipe of Pan was once its naming, now it hath a name diviner.

A CHAPTER FROM THE HISTORY OF WATERBURY.

BY SARAH PRITCHARD.

[*To be Published by Price, Lee & Co.*]

EARLY ATTEMPTS TO ESTABLISH SETTLEMENTS IN NEW ENGLAND—THE LONDON COMPANY—THE PLYMOUTH COMPANY—THE PILGRIMS—LONDON'S PLANTATION IN MASSACHUSETTS BAY—THE SHIPS OF 1629—TRANSFER OF THE GOVERNMENT FROM ENGLAND TO NEW ENGLAND—WATERBURY NAMES IN MASSACHUSETTS AND PLYMOUTH IN 1636—WAHGINNACUT VISITS ENGLISHMEN, TO INDUCE MIGRATION TO THE CONNECTICUT RIVER—DUTCH AT HARTFORD—JOHN OLDHAM, THE FIRST TRADER—PLYMOUTH'S TRADING HOUSE AT WINDSOR—NEW-TOWN'S PETITION FOR REMOVAL—MASSACHUSETTS' EFFORTS TO RETAIN THE SETTLERS WITHIN HER JURISDICTION—THE "FORTY-TON BARK"—THE COURT'S GOOD-BY BLESSING—ARRIVAL ON THE CONNECTICUT RIVER—HARDSHIPS CONTENDED WITH DURING THE FIRST WINTER.

IT IS difficult for the inhabitants of the Connecticut of to-day to become thoroughly conscious of the fact that no man, no record, no library in existence, can give the name of a person who lived in any portion of our State three hundred years ago. The attempt at making this truth our own produces a train of thought not altogether pleasing, and brings home in a way that is new the oft-repeated words, Our fathers *were* pilgrims and strangers.

New England had been seen of John and Sebastian Cabot in 1497, and, in 1498 they had sailed along the coast, and their passing glance had secured for England, under the reign of King Henry VII., that possession by sight which England held for nearly three centuries.

In 1602, Bartholomew Gosnold, with thirty-two men, had landed on Cape Cod, lingered a month with the intention to settle, and then returned to England.

In 1605, George Weymouth found Gosnold's Cape Cod, followed the coast northward, entered the Kennebec River, ascended it many miles, stole five Indians, and returned to England.

In 1607, George Popham, under the direction of his kinsman, Sir John Popham, with one hundred and twenty colonists, entered the same river, landed at its mouth, and built a village. Let us hope that the five Indians who had been stolen, were returned by this early and convenient opportunity. Success did not attend this enterprise. George Popham, the leader, died, and the adventurer, Sir

John Popham, died, and the weary and disappointed colonists returned to England.

In 1606, not an Englishman was known to be in North America. In that year special interest was awakened in England in the unoccupied lands of the New World. Certain "Lords and Gentlemen" formed two companies, for the settlement of parts of America. Men of London and its vicinity called their combination "The London Company." Men of Plymouth called their association, "The Plymouth Company." Both companies intended to cause colonies to be established in "Virginia," which name in 1606 served to indicate all that region lying between South Carolina on the south and the most northern part of the State of New York on the north. To the London Company was allotted South Virginia; to the Plymouth Company, North Virginia. It was provided that neither company should plant within one hundred miles of any settlement already begun by the other. This provision serves to account for the lapping of the territory of one company upon that of the other, for South Virginia's northern limit was the south-western point of present Connecticut, while North Virginia's southern limit ran down into present Virginia. From these two companies of London and Plymouth and their successors have emanated the many patents and grants that confront the investigator with a network of rights, difficult to follow through all the complications arising from uncertain bounds.

Sir John Popham's adventure of 1607, already referred to, seems to be the first fruit of the attempt of the English Company of Plymouth to settle North Virginia or New England.

For seven years we are without a record of any attempt at colonization.

In 1614, Captain John Smith explored the shore from Cape Cod to Penobscot River, and gave to the country the name of New England. The following year, he is said to have set sail for the New World, prepared to plant a colony—to have been made a prisoner by a French fleet, and his colony not to have been planted. In the same year, Adrian Block, the Dutch navigator, sailed through Long Island Sound, and it is said that he discovered the Connecticut River, and ascended it as far as present Hartford.

If we look for the motives that prompted colonization down to this date, we shall find them in the words, profit, proprietorship, and freedom in a new land to do, and, to be.

But here we come to the landing of the Pilgrims, and the strange story of their grant of land along the Delaware River from the London Company, but with no charter from the King, and their landing, no man may tell why, on bleak Plymouth shore without grant or charter, and their everlasting growth from that day to this—their motive, first and last, being “freedom to worship God,” with all the profits and proprietorships possible added thereto.

Mention should here be made of merchant Thomas Weston's seventy-five men, gathered in 1622 from the streets of London, and planted at Wessaguscus, now Weymouth, where they disagreed with the Indians, and, being unwholesome members of society, were aided, most willingly, by the men of Plymouth in their return to England; of Thomas Morton and his followers, who came in the same year, and whose yet-to-be-told history we may not follow, from the time when Miles Standish paid him a visit and sent him across the sea, down to 1630, when he was again returned to England by the Massachusetts Bay Company, his goods confiscated to pay his debts and expenses and for “a canoe he unjustly took from the natives, and his house burned down to the ground in the sight of the Indians, for their satisfaction for many wrongs he had done them from time to time.” The above is from the Records of Massachusetts, while a modern historian tells us that the accusation against him “seems to have been based upon the fact that he used the Book of Common Prayer,” but the Records give us no hint that he prayed at all.

Soon after the Pilgrims were established, fishing-vessels began to visit the coast. They were sent out by English merchants, and were, apparently, the heralds of the great Puritan colonization scheme. A fishing village began to grow on Cape Ann, but it did not thrive. Troubles came upon it, which were softened by the ministrations of Mr. Roger Conant. Thus early we come upon a trail that leads directly to our Waterbury, for, in 1771, Dr. Roger Conant, the grandson in the fifth generation of this Mr. Roger Conant, settler at Salem, before 1628, came to Waterbury, where he married in 1774 Elizabeth, daughter of “Thomas Bronson, Esq.,” and died during the war of the Revolution, on Long Island. Mr. Roger Conant, by appointment of the owners in England, became the leader of the settlement. The English capitalists soon grew weary of their unprofitable adventure, and withdrew from it, leaving the little colony of fishermen and planters ashore, and adrift from

help. Roger Conant stood by and drew them away from Cape Ann to Indian Nahumkeke, often called Naumkeag, and now Salem. When the Puritans came to New England, these men from Cape Ann were already in possession, and are the *old planters* so often referred to, and to whom special rights adhered because of their possessive priority—the beaver trade and the raising of tobacco being of the number.

There was another venture made that deserves mention, that of Captain Wollaston, who, about the year 1625, brought over a company of “indented” white servants; but not finding a market for their labor he, it is said, after a tarry at Mount Wollaston, otherwise Morton’s Merry Mount, and now Braintree, “carried them to Virginia and sold them [their labor] there.”

Thus it is found that the only band of immigrants that had held to the soil, despite every disadvantage, had been the Pilgrims of Plymouth, and they had lived largely on things invisible to Lords of Trade in England or elsewhere. This little band of one hundred and one in 1620, and forty-five in 1621, had, in 1628, become three hundred, when the Puritan exodus began. “Mr. John Endicott and some with him were sent to begin a plantation, in 1628, at Massachusetts Bay.” These were followed, in 1629, by three hundred men, eighty women, and twenty-six children, with one hundred and forty head of cattle and forty sheep, which set sail, in three ships, for London’s Plantation in the Massachusetts Bay. It is difficult to resist the temptation to give items concerning the fitting out of these ships. No Arctic expedition of to-day could be more carefully and thoughtfully equipped than were the *George Bonaventure*, the *Talbot*, and the *Lion’s Whelp*, by the English Company of men (and one woman whose name is unknown), who ventured their money in the enterprise. There had been great content the year before when Mr. Endicott had given himself to the company, and when Rev. Mr. Higginson adventured himself in 1629, great was the joy among the capitalists. It gave good heart to the work. Mr. Higginson came in the *Talbot*, Rev. Mr. Skelton in the *George Bonaventure*, bringing with him his library of fifty volumes. Rev. Mr. Bright, who had been trained up under Rev. John Davenport, came in the *Lion’s Whelp*. It is interesting to note that Mr. Davenport and Mr. Theophilus Eaton were both adventurers in the Puritan settlement of the Bay, and that its first three ministers were approved by Mr. Davenport.

Besides the three ministers, the ships bore almost everything, including the "English Bible in folio of the last print," the Book of Common Prayer, the Charter itself, in the care of Mr. Samuel Sharp, and the oath that was to be administered on the ship's arrival to Mr. Endicott, the elected Governor. In their cargoes were millstones, and stones of peaches, plums, filberts and cherries; "kernells" of pear, apple, quince and "pomegranats;" seeds of liquorice, woad, hemp, flax and madder; roots of potatoes and hops; utensils of pewter, brass, copper, and leather; hogsheds of wheat, rye, barley, oats, beans, pease, and "bieffe;" thousands of bread; hundreds of cheese, and codfish; gallons of olive oil, and Spanish wyne; tuns of water and beer; thousands of billets of wood, beside the loads of chalk, the thousands of brick, and "chauldrens of sea coales," that were cast in the "ballast of the ships."

To these, and other items, must be added the apparel of three hundred men, and the long list of the munitions of death with which each ship was freighted. There were ensigns—"partisans, for captain and lieutenant," halberts, for sergeants—muskets with fire locks, four foot in the barrel, without rests—long fowling pieces, six and a half feet long—full muskets, four feet in the barrel, with "match-cocks" and rests—bandalerees, each with a bullet bag—horn flasks, to hold a pound apiece—"cosletts," pikes and half pikes—barrels of powder and small shot—eight pieces of land ordnance, for the fort—whole culverings—demiculverings—sackers and iron drakes—great shot, and drums—with a sword, and a belt for every one of the three hundred men.

After this manner was carried on the great Puritan exodus between 1630 and 1640. Time and space have been given to the three ships named, because Waterbury is, in a certain way, linked to them in its history. Their passengers came under the conduct of a close corporation, fully entitled to govern and make its own laws, subject only to the Crown of England. The Governor and Council of Massachusetts Bay, *in New England*, came, governed *most minutely* by the General Court of the Governor and Company of the Massachusetts Bay, *in London*—and many of the laws, the severity of which has hung like a pall over the memory of Puritan and Pilgrim, will be found to have been imposed upon them by the power that lay behind the local government. A list of the passengers in the three ships, if it exists, will give to us, among others, the names of the men who came as planters, and paid their five pounds

each for passage—the names of those who came under engagements to the company for special services—as vine dressers, makers of salt, hunters, shipwrights, iron-workers, and other artisans necessary to the achievement of a successful plantation. The Pilgrim, the Mayflower and the Fower Sisters soon crossed the ocean, each undoubtedly bringing its one hundred and twenty-five passengers—the number permitted. These were soon followed by scores of ships, eight having arrived within a single week.

To Governor Matthew Craddock, by far the largest adventurer in this colony-building, although he seems never to have visited America, belongs the honor of having suggested the removal of the government itself from England to New England. The transfer was made in 1630 in the ship *Arbella*, which arrived on June 12. It brought, as a passenger, John Winthrop, who had been elected in England as governor of the Company to succeed Governor Craddock, and who superseded Governor Endicott, who had governed the Massachusetts Bay Colony in this country but six months. There are no lists, known to the writer, of the passengers who came in the six ships here mentioned, by which the great emigration was inaugurated.

While it is apparent that the number of men who were made freemen in the colony was not more than one in five of the inhabitants subject to military duty, yet we find among the freemen in the first list, that containing the names of those who were admitted to the honor on the eighteenth of May, 1631, three family names, held by three of the first proprietors of Waterbury. They are Richardson, Gaylord, and Jones. Richards, Welton, Porter, Andrews, and Gridley had been added to the list by 1634; Warner, Hopkins, Stanley, Newell, Scott, and Lanckton, before March of 1635, while Judd—and his name was Thomas—and Carrington appear before June of 1636; thus connecting more than one-half of the first settlers of Waterbury with the Puritans of the Bay. If we turn to the Plymouth Colony, we shall find there also the names of Hopkins, Barnes, Andrews, Jones, Richards, and Stanley, while, in both colonies, we may find many other names that have made, and are making, worthy records in the history of our town, whose bearers were already residents in New England before the migration to Connecticut began.

Going back to the statement that no man can give to us the name of an inhabitant of Connecticut three hundred years ago, we may

add to it, that the most distant recorded echo of human footsteps on its soil comes down to us through only two hundred and sixty years. The footsteps are those of Wahginnacut, an Indian. The story of white men in the Massachusetts had come to him, and he perhaps thought, in his human, Indian heart, that white men would be good to have in Connecticut. Wahginnacut had a good and human reason for his thought. As nearly as the story can now be told, the Indians of Connecticut River had passed through a quarrel with the Pequot or Thames River Indians, the outcome of which had been that the Pequot tribe had seized the lands of Wahginnacut's tribe along the river; and the hope that illumined his dusky mind was, that the presence of white men would restore to the native Indians the lost valley of their fathers. Inspired with this hope, Wahginnacut traveled in 1631 from the Connecticut River to Massachusetts, and paid a visit to Governor Winthrop at the Bay, and to Governor Winslow at Plymouth, to induce migration to his noble river. He offered, in his princely way, to furnish eighty beaver skins a year—and this was at a time when beaver was as good as gold, and we have Governor Craddock's word for it, that it should fetch in the English market pound for pound. It was a large salary that Wahginnacut offered to Englishmen for dwelling in his land, for he added to the beaver the promise to furnish corn for the white men; and yet, we have been *told* that the Indians were not husbandmen before their demoralization began—and this in face of the fact that captain, or passengers, or crew of the Mayflower, robbed the store-houses of corn, that the Indians of Cape Cod had laid up for the season of 1621.

For a time, the proffers of the Indian seem to have been made in vain, for neither company availed itself of his information, or accepted his offerings; but two years later, in the autumn of 1633, the seed that he had sown gave signs of growth. Plymouth Colony made a venture, and, so far as we know, it was made on the strength of Wahginnacut's representations. The frame of a trading-house had been made ready and placed on board a small vessel. Lieutenant William Holmes commanded the expedition, and an Indian, Nattawamut, a sachem, was its pilot.

Already the Pequot Indians had made sale of lands on the Connecticut River to the Dutch, lands that had been wrested from Nattawamut's tribe. The Dutch had taken possession of a point at Hartford, and when the Plymouth vessel sailed into and up the

river, on its western bank a mound had been raised and two guns were pointing riverward. Lieutenant Holmes did not obey the signal from the fort or guns, but sailed on, unharmed, to the site of present Windsor. There, land was bought from the Connecticut River Indians, through Nattawamut. The trading-house was set up and garrisoned and the vessel went back to Plymouth, bearing what, for cargo, we know not, but we are told that the pilot, soon after his faithful service, died of small-pox.

It will be remembered that this trading-house was built in the autumn of 1633, under the auspices of Plymouth Colony. Massachusetts Bay had been invited to join in the venture, but declined, giving at the same time its consent to the work, in so far as it might have jurisdiction over the territory to be occupied.

Through the regions usually characterized by writers as "pathless wilderness," it is well known there existed Indian thoroughfares, trails, and paths. The native Indian was, by nature and by practice, a traveler. He wandered, from very love of wandering—he roamed, as a hunter—he visited his kindred tribes—he journeyed to surround council fires—he attended dances far and near—he failed not to be present at the annual games, held on natural plains like our own Manhan meadows, and he well knew how to mark a new pathway for the white man from plantation to plantation. Add to this the well known habit of the inland tribes of going down to the sea to spend their summer days in fishing and digging clams, drying the clams in the sun and stringing them for winter store of food, and we shall not find it difficult to account for certain paths that existed, without apparent reason, at a very early date. The path, or trail, or road, as it is called, mentioned in 1674, from Milford to Farmington, is a case in point. This trail was probably made by the Indians of Tunxis Sepus, before Farmington came into being. The Indians of Farmington, without doubt, knew all about the fine fishing and clamming ground around Milford, long before Englishmen came. Milford was a favorite dwelling place; Ansantawae had his "big wigwam" on Charles Island, we are told by Lambert, and the tribe gathered there. The very fact that in 1640 it was necessary for the first settlers of Milford to surround themselves with a palisado a mile square, is eloquent of the number of their Indian neighbors, while at Quinnipiac there was no need of a palisado, not above forty-seven warriors dwelling there.

It was some such path, doubtless, through which, in the summer

of 1633, the great Indian trader, John Oldham, "and three with him," came to Connecticut. The glimpses that we get, through the rifts in events, of Oldham, reveal a splendid, hopeful creature, through whose vision prosperity danced with a grace that in 1629 kept three ships waiting in England for two months, while he set forth to the gentlemen who where the adventurers the gains of three for one that could be made, if certain trading powers were conferred upon him. Oldham deserves a monument! He and the three unknown men with him were Connecticut's first traders. They had returned to the Bay by the fourth of September in that year, and it was in the same autumn that the vessel from Plymouth brought the trading-house into the river.

Oldham reported that the sachem "used them kindly and gave them some beaver." He estimated the land distance to be about one hundred and sixty miles, and said that *he lodged in Indian towns all the way*. He also "brought some black lead, whereof the Indians told him there was a whole rock."

One can well imagine how this enthusiast, on his return, set the glories of Connecticut valley forth to the men who gathered to learn the story he had to tell. Three men (the name of but one is given, as "Hall") were moved by it to set out in the cold of November, to trade for themselves. Governor Winthrop records that they lost themselves, endured much misery, could not trade because the Indians were dying of small-pox, and returned on the twentieth of January. To the imagination of John Oldham, brisk and fertile, and stirring with life and a very solid faith in itself, we may safely attribute the settlement of the valley, at so early a date. The trading venture of the men of Plymouth, and the overland journey of Oldham, seem to have been brought about by Wahginnacut's visit to the eastward. The other items that we have been able to glean concerning Connecticut in the year 1633, are the following: Oct. 2, "The bark Blessing, which had been sent to the southward, returned. She had been at an island over against Connecticut, called Long Island, because it is near fifty leagues long. There, they had store of the best wampumpeak, both white and blue. They have many canoes, so great as one will carry eighty men. They were also in the river of Connecticut, which is barred at the entrance, so as they could not find above one fathom of water."

On the twenty-first of January following, in the same year, news was received at Massachusetts that Captain Stone, putting in at the mouth of Connecticut, "on his way to Virginia, where the Pequins*

* The Pequots.

inhabit, was there cut off by them, with all his company, being eight." Within four months after the return of Hall, we find Newtown, now Cambridge, petitioning the court for liberty to remove the town to a more commodious site. On May 13, 1634, the inhabitants were granted leave to seek out some convenient place for themselves, with the promise that it should be confirmed to them for a habitation, provided that it did not take in any place to prejudice a plantation already settled.

In this permit, no limit of jurisdiction was included, and, as early as July, "six men of Newtown went in the Blessing, to discover Connecticut River, intending to remove their town thither." We are left without any knowledge of the work accomplished by these six unknown men. It is probable that they had for a fellow passenger Governor Winslow of Plymouth, for he visited the Plymouth trading-house in his "bark," that summer. It is also possible and even probable that the tradition regarding the presence of Englishmen at Wethersfield in the winter of 1634, is based upon this visit and its results for a foundation; if so, the men were not Watertown men who were there, but Newtown men, as is proven by the fact that it was not until May of 1635 that Watertown petitioned for leave to remove. It is well known that present Hartford was formerly Newtown; Windsor was Dorchester, and Wethersfield was Watertown, respectively named from the towns of the same names in the Bay, whence most of their first settlers came.

In September, 1634, the Court convened, and its most important business was the serious discussion regarding the removal of Newtown to Connecticut. "The matter was debated divers days and many reasons alledged pro and con." Newtown men complained of the want of accommodation for their cattle, "so as they were not able to maintain their ministers." They had no room to receive more of their friends to help them. The towns were too near each other. Connecticut was fruitful and commodious, and Dutch or English would possess it soon. To these reasons was added, "the strong bent of their spirits," urging them to go.

Massachusetts said that these men ought not to depart, because they were bound by oath to seek the welfare of the commonwealth, which was in danger, being weak, and the departure of Mr. Hooker would not only draw away many already in the Bay but would divert others from it. Beside, they who might go would be exposed to evident peril from the Dutch and Indians, "and also from our

own State at home, who would not endure they should sit down, without a patent, in any place which our king lays claim unto." The outcome was, that both Boston and Watertown offered Newtown enlarged accommodations. The congregation of Newtown accepted, for the time, the offer of the towns, and the fear of their going forth was removed.

The General Court had learned wisdom by the action of Newtown, and, when in May of 1635 Watertown and Roxbury, and in June, Dorchester sent up, asking permission to remove, the Court granted all the requests, but limited the territory to some place within the jurisdiction of the Court.

A careful reading of the records of Massachusetts Bay, from 1630 to 1636, and of Connecticut colony from 1636 to any subsequent date, will reveal to the reader the wisdom of the migration to Connecticut.

The men who came to Wethersfield, Hartford, and Windsor, were not the men who could have "sat down in peace" under the jurisdiction of the Bay. It is well known that one man of their number, Thomas Hooker, could dispense "the shines of his favour" upon colony or continent—for, to the light of one sermon of his we owe the Constitution of our State and of our United States.

We take but a step within the records of Massachusetts in the year 1635, before we find the wisdom of the serpent well delineated in the Court's organized opposition to Connecticut's first attempts at settlement. It squirms in the very laws enacted in that year, and repealed when there was no longer use for them. Certain of the men who wished to leave had taken the Freeman's Oath. In the beginning of 1635, it was ordered that every man, sixteen years or older, who had been six months in the jurisdiction, servants included, should take the oath of a Resident, with punishment at the discretion of the Court, upon refusal—thus placing bonds upon themselves to remain within the jurisdiction of the Bay. If any resident should presume to leave without due permission, special laws were made for his speedy return by every means that could be pressed into service, on land or sea. The way was still farther hedged by an enactment that forbade any man to carry out of the jurisdiction a bushel of corn without the consent of the governor, or an assistant, under penalty of eight shillings, when corn was selling for five shillings. Another law was made, forbidding resident or stranger to buy any commodity whatever from any ship, under

penalty of confiscation, without like permission. Meanwhile, the elders and brethren of every church were entreated "to devise one uniform order of discipline in the churches agreeable to the Scriptures, and to consider how far the magistrates were bound to interpose for the preservation of uniformity." This was, perhaps, the first open appeal from Court to Church. The battle was between the adherents of a "Covenant of Works," and a "Covenant of Grace," and we learn incidentally that Mr. Hooker was believed, by one man at least, *not* to preach a "Covenant of Works."

It is well known that the corner stone of Church and State in the Bay was laid in mortar mixed only by church members, but a new enactment went forth at this time. It is not clear that it was aimed at the churches and congregations that removed to Connecticut, but there is nothing to evidence that such was not the case. It forbade a man the rights of citizenship, even though a church member, unless the particular church of which he was a member *had been gathered with the consent of the neighboring churches and elders.*

The times were stirring with events. The first military organization of the colony of twelve towns took place.

But the crowning disturber of the period was Mrs. William Hutchinson, who came to Massachusetts about 1634, with her husband and son Edward. With her individuality, her able gifts, and her undoubted charm of manner, she wrought what was believed by the Puritans of the Puritans to be great mischief, by her daring flights of liberty of belief and thought. It is hard to understand why the Court allotted her to be kept prisoner by one of her alleged captives, John Cotton, but the Puritans were a mysterious people, and we need an interpreter. It finally became necessary in the eyes of the Court to deprive a considerable number of the staid inhabitants, notably fifty-nine men of Boston, of all firearms or other means of offense and defense. The very permits to the towns for removal, that have been cited, were accompanied by an edict, under which a committee was appointed to imprison persons suspected to be enemies to the Commonwealth and to bring in, "alive or dead, such as should refuse to come under command or restraint." Did this mean such as should attempt to escape from jurisdiction into Connecticut?

This edict had been issued but a few days, when an arrival from England wrought a magical change in the hard heart of the

Massachusetts Court. The arrival was only a little forty-ton bark, with twenty men in it, who were called servants. The bark and the men had been sent over by Sir Richard Saltonstall. The magic of the affair was, that they were "to go plant at Connecticut." The Court serpent at once became a courting dove—and brooded her departing children with "three pieces to fortify themselves withall." Two small pieces of artillery were also lent to them for the same purpose, and six barrels of powder granted; two out of Watertown; two out of Dorchester, and two out of *Rocksbury*. To these were added two hundred shot, all of which Captain Underhill and Mr. Beecher (also a captain) were to deliver—and the Connecticut towns were granted liberty to choose their own constable.

There was evident haste to take possession of the new territory before Sir Richard Saltonstall's men should begin their settlement, and the colonists, anxious to depart for Connecticut, went forth with the good-by blessing of the Court. It will be noticed that there was no requisition of powder from Newtown. This may have been because six men of that place (now Cambridge) were already upon the Connecticut River, for we know that they were there as early as July of 1634. Governor Winthrop tells us that the men of Dorchester were set down near the Plymouth trading-house (at Windsor), in August, 1635, at which date they had been there long enough to cause the Dutch to send home into Holland for commission to deal with the English at Connecticut.

That the inhabitants were at Wethersfield early, may be inferred from the fact that permission was given to Watertown to migrate early in May, and dismission granted by the church of the same place to members to form anew in a church covenant in Connecticut on the 29th of the same month. We find also that if the inhabitants were not removed from Watertown in Massachusetts to Watertown on the River, by the last of October, 1636, their interest in the lands to be divided was to be forfeited.

By the 6th of October, we learn from the journal of Governor Winthrop, that the three towns were *gone* to Connecticut. On the day that Winthrop recorded that fact he tells us that there arrived two great ships, the Defence and the Abigail. John Winthrop, Jr., who had been in England for a number of months, and Sir Henry Vane were passengers on the ships. The fame of Connecticut had been carried across the sea. Men of station and fortune in England had secured a patent and charter, and resolved to establish a new

. . .

colony along the banks of the beautiful river. John Winthrop seems to have gone abroad on this very mission, for he returned with authority "from Lord Say, Lord Brook, and divers other great persons in England, to begin a plantation, and to be its governor." Men and ammunition and two thousand pounds in money he had, to begin a fortification at the mouth of the river. Massachusetts Bay took the part of her colony children when Sir Henry Vane treated with the magistrates concerning the three towns, gone thither. Sir Henry Vane thought that the towns should give place to the new commission, and Massachusetts seems to have demanded full satisfaction, in case they were required to do so.

It was November before the new "Governor Winthrop, Jr.," by the appointment of the "Lords of Connecticut," sent a bark and about twenty men to take possession, and to begin building. This little expedition was only just off for its work, when there came in "a small Norsey bark, with one Gardiner, an expert engineer or work-base, and provisions of all sorts, to begin a fort at Saybrook."

Nature frowned mightily upon little Connecticut in her first efforts at life. Her Indian children had been so reduced in numbers by small-pox in 1634, that the winter of 1635 found scanty store of corn or other provisions awaiting the emergency that came upon the white settlers when their own provision ships failed to arrive.

The overland route was probably taken in the summer or autumn of 1635. The goods and provisions of the little company went by sea in two shallops or barks. An east wind arose in the night. The boats were cast away upon "Brown's Island near the Gurnetts Nose," and every man was drowned. Meanwhile, the people were waiting, not knowing why the lost barks failed them. Winter came before its time. Snow fell when it was only time for leaves to fall. Early in November it was knee-deep. Before the ninth of the month six men had wandered for ten days in the cold and the snow in their efforts to reach Plymouth, having been cast away in "Manamett" Bay, on their return from Connecticut. The fifteenth of November the river was closed by ice, thus cutting off most completely all hope of their provisions reaching them by sea. The day after the river was frozen, twelve men set out for Massachusetts to secure help.

Of this journey, we have the following record: "November 26, 1635, there came twelve men from Connecticut. They had been ten days upon their journey, and had lost one of their company, drowned

in the ice by the way, and had been all starved, but that by God's providence they lighted upon an Indian wigwam."

In their extremity, and having, it would seem, full faith that their lost barks would come to the river's mouth, about seventy men and women determined to brave the perils of a journey to meet them. Perhaps they also had some hope of relief from the provisions that were sent by the thirty-ton bark for the twenty men, at the fort, in the beginning of November.

They did not meet the expected help, but they found the ship *Rebecca* of sixty tons. It is not quite clear whether the company went on board the *Rebecca* twenty miles up the river or at the river's mouth. Winthrop tells us that two days before, the ship had been frozen in twenty miles above the sound, and that it ran upon a bar in getting to sea, and was forced to unload before it could get off. He also adds that the *Rebecca* was set free from the ice by a small rain. Historians tell us that these starving people cut it out. They arrived in Massachusetts, December 10, having been but five days at sea, "which was a great mercy of God, for, otherwise, they had all perished with famine, as some did."

A little later, Winthrop tells us that those of Dorchester who had removed their cattle to Connecticut before winter, lost the greater part of them, "but some, which arrived at the eastern bank too late to be taken over, lived all the winter without any hay; that the people were put to great straits for want of provisions. They ate acorns and malt and grains."

The hardships and suffering of that 1635 winter have never been told—can never be known. The heroism of it has slipped noiselessly down into unbroken silence. The names even of the men and the women who stayed to eat acorns and malt, or who wandered in snow and cold, without food, to the river's mouth, or of those who braved the journey overland, or who perished by the way, are utterly unknown. But this we do know—that of the men and women who had part in the events outlined in this migration, were the fathers and mothers or the grandfathers and grandmothers of men and women, who, two hundred and fourteen years ago, made their homes in the leafy basin that holds within its hill-notched rim the Waterbury of to-day.

MY LADY LOVE.

BY MARY FERRY.

[*Independent*, 1879.]

She smiles, the earth grows brighter,
 The sunbeams clearer fall,
 She blushes, and the splendor
 Soft flushes over all.

She sighs, and through the forest,
 The whispering wind makes moan ;
 She weeps, the night is dreary,
 Starless, and chill and lone.

She sleeps, and dreaming lilies
 Float on the waters' breast,
 She wakes and happy songsters
 Rise singing from their nest.

She loves, the skies grow tender,
 The roses flush and glow,
 My happy heart alone can hear,
 The whisper, sweet and low.

FOUR O'CLOCKS.

BY HARRIET EMMA GEORGE.

[*Atlantic Monthly*.]

Four o'clock ; the resting time of the day ;
 Sunlight with shade a fantastic patchwork weaves ;
 But the shadows lengthen ; the wind, while dying away,
 Lingers to rustle the quivering aspen leaves.

I'm under the pear tree, sitting all alone ;
 My garden is gay with asters, pinks and phlox,
 And many a posy for others' pleasure sown ;
 But here, for myself, I have planted four o'clocks.

"Old fashioned," you say, and cannot my choice approve ;
 Rarer posies your fancy craves, no doubt ;
 But after all, it isn't the flowers we love,
 But the dear old times that they make us think about.

It's a way they have of making us love them so,
 We care not long how fragrant or gay they may be,
 But deep in our hearts they strike their roots and grow
 Tangled and twined with various memory.

Do you see that building, yonder among the trees?
Years ago, it was there that I went to school.
The master was good, but strict, and hard to please,
And I was wayward, and never would heed the rule.

Lois studied with me, but I was slow,
Though she always was ready to help me if she might;
But Lois was early through and free to go,
While I was kept in the school house every night.

Kept in—kept in! 'twas a weary time to wait;
But Lois would never play until I was free;
And I always found her down by the garden gate,
Watching the four o'clocks closing, waiting for me.

We left the school, and our childhood too, behind,
But we both had entered the Master's school of Life;
And Lois loved the Master, good and kind,
And I loved Lois, and she became my wife.

The hardest lessons began when our children died.
Drowned they were, in the river; I see them now!
John, whose eyes of black were his mother's pride,
And blue-eyed Archie—my boy, with the thoughtful brow.

They brought them home, but Lois did not cry;
Never a sob was heard, nor a womanish scream;
Pale as theirs' was her face, but her eyes were dry,
And she walked about as one who is in a dream.

I spoke to her, and pressed her passive hand;
My tears flowed fast, for I hoped to make her weep;
But she only said: "I am trying to understand;"
And for days my Lois could neither eat nor sleep.

Four was my resting hour, and I loved this spot
Because of the tree, which shades and keeps it cool,
And my boys had planted this patch with four o'clocks
To tell me when to expect them home from school.

After they died I sat here all alone,
Sat here and listened, knowing that they were gone,
But the mocking wind could whistle with Johnnie's tone,
And Archie's footstep rustled among the corn.

So Lois came one day and found me here,
Her smile was as sweet as ever, but more subdued,
And her sweet blue eye now shone with the wished-for tear,
Lois had learned the lesson, she understood.

"Husband," she said, "I know why we lost our boys,"
And she sought my face with never a shade of doubt;
"They are kept for us as the master kept our toys,
And our joy will be only greater when school is out!"

Kept in ! kept in ! I was always dull and slow ;
 And my tasks are hard, for the world is a weary school.
 Lois finished and went home long ago ;
 She was quick to learn, was Lois—easy to rule.

So I sit and wait for the four o'clocks to close
 While the lengthening shadows tell of the setting sun,
 For after the working cometh the sweet repose,
 And my life is closing, my day is nearly done.

Perhaps my Lois waits at home for me,
 As I used to see her stand by the garden gate ;
 Perhaps—if it's right to think that this may be,
 But who shall say it ? I only watch and wait.

PETER-PATRICK.

BY SARAH PRATT MCLEAN GREENE.

[*St. Nicholas.*]

PETER-PATRICK O'ROORKE came down, one November morning, into a world short of names (he had to take that of two of his elder brothers combined), short of jackets, short of trousers, short of bread-and-butter, short of everything, in fact, except "biys"—or, as Mrs. O'Roorke herself tersely described his advent, "Anither o' thim great blatherin' biys !"

Came into a world of crusts and gristle and bones, beatings and scoldings and cuffings, cold and hunger and rags, and straightway set out to grow a robust inch every day of his life on them, until, as "old" Peter, the father (there were *three* Peters in the family), exclaimed, "The pigs in the pin, and the wades in the garden hadn't a show beside o' 'im !" And when Mrs. O'Roorke, with equal acrimony, had pieced him together some garments for his need, lo ! it seemed but a week before there were his bare plump arms hanging away down out of them, with an equal amount of thumping bone and muscle showing between the extremities of his trousers and those dilapidated parodies on leather, called his "shoes."

Then nature tricked him out with such a redundant crop of tight-curling red hair, as though she hadn't already supplied seven O'Roorke brothers plentifully with that material, and his eye had a snap in it like a live coal, and the weariest summer-day couldn't wilt the roses in his cheek, and his teeth made no more of cracking the

hard shell of a walnut than they did of disclosing themselves in a broad and jubilant grin, which was the normal attitude of his features, for that matter.

Mirth and mischief mixed in generously with the abuse showered on him through the week, the kickings and thrashings manifold; and then, of a Sunday, to stand up in the church at the head of all the choir-boys, he—the little choir-boy surplice put on over his rags—rolling out praise and gratitude to God in a voice that hadn't a single husky or faltering note in it! Loud and sweet and clear, clear above all the rest; so that the choir-master loved him, as he listened, though he had to thrash him very often, at the rehearsals, too.

But now of a week-day morning, Peter-Patrick, having already had a cuffing from old Peter, and a rating from Mrs. O'Rourke, tied up the fast-loosening sole of his shoe with a tow-string, drew a brush through his hair, which therefore only curled back on him the tighter, stuck what was left to him of a cap jauntily off over one ear, thrust his hands in his pockets, and started off for school with the air of a grand duke; it being impossible for anyone with so much gladness of heart not to have, as Peter-Patrick himself expressed it, "some sthyle about him."

He stopped, as usual, before the house of the Hon. John Granville, up on the hill, to turn somersaults for the delight of poor little Barney Granville, who, unlike Peter-Patrick, *didn't grow*. Unlike Peter-Patrick, too, there had been jackets enough and trousers enough, of the finest cloth, waiting for him, and the tenderest meats and juciest puddings, and lands and houses and colleges and horses and what-not, and now he grew so weakly and tardily, as though he could never catch up with him.

But Barney thought it was as good as the circus brought to one's own windows, to see Peter-Patrick perform there, standing on his head, and catching his heels in mid-air, turning himself wrong end up and inside out, all for Barney's benefit, and clearing the big gate at last with a bound: "Come, now, Misther Barney, and have a ride on me shouldthers!"

Barney screamed with delight as the nurse handed him out through the window to Peter-Patrick, who, setting him on his shoulders, forthwith trotted and neighed and cantered, and pawed the earth with his feet—the most villainously restive horse that ever carried rider—and landed him at last, after a desperate run, safe in again at the window.

"You'll be late at school again, this morning, won't you, Peter-Patrick?" said little Barney, sympathetically.

"Och thin," said Peter-Patrick, cheerfully, "wait till they oncet have me there airly! Faith, *that* 'ud be somethin' worth spakin' of, Misther Barney."

"I wonder what makes it so hard for you to learn?"

"Sure, I don't know," said Peter-Patrick, politely attempting to look interested; "the blatherin' larnin'! Faith it won't get into the head o' me, nohow."

"I think it's so easy to learn," said little Barney, his delicate face showing against a background of many red and gold-bound volumes at the other end of the richly-furnished room.

Peter-Patrick looked at him with genuine, large-souled admiration.

"And wouldn't I like, though, jist to have the learnin' o' *ye*! Misther Barney," he exclaimed eloquently.

This made little Barney very happy, and Mrs. Granville, who was sitting in the room, also looked up with pleasure at the blowzy, glowing face outside the window. "I wonder," she thought, "if he wouldn't like a pie. Such great rough boys always do like pies;" but her seamstress, entering the room at that moment to ask her some question, she forgot all about it.

"Will you get punished again to-day?" asked little Barney, gravely.

Peter-Patrick gave vent to a mirthful roar. "And do ye think it'll be only wan lickin' I'll be gettin' the day, Misther Barney? Faith, ye might hould up all the fingers o' yer two little white hands, and ye wouldn't have enough to be namin' 'em. But don't let that be troublin' the darlin' heart o' ye. My hide's that tough jist, I don't fale 'em at all, at all. Sure they roll off 'n me like rain-wather off a duck. And I think some o' thim ought to be handin' in a bill, for givin' me so much wallopin' free! Don' ye hear o' wan and another goin' off to the cures, to get their poor bodies exercised jist by poondin' and wallopin' as they pay the docthors a big price for doin' of? Lord knows, Misther Barney, as I feel jist that grateful—bein' too poor indade to pay the docthor—to git so much wallopin' free."

Acknowledging with another hearty roar the honor done him by the laughter of the leddies, Peter-Patrick, with a nod, stuck his cap off over the other ear, and sauntered on down the avenue.

So he met the Hon. John Granville, returning home from his morning walk to the Granville iron-works, bearing his corpulent little person along with a mincing though pompous tread that asserted with each emphatic little step, "I own the town," "I own the town."

Him having safely passed, as he supposed, Peter-Patrick thrust back his curly head, protruded what was in fact a very empty stomach, and, instead of his own free swagger, proceeded down the thoroughfare with a most striking and life-like reproduction of the Hon. John Granville's grandiose and affected gait, to the vast edification of the passers-by, as well as the irrepressible delight of some servant-girls at the upper windows.

The honorable gentleman heard laughter, and looked back. "Look a here! you sir," he cried angrily. "You Peter-Patrick O'Roorke, come here!"

Peter-Patrick turned, blushed affably, took off his cap, and approached, very sorry that the honorable gentleman should have incensed himself by looking back, but bless you! if there was a mad bull in the field Peter-Patrick would far rather be inside the bars than out.

"You good-for-nothing miserable paddy," exclaimed the Hon. John, in high dudgeon, "what do you mean by mimicking *me*!"

"'Dade thin I axes yer honor's pardon," said Peter-Patrick, with sweet-tongued moderation; "if you'll belave me, I was only jist adhmirin' o' yer honor's ilegant sthrut. 'Dade and it 'ud be a sorry sight to see a grand gintleman like yersilf, as could go a-swhimmin' in his own money if he chuse, and houldin' all the highest offices in the Sthate—and that, as they all say, to the glowry of it—and yit wid niver a sthrut to 'im! Faith an' if I'd see such a one, I wouldn't be belavin' 'im any gintleman at all! Be dad, thin, I have a little sthrut o' me own, sorr," Peter-Patrick concluded modestly, "though of course it don't come anyways up to yer honor's."

Spite of all he could do, the honorable gentleman realized that all resentment toward Peter-Patrick was melting away in his bosom. The corners of his month twitched up weakly.

"I'll tell your father to teach you manners, you young impudence!" he managed to blare out, against his yearning conscience.

Peter-Patrick laughed again. "Weel—weel," he added, "but I'm only fearin' the ould man ain't got many to tache. All the

better luck, yer honor, for I get 'em more free-like, ye see, pickin' 'em up on the sthreet."

And with a genial grin Peter-Patrick returned his cap lightly to the verge of the ruddy curls over his left ear, and continued on his way.

And as he went on with ever-increasing jubilation of heart, lo! a little stump-tailed dog came out of an alleyway, and sniffed affectionately about his heels. Peter-Patrick looked around to see if any of the dog's quondam tormentors were in sight, and, satisfied that there was no call for immediate vengeance on that score, thrust his hand into his pocket and drew forth a crust saved from his own scanty breakfast. This the dog, having, like Peter-Patrick, been imposed upon a community short of provisions, devoured greedily. Oh, but the battles Peter-Patrick had fought in defense of that miserable cur! battles upon battles, of old-time. Well, there was a peculiar quality of hardness in Peter-Patrick's fist. The dog had suffered little hazing of late. He never followed his benefactor home. They both understood that there was already one too many there; but he could give him stolen signs of affection on the street, and that was a comfort.

It was Peter-Patrick's habit, when he reached the culvert, to leave the main thoroughfare and take a new route by crawling through that dark and interesting passage on his hands and knees; and thence by a path along the cliff to the exposed trestlework of the railroad bridge. Here, some twenty feet or more above terra-firma, he was accustomed to pursue his way by leaping along the outmost rails of the bridge; and though the distance to school was by these means considerably increased, adventure made it all seem but as the fleeting of a dream to Peter-Patrick.

This morning, just beyond the bridge, he discovered, oh bliss of the moment! some workmen planting new telegraph-poles along the edge of the cliff. And there was Charley Granville, Barney's cousin, and the great Judge Granville's son, with a written "excuse" from his mother in his pocket, with which same excuse he had started for school sometime about an hour or more ago.

Up to him sauntered Peter-Patrick, gladsome as the daylight, though with no excuse at all in his pocket.

Now Charley had been bragging, in easy fashion, about his father's wealth, and his own scholarship, and one thing and another, to the crowd of good-natured burly workmen; and when

Peter-Patrick came up with so much engaging swagger about him, and such an insufficient jacket, prudence forsook Charley's brain, and he thought still more to distinguish himself by making sport of Peter-Patrick.

"'Fair and square, and the witness there. Make you a bet, and I'll beat you yet,'" he cried in that sacred schoolboy phraseology which is the drum-call to acts of ambitious rivalry. "Bet you, Peter-Patrick, I'll be up one of those telegraph poles before you are!"

Up in a flash, breathless, scrambling, tearing a few more generous rents in his woful trousers, flew Peter-Patrick, Surely he did look comical from that position, in his floating rags, to Charley, who had not stirred from his place, and now stood laughing insultingly, with his hands in his pockets.

"Well, what do you see up there, Red-Top?" he asked.

"Och thin," said Peter-Patrick, quietly grasping the pole with his legs, and folding his arms, with a narrowing squint down at his questioner: "It's only a little woodchook I see below there, I guess. Or maybe," he added, "it's a skoonk. Faith," said Peter-Patrick, adjusting his cap to the tip of his curls, and sending a still more deliberate and critical squint downward, "but I'm belavin' it's only a little skoonk, after all!"

Roar after roar went up from the group of workmen. Charley realized that both his wit and his company were at a discount. "You'd better come down then, all-afire," he cried in shrill wrath.

"Oh, I'm a coomin'," said Peter-Patrick, in a tone of some import; whereat Charley made no further question, but took to his heels.

Peter-Patrick overtook him, and collared him with a grip of iron. "Now I ain't goin' to be givin' ye the lickin' ye deserve, for I'm jist that stronger than ye be—nor I don't bear ye no ill-will, nayther, ye little lyin' desaver—but I'm only goin' to give ye a little wallop in'-like, jist for the health o' ye."

This Peter-Patrick proceeded to do; but as it was not in his nature to give otherwise than generously, it may be supposed that Charley received an amount calculated to inspire him with a sense of considerable physical benefit.

On sped Charley to school, breathing vengeance. His excuse for a quarter-of-an-hour's tardiness was of no use now, anyway; he tore it in pieces, with malicious intent.

As for Peter-Patrick, he sauntered on, at his usual gait.

"An hour and a half late ! Peter-Patrick," exclaimed the school-master.

Peter-Patrick was used to the statement, the tone, and the kindly ministration to his "health" which always accompanied them. But "Is dthat so !" he answered, scratching his head at the door, with humorous bewilderment. "Dade, sorr, but me clo's 'll be wore out on me, afore night—the time flies so on me !"

And having had his joke, he went up and took his whipping.

But the schoolmaster still retained his hand : "And more than that, sir, you threw down Mr. Charley Granville as he was hurrying on his way here, and beat him, and stole from him the excuse for a necessary tardiness which his mother had written me."

Then all of a sudden Peter-Patrick straightened himself up, and his lips curled, and I think it was a very fine look that came into his eyes ; not vengeful, not revealing anything—but only of silent proud contempt ; and he held his hand without a word, without one sign of pain or shrinking, receiving stinging blow after blow ; and when it was over, quietly turned, without a word, and took his seat.

There was one seat in the schoolroom that the sun seemed to follow up all day, with a peculiarly blinding and persistent glare. This seat had been assigned to Peter-Patrick. When he took out his book or his slate, letters and figures shone all alike in the white maze of the sunlight. But he could see to whittle out tops and wheels under the shadow of his desk, and he sharpened slate pencils for them all. It was : "Please, sir, may I go to Peter-Patrick to sharpen my pencil ?" But often, when the day grew long, and Peter-Patrick's head sank down sleepily onto his desk, it was just wonderful, the glory that sunlight made in his ruddy locks !

Peter-Patrick got whipped for sleeping, and whipped for not studying when he was awake, and whipped when he was made to stay in at recess, and whipped afterwards for the pranks he committed when he was allowed to go out. And when he got home, and old Peter asked him the preliminary question, "Weel, did ye get any lickin's in school the day, Pater-Pathrick ?" and Peter-Patrick answered, "Faith, daddy, didn't I thin jist !" never omitting to make cheerful mention, so near as he would remember as to the approximate number—old Peter, according to rule, made another forcible application of the rod.

So, often after the rehearsal of the choir-boys in the vestry, the chastisement for the whisperings and gigglings and mischief-makings of the whole class fell on Peter-Patrick's unshrinking shoulders ; simply because the whole element of sin there combined seemed to point back for a sponsor, to the illumination afforded by Peter-Patrick's radiant grin.

Yet the lad couldn't treasure a thought of injustice or injury in his breast, but was out, with his cap over his ear, hobnobbing with the world, the next morning—loving, forgiving, forgetting. Oh, Peter-Patrick !

So much for an ordinary day. There were extraordinary ones ; days not only of unusual whippings, but of unusual adventures, by river, bridge and steeple—for Peter-Patrick seemed not to have so much respect unto his life but that he believed it to be a commodity very plenty, and that he might be easily supplied with another, in case one should give out in a good cause !

It was the last winter of Peter-Patrick's attempt at schooling, and, following the example of his numerous predecessors in the family, he was to go down to the iron-mills to work.

"Wait thin, and I'll be gettin' ye a new gownd, mither," said he, gleefully.

"Ye'd better be getting yerself a new jacket," said Mrs. O'Roorke, mournfully. And it rankled in her breast because an artist, spending the previous summer in Granville, had painted Peter-Patrick down—red head, ragged jacket, and all—and carried him off to a big town, and sold him there for a thousand dollars. It was pretty hard, she reflected, to have a boy "so comical that the very picture of 'im sold for a thousand dollars!" And Mrs. O'Roorke would have stood speechless with astonishment if she could have heard what that artist actually said many times, in good faith, in describing the painting—that it was "the picture of an Irish lad, down at Granville Mills, who had the most beautiful face he ever saw !"

Christmas day:—and Peter-Patrick had carved the gayest model of a boat, mainmast and foremast, sails all a-flying, that he carried up in his bare red hands to little Barney, on the hill. The floor of the library, where Barney sat, was covered with gifts, gifts wonderful and expensive. "Och thin, but ain't it a beautiful sight af 'em !" cried Peter-Patrick, his face beaming with wonder and delight. Barney could not help noticing how cold and bare his hands

looked. He had meant to give Peter-Patrick some mittens for a Christmas present, but he had "forgotten" it. Peter-Patrick never thought of that. It was a fact that no one had ever made him a gift in his life—but then, he had never thought of that.

Christmas holiday!—and all the lads and lassies were out coasting with their new sleds, Charley Granville with a famous one, a gift that day, a clipper with iron swan-heads in front, and cushioned seats for four or more. Laughing, shouting, up and down the hill they went, and merriest of all, Peter-Patrick, on a plank! steering it on his feet, steering it on his knees, making wonderful manipulations with the crazy old board, riding down anyway but the right way.

Then Charley Granville in his excitement, chose a longer and a steeper hill; it took in a railroad crossing, too; but it was a branch road, no trains due except at night and morning. "Pshaw!" cried Charley, "no danger there for hours."

Just as much as the hill was longer, steeper, so much louder and merrier waxed the sport. There, waving his cap, came Charley, a load of little lads and lassies filling his sleigh, tucked in, wedged in, piled in anyhow.

And there, oh God!—around the bank that deadened the sound of its rushing wheels, came an "extra" train on the road, its whistle belching out a shrill agony of warning. No use. Fate sat like death on that gilded little sleigh, with its swift-flying, helpless load; and with a face like death, Charley Granville threw himself off from the steerer's seat behind—so he might save himself.

Peter-Patrick, returning with his plank, had reached the crossing at the foot of the hill. In one brief instant he marked with his keen eye the slight level place just the other side, and saw what he could do. With outstretched arms, the young giant rushed forward, leaped the track to wait that flying, crushing load, that precious, helpless load; the iron swan-heads pierced his breast—but he received it, held it, barred it from death, with his broken arms, with his bleeding and unconscious breast.

Aye, they were saved; and Peter-Patrick lay with quiet, upturned face in the sunshine, and with that glory on his head, as when he slept upon his desk at school.

For my part, I am not sorry that he will never go down to the mills to work, nor need that spruce new jacket; for indeed—it may be Peter-Patrick, that there *is* life enough always to throw away in deeds like yours.

But when he lay, with his arms folded, in his white grave-clothes, and his features so fine and peaceful in the clustering hair that had been growing dark of late, they began to see upon his face something of that beauty which the painter saw.

They bore him into the church for a little while too, and the choir-boys sang over him. But the choir-master's heart was bitter. Their voices were all husky, faltering, weak. There was no voice there now for him. He did not think how Peter-Patrick had learned some ringing notes beyond his scale, but only that there was no voice there now for him.

The Hon. John Granville and the honorable Judge Granville, brothers, agreed that it would be a worthy and appropriate act to put up a monument to the memory of Peter-Patrick, with some inscription, expressive of the brave manner in which he had met his death. But a threatened depression in certain stocks made it necessary for them to make some change in investments ; and I am happy to say that, like the rest, they "forgot" it.

For on Peter-Patrick's neglected grave a slender alder and a sweet wild-thorn bush have sprung up, and in the wild and windy night they lean against each other there, and it makes a cross—not of polished and chiselled marble indeed, but rugged, thorny, sharp, like the one Christ died on ; and in the wild and windy night where no foot passes, the infinite multitude of stars look down, and they behold it.

PUZZLED.

BY ANNIE TRUMBULL SLOSSON.

You ask me whether I'm High Church,
You ask me whether I'm Low,
I wish you'd tell me the difference,
For I'm sure that I don't know.
I'm just a plain old body,
And my brain works pretty slow ;
So I don't know whether I'm High Church,
And I don't know whether I'm Low.

I'm trying to be a Christian
In the plain old fashioned way
Laid down in my mother's Bible,
And I read it every day ;

Our blessed Lord's life in the Gospels,
 Or a comforting Psalm of old,
 Or a bit from the Revelations
 Of the City whose streets are gold.

Then I pray—why I'm generally praying,
 Tho' I don't always kneel or speak out—
 But I ask the dear Lord, and keep asking
 Till I fear He is all tired out ;
 A piece of the Litany sometimes,
 The Collect, perhaps, for the day,
 Or a scrap of a prayer that my mother
 So long ago learned me to say.

But now my poor memory's failing,
 And often and often I find
 That never a prayer from the prayer-book
 Will seem to come into my mind.
 But I know what I want, and I ask it,
 And I make up the words as I go ;
 Do you think now that shows I ain't High Church ?
 Do you think that it means I am Low ?

My blessed old husband has left me,
 'Tis years since God took him away,
 I know he is safe, well, and happy,
 And yet, when I kneel down to pray,
 Perhaps it is wrong, but I never
 Leave the old man's name out of my prayer,
 And I ask the dear Lord to do for him
 What I would do if I was there.

Of course He can do it much better,
 But He knows, and He surely won't mind
 The worry about her old husband
 Of the old woman left here behind.
 So I pray, and I pray, for the old man,
 And I'm sure that I shall till I die ;
 So may be that proves I ain't Low Church,
 And may be it shows I am High.

My old father was never a Churchman,
 But a Scotch Presbyterian saint ;
 Still, his white head is shining in Heaven,
 I don't care who says that it ain't ;
 To one of our blessed Lord's mansions,
 That old man was certain to go ;
 And now do you think I am High Church ?
 Are you sure that I ain't pretty Low ?

I tell you it's all just a muddle,
 Too much for a body like me,
 I'll wait till I join my old husband,
 And then we shall see what we'll see.
 Don't ask me again, if you please, sir,
 For really it worries me so ;
 And I don't know whether I'm High Church,
 And I don't know whether I'm Low.

THE LYRIC OF THE LILIES.

BY MRS. Z. B. GUSTAFSON, from "Bard of Abbotsford."

[*Harper's Monthly.*]

AMONG THE LILIES.

Beautiful Lucy Ashton
Lift up your lily hand
To where the milk-white lilies,
Pallid and slender, stand.

O pallid and slender lilies !
Up, up from the margin green—
Graceful as Ganymede,
Stately as maiden queen—

Rise like the shaft
Of a fairy tower,
Rise like a shaft,
But bend like a flower
Each snowy cup,
Till the bubbling spring
With dewy draught
Shall fill it up.
Bend, lilies, dip,
And tremble, and sway,
And, dipping, swing
To her rosy lip
The foam-fine spray,
That she may sip.

The lips that drink
Young Love has kissed ;
The Spring's green brink
Is young Love's tryst ;
And draught more sweet,
More pure, more meet,
Was never quaffed
On sweeter summer's day.
O sun, that touched her golden head !
O flowers, that loved her lightsome tread !
O breeze, that laughed
Upon her rosy lip, and rung
With gentle echoes if she sung !
Are all thy charm and beauty fled ?
Sweet days, soon sped !
Sweet love, soon dead ?
Ah, no ! too dear to pass away.

THE TRYST.

The deer are in the woodlands ;
 The birds are on the wing ;
 The June hath clad in roses
 The moss-green robes of Spring.
 Fair is young Lucy Ashton,
 Waiting by the spring ;
 Fair are the marble lilies ;
 Fair is every thing.
 Blue are the eyes of Lucy,—
 Blue as the summer sea,
 And full of the changing charm of the sea ;
 As suddenly shy, as purely bold,
 Afoam with fancies too fine to be told ;
 Fancies so delicate, pure, and free,
 They seem revealing, above disguise,
 Her very heart in her lovely eyes,
 When over them swift, in fold on fold,
 The baffling waves of reserve are rolled ;
 And in them lies,
 In place of the sparkle and beam and flash,
 A weary sweep of the silken lash,
 And vague surprise,
 That slowly glides into thought as deep
 As the deep, dark wave, whose shadows keep
 The sea's sad mysteries in sleep,
 Whence secrets never rise ;
 Eyes ever and always like the sea ;
 Most like when the sea, in lulls or blows,
 In a countless glory of glimpses shows
 How lovely heaven may be.

Fresh breezes, waft
 Faint fragrance to her ;
 Beat, beat his face
 To a blush apace
 Who comes to sue her.
 Bold Love, stir his heart
 Till its throbs are blows ;
 Shy Love, try thine art
 Till it paints the rose
 Of a thousand glows
 On a cheek that was pale ;
 Blow, breeze, to a gale,
 With frolicsome ways ;
 Fan, fan to a blaze
 The sweet cheek that was pale ;
 Else Love will disclose
 That she knows—that she knows—
 Who is coming to woo her !

THE PARTING.

O Lucy! Lucy Ashton!
 Listen, before you speak:
 At Edgar's coming—*once*—thy heart
 Sent rosy welcome to thy cheek.
 But now how silent, cold, and pale!
 Thine eyes their trembling lashes veil!
 Look up, O tender, downcast eye,
 That cannot look in mine—and lie!
 If that thou wearest on thy breast
 Has ceased to thrill as Edgar's token,
 Return it from its fickle rest:
 'Tis but a heart outraged and broken
 Thou wilt be giving back to me,
 If thou, that parted coin returning,
 Canst say it has no charms for thee.

I will not take thy mother's word;
 She is too heartless, proud, and cold.
 If it be *true* thou lovest no more,
 'Tis by *thy* lips I will be told.
 O glowing lips that I have kissed!
 O sweet and lovely eyes!
 No word! no look!—in signs like these
 A fatal meaning lies. [*She gives the coin.*]

'Tis, then, thy wish, thy deed! Alas
 That heart so false could beat
 Within a breast so fair! I thought
 Not heaven could be more sweet.
 And canst thou really wish it so?
 But, ah! thy silence bids me go.
 O treacherous, fatal loveliness!
 So tender still thy spell,
 Love cannot speak its deep reproach.
 Farewell, dear love!—farewell!

He rode, unheeding, in the storm: the night
 Infolded him in ever-deepening gloom.
 His noble head drooped on his struggling breast,
 Where broken trust and wounded love's unrest
 Wrought in his faithful heart their mournful blight:
 Thus grief and night prepared his lonely doom.

For Edgar, Lord of Ravenswood,
 All day in vain they sought.
 When sun was set in hue of blood,
 A stranger tidings brought.
 On yonder quicksand's dizzy maze,
 Found by his favorite groom,
 Only the young lord's velvet cap
 And matted sable plume.

THE LILIES—ALONE.

On earth beneath, in heaven above,
 Is aught more dear, more pure than love?
 Can aught so perfect have an end?
 Ask where the slender lilies bend.
 No more by yon deserted spring
 Close-clasping hands, eyes glistening,
 Fond, hurried vows, fond listening;
 Warm lips, love-thrilled,
 Young hearts, hope-filled,
 All trust and truth,
 That is so new,
 Yet seems not strange.
 O heart of youth!
 What loves like you,
 Defying ruth,
 Unfearing change?
 Can aught so perfect have an end?
 Ask where the pallid lilies bend.

Year after year, o'er yonder spring,
 The wild bird floats on tinted wing;
 The sky still drops its curtain blue;
 The sun its morning cup of dew
 Sips slowly, with a beaming smile
 That rifts the quiet forest aisle.

The path where shine and shadow meet,
 Once lightly pressed by little feet,
 Is tenderly o'erlaid with flowers.
 A fading rainbow in the mist
 With silence keeps the lovers' tryst
 Through slowly-flitting summer-hours.

A sunny beauty reigneth here:
 Its ripe perfections, far and near,
 In forms and hues and perfumes blend.
 But, oh! more perfect, pure, and dear,
 The beauty of the young hearts' truth
 That kept the tryst one little year,—
 The sweet, sweet love of early youth.
 Alas! can aught so perfect end?
 Alone the empty lilies bend.

THE SILVER GIRDLE.

BY ANNIE ELIOT TRUMBULL.

[*New England Magazine.*]

THE early twilight of the winter of two hundred and fifty years ago could not pierce into the further corners of the low-raftered room, empty, save for a high bed whose lofty tester barely found accommodation beneath the roof, a deep, dark-colored oaken chest, within which a Ginevra might have wept unheard, and the slight figure of Devoted Dudley. Although the windows of the room looked to the west, where the sun had only just sunk beneath the horizon, and the crimson streaks were but beginning to fade into dusky purple, the pale radiance of a winter afternoon had nearly vanished, and but one or two feeble rays of light made their labyrinthine way through the small panes of glass, and fell upon the wondering eyes and startled fingers, hanging in breathless absorption over the oaken chest.

The lid was thrown back, and there, in shimmering prominence, were touches of gold and silver thread and strange brilliancies of foreign stuffs. From Devoted's hands fell the draperies of an embroidered mantle, and deeper in the gloom gleamed a hint of a scarlet petticoat. A delicate perfume of musk floated up from the protecting coverings of these dainty devices—a fragrance strangely at variance with the cold, unresponsive atmosphere of the unused bed-chamber. Devoted Dudley gazed with a tremor of emotion such as her short life had never known at the treasures laid bare by the lifted oaken lid. Had she read the Arabian Nights, she would have thought of Aladdin's cave; had her mind been fed on modern romance, she would have fancied that she had found the lost treasures of forgotten queens. Small Puritan maiden, as she was, with no experience of a warmer, brighter, more sensuous existence than that of New England, she recognized that this was a tangible something from a world which only now and then sent distant echoes into her own,—a world of which she knew only that it was to be deplored, and yet, and yet—and the chill of the room grew full of apprehension as she timidly shook the stiff brocade—it was beautiful, surely, alas! it was beautiful.

Something slipped with ringing, metallic sound down to the bottom of the chest. She stooped and groped among the strange

fabrics, the very touch of which was so different from her own warm homespun and linen apron. Her little cold hands reached something which tinkled again as she drew it up. It was something of silver workmanship, tarnished, it is true, blackened here and there, but silver certainly, a long chain-like thing of which Devoted knew not distantly the use. But, destitute as she might be of training and experience, feminine intuition was as strong in the heart of the Puritan girl as in that of a court coquette across the water, and after a moment's hesitancy she clasped the girdle about her waist, and the silver links slipped down on her sad-colored gown, making a band of incongruous ornament across its plainness. It was an inspiration. With a sudden impulse she ran to the window and looked out over the barren landscape. Beyond her stretched flat lines of forest, broken here and there by clear spaces of meadow. In the distance rose that distinctive feature of a New England landscape, a low wooded hill, its summit of dark-green firs cutting the sky like the needle of an etcher. Over all lay the mantle of the unbroken snow. She bent her head to catch, if might be, the sound of her father's return. He would come from the other side, where the wide stretch of the frozen Connecticut lay firm and quiet between its shores. But it was a silent, as well as a cold and empty, world that she looked out upon, and she flew back to the open chest. Quick! while there were yet a few rays of light, and while her father yet delayed with other magistrates of the little settlement. She seized the scarlet petticoat, and dragging it from the depths of the chest, laid aside the girdle, and threw the scarlet stuff over her head. The stiff farthingale rustled, and the bodice was drawn with difficulty three-quarters around the childish waist. What is this? thought Devoted, as she drew forth an imposing erection. But, still with sudden womanly perception, the stately ruff was caught about her neck. Now, quick with the girdle! and again its flat links fell over Devoted's skirt, in accordance now with its surroundings. She caught her breath with excitement; she knew that such delight was a sin. Had she not listened to sermons enough anent the tiring of the Egyptians and the foolishness of cringing-pins? Possibly the Devil himself, no vague Principle of Evil to the youth of early New England, was even now rubbing his hands at the sight of that long-forgotten ruff, part of his own special livery, if one might believe all one heard! Was not something moving there in the deep shadows of the great old-fashioned fire-place? Devoted paused, with her hand on her

heart. Then, with a touch of that inherited and atmospheric good-sense, which so often saved our forefathers from fanaticism, she said to herself, "Methinks the Devil hath enough with which to employ his time at his own fireside, not to cumber himself at a chill and empty one with the sins of my committing," and looked about for the little square of looking-glass which hung somewhere on the timbered wall. It was at the eastern end, and in a moment Devoted stood before it, peering into its dusky surface. Alas! it was too late. The afterglow was too sombre to reach it, and with disappointed eyes she leaned forward and sought in vain the reflection of her quaintly attired figure. The little gilt-edged mirror gave back nothing but a shadowy outline, blurred and indistinct. Close she pressed, and caught just a hint of the lofty ruff. There was a step outside, but she did not hear it. The latch yielded and the door was pushed back. There was an instant's pause.

"Devoted!" said a low voice with an undertone of dismay.

Quickly she turned from the unresponsive mirror and faced her mother, while the confusion of ill-doing crept up to her eyelids. Instinctively she grasped the girdle as she stood waiting the blame of discovery.

"Yes, my mother," she answered. Mistress Dudley stood silent as she gazed at the little figure. Swift words of reproach rose to her lips, but sank back unsaid. Was there something in its quaint courtliness, dimly seen in the cold, bare room, that brought, like a wave, repressed memories and delights? It might have been the personified spirit of the new country that stood before her; the garments of fashion and vanity proved ill-fitting and foreign to the speech and conduct of God-fearing citizens; the pathetic glimpse of the home-spun, here and there, showing through the adornments of pleasure, of better worth, truly, than they, yet destitute of so much that makes youth a delight; the fair girlish face, with serious lips and eyelids, so different from the laughing coquetry that seemed fit to be framed in these dainty accessories. The lips of Mistress Dudley trembled a little, good Puritan matron as she was, as she said gently:

"And where found you these fripperies of another and a worse time, my daughter?"

"In the chest, mother, the chest that has stood unopened since—oh! since ever I can remember," answered Devoted, eagerly.

"Yes," said her mother, still gently, "and should have stood

unopened until the memories that it contains should never have led thee to such unabashed vanity as that I have found thee in."

Devoted looked down, and the tears came into her eyes. She never dreamed of making any manner of excuse.

"Put them away quickly," went on Mistress Dudley, regaining the firmness that the sudden sight of her daughter had betrayed. "The permission that you should have sought, before imprudently searching into unopened boxes, would never have been accorded. Now let it be as if it had not been forestalled. Put away these remnants of a vain and giddy world, that hath forgotten its Maker and persecuteth his servants and crieth Peace and Safety where there is no safety! It is not for thee and me to waste a thought on them. Then come down to thy supper; thy father will be here anon and will ask for thee." She waited a moment and her voice dropped from the ring of the defender of the faith. "And see that thou trouble not his ears with the tale of thy discoveries. He would hold it treachery in the soul of his child,"—and slowly the slight figure of Mistress Dudley passed down the steep and narrow stair.

The latter warning was not needed. Devoted's cheek grew a little pale, albeit she was no coward, as she thought of her father's austere face had he found her masquerading in the quiet room. Without a word she slipped out of the creased but brilliant garments, and stood again in her little, short, dark gown, with the thick white stockings and solid shoes showing beneath its hem. Hurriedly she laid the finery away in the chest where it had so long been gathering dust in undisturbed repose. As she lifted the girdle to replace that also, her heart failed her. Not without a further effort could she relegate that daintily suggestive thing to gloom and forgetfulness. She would beg her mother to let her keep that where she might now and then see it. Something whispered faintly that it had not been all anger that had moved her mother at sight of those worse than foolish things. Softly she closed the heavy lid, and left the room again to its bare simplicity. She felt as she stood at the door and looked back as if she had buried something,—something frivolous and weak, perhaps, but fair and light-hearted, after all,—with only the tarnished brightness of the silver girdle, where it lay on the oaken chest, to mark its resting-place in an unfriendly world.

"Mother," said she, as she entered the living-room, where a tremendous fire blazed in the wide chimney-place, which could hold logs eight feet long, and whose glare did away with the necessity for

further light. Her mother, sitting a little in the shadow, looked up as she spoke.

"Mother, may I not keep the girdle—just the girdle?" pleaded Devoted, "because it is a pretty toy, and I would fain not shut it away as if it were to blame."

"Nay, my child," said Mistress Dudley, firmly, "and it has made thee stand a-tip-toe to gaze upon thine own looks as I but late found thee; it were better that it should be thought to have committed a misdemeanor."

"Methinks it were sad for it to be put away into the darkness when it has had but a chance to see the light once again," urged Devoted, timidly.

Mistress Dudley hesitated. "Thou wert ever a child of strange conceits," she said.

"And, mother, I will not wear it, no, nor even hold it against the dark color of my gown," went on Devoted. "It shall be only that it remind me of my fault." The food of theological aptnesses and arguments had been early assimilated by the sturdy mind of little Devoted.

"It seemeth to me that it savoreth somewhat of popery to have an outward symbol of one's sinning before one's eyes," said pretty Mistress Dudley, somewhat sternly. Poor little Devoted's eyes fell. She had pleaded ill indeed if she had suggested popery to her mother's mind. Perhaps the touch of grief in her attitude was the most powerful argument she could have brought. Ah, could not her mother understand it—that hunger for something beautiful, that had broken now and then through the thoughtful peace of her own soul, unknown even to her husband's love; that quickly stilled outcry for something less sombre, that came from her woman's heart, filled as it was with lofty aims and noble purposes; that homesick longing for the follies of her careless days, which breathed like a whiff of enervating perfume across the clear air of self-denial and patience! All this she understood. And this one child of hers, "devoted" from her birth, who could never know them, should she be cut off from what was perhaps but an innocent delight?

"And yet," she said slowly, "if it be but as a warning, and in itself as thou knowest, my child, but a foolish trinket, put it where thou shalt see it, not too often, that, tarnished and worthless as it is, it may remind thee that such are the joys of a world which is not the abiding-place of spirits such as thy father and I would see thine become."

Devoted's eyes were raised to her mother's with deep gratitude shining in them.

"I thank thee, mother," she said, and, crossing the room, she brought a little stool, and, sitting down by her mother's side, looked into the fire in silence. Mistress Dudley watched her child with some misgivings.

"And yet," she said to herself, "what wonder that my judgment waxed somewhat weak! It was in yon girdle over my silver-gray gown—the one purpled with rose-color, and with silver clasps, that I first pleased the heart of my beloved husband. It was a fair May-day in England, and mayhap the comeliness of my attire—'Lord, turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity!'"

The fire roared in the chimney-place, and now and then a shower of sparks flew out on the wooden floor. The sturdy beams of the "half-timber" house gleamed now and then into prominence. The shining brass dishes about the dresser twinkled companionably, and in the centre of the room, just out of the fierce heat, on the huge, high-backed settle, sat fair Mistress Dudley with, at her feet, the stout-hearted little New England maiden.

"Mother," said Devoted, "there be fair things in England, is it not so?"

Mistress Dudley started. Had she carried her daughter back with her to the old days? "Yes, my Devoted," she answered. "Truly there is much that is fair in England."

"I know," went on Devoted, sentimentously, "that it is now the abode of lordly oppression and spiritual wickedness in high places. But even the heavy hand of the arch-oppressor Laud hath not availed, hath it, mother," she concluded wistfully, "to blot out the natural fairness of the country?"

"No, my child; it lieth not in the hands of evil men to so work upon the handiwork of God."

"There be merry-makings there, even now?" questioned Devoted, her young soul burning with a new, startled curiosity.

"Yes, merry-makings and junketings enough. Even so they danced in the time of Noah."

For once, Devoted's little Puritan ears were deaf to the voice of scriptural application.

"And when you were young, mother?"

"Yes, when I was young I, too, tripped it with the rest—heedless alike of the public weal and my own salvation."

"And—and where did you go, mother? and what did you do?"

"I sang and I laughed and I saw the court lords and ladies sweep by from Hampton Court, gay and bedizened beyond the needs of soul or body, and I heeded naught save that the grass was green and the sky blue and life long—but why do I recall such godless fooleries?" and Mistress Dudley checked herself sternly. "God knoweth I pine not for the empty delights of the Egyptians. It was the dawn of a better day;" she paused a moment, with head raised, for they both caught the sound of a footstep outside on the crisp, deep snow.

"When?" questioned Devoted.

"When thy father came, as he cometh now, to cure me of the folly of dwelling on the things that are seen and temporal and looking away from the unseen and eternal."

The outside door opened and closed under a powerful hand, admitting a blast of cold air that nearly blew that of the living room open also. In a moment Calvin Dudley, of Windsor settlement, came into the room, and with an almost silent greeting to wife and daughter drew near and warmed himself by the blaze. He was a tall, austere, handsome man. His close-cropped hair, the long coat and absence of ruffles and furbelows imparted the usual severity of aspect which marked the Puritan. He looked down gravely but not unkindly at Devoted, who had drawn aside quietly that she might not be in her father's way. Evidently his thoughts were outside of the home circle.

"It is cold," he said absently, to his wife; "but even in the abodes of English luxury, my Joyce, they have not such fires to warm themselves withal." Mistress Dudley smiled assentingly, as she sent Devoted to bring in the Indian bread from the kitchen, where it lay warm in the ashes. As she returned her father was saying:

"Yes, it is a bitter night. The snow blows from the further side of the river. But it is neither so bitter nor so sharp as the dangers that beset the Israel of God. Yet I believe that Charles Stuart is yet to find that, though he have deceived them that put their trust in princes, there is One in whose sight his shuffling devices are but chaff which the wind of his wrath shall soon drive away."

"And what of things nearer home, Calvin?"

"Aye, and nearer home are dangers within and without. There be some, thinketh my kinsman of Newtown, that should be dealt with, lest their looseness concerning the smaller matters of practice bring greater evils of doctrine."

"Thy kinsman of Newtown hath ever an eye for the dangers that be ahead," said Mistress Joyce, with a slight smile.

"And well it is that such an eye be upon us," exclaimed Mr. Dudley, "lest the noble vine that the Lord hath planted be turned into one degenerate! What say you to foolishness of female dressmaking itself known even in the Lord's house?" Devoted paused with a thrill of conscious guilt, as she placed a trencher on the table. "Are not such gauds and trumperies akin to the mockeries of the Court across the water? Have we come into the wilderness that we may rear an altar to a strange God?"

The handsome face of Calvin Dudley glowed with the fire of an enthusiasm that was a part of the very life of these men, to whom the altar of God was no mere figure of speech. Joyce looked up into her husband's face with a glance of calmer but no less convinced fervor; but she only said, "The true God forbid, my husband."

That night Devoted lay awake after she had climbed into the high four-post bed, and pulled up the thick rug over her shoulders. The wind blew straight across the flats by the river and whistled about the house, but she was too used to that to be disturbed by it. Instead, she was thinking of the silver girdle. Her whole soul was in revolt. New ideas and new longings were storming the citadel of Puritan upbringing and defense. Was there wrong in what her mother, her own sweet mother, had done as a matter of course? How had it harmed her? If God meant that we should not enjoy the green grass and the blue sky, why had he made them? And if we enjoyed them, why not dance upon the turf, even about the abomination of a May-pole, of which she had heard mention with bated breath? If her father had been pleased by the sight of a maid in a fair gown with—who knows—the glint of a silver girdle across the pointed bodice, why was it so lamentable a sight in a new country? Her father's last words that night rang in her ears.

"Would that they might hear,"—he spoke of the lapsing of various converts—"would that they might hear the words of the Reverend Thomas Hooker, that man of God, that they might feel the emptiness of mere conformity and know the true spirit of endeavor."

For her part, she was glad that never yet had she been taken to the First Church down the river, that her spirit might be uncomfortably stirred. She might give up the girdle of her own accord if she came too overwhelmingly under conviction,—that girdle that now lay safe and shining on the oaken chest. With these strange and

rebellious thoughts flitting about in her mind, Devoted slept; and when the next morning dawned she was in the same disturbed mood, but went about her appointed tasks and said nothing further of her dreams of mysterious foregone pleasures, whose intensity might have been shared by a banished favorite.

Toward the middle of the afternoon, she sat with her flax-wheel in the living-room. Mechanically she worked the treadle and drew out the twisted thread.

"Devoted," said her mother, entering with a basket covered with a fair linen napkin of her own spinning, "leave thy wheel and take this basket along the field-path to Mistress Wolcott. It is a trifling gift of new-laid eggs that may please her invalid appetite. There is yet time for thee to go and come before the sun sets."

Devoted rose, and pushed back her wheel, and in a few moments her little dark figure was moving along the field of glaring white, where a rough path had been trodden to a group of neighboring houses. She did her errand quickly and turned homeward. The air was cold but still, and Devoted's long, gray, warm homespun cloak and close little hood, as well as her familiarity with all sorts of weather, prevented any feeling of discomfort; so she loitered on the way back, looking at the still, frozen river before her, and then at the western sky, flushing crimson as the sun drew near the horizon. As she reached the point where the path turned into the field she paused. Down the road from the north a horseman was making his way, slowly for the most part, for, though the highway was traveled, it was by no means smooth. Devoted, half inclined before to prolong her walk, with her new impulse to idleness and speculation, under the added stimulant of curiosity—for travelers were few—kept on up the highway, knowing that she could turn again further on. Before she met the wayfarer, however, her attention, easily diverted in this state of vague unsettlement, was drawn to some boys building a snow fort in a clearing near the low banks of the Connecticut. She stood by a tall tree and watched them, as the sun sank lower and the cold landscape grew a little warmer in the pale suffusion of reflected color. She was so standing when the stranger drew rein just beside her, and spoke.

"And what does so small a maid as this more than a stone's-throw from her own house, and the night coming on apace?"

Devoted started a little, but looked up fearlessly into the face above her. The voice was firm and sweet, with a certain ringing

quality which would always arrest attention, and the face and form well carried out the impression that it made. She saw a fine-looking man of about fifty, in long, black traveling cloak, high boots, somewhat travel-worn, and a broad, black hat, beneath whose brim eyes commanding and penetrating, yet softened with gentleness, looked down into hers. No child would have feared such an apparition.

"Sir, I am but taking the long way home," answered Devoted. "And truly my home, though somewhat further than a maid may throw, since throwing is not a custom in which maids excel,"—Devoted made this interpolation with evident regret,—“yet I think, sir,” and she glanced shrewdly at the strong hand on the bridle, “a stone sent by *your* arm might reach nearly to its dooryard.”

The dignified stranger smiled.

"And what is the name of this wise maiden who knoweth, so well the shortcomings of her sex?—and in these days, moreover," he added, half to himself, "when certain of them would set the contrary example."

"Devoted Dudley, reverend sir," she answered, more and more impressed with the majesty of the broad forehead and magnetic voice of her questioner.

"Dudley? Ah, a daughter, then, of Calvin Dudley, whose kinsman of Massachusetts Bay I have counseled with in Newtown." Devoted said nothing. She heard mechanically and understood, but she was under the sway of an overmastering impulse—an impulse to bring her rebellions and her longings to the judgment-bar of this wise, grave man, whose air betokened a dissolver of doubts.

"Well, little Mistress Dudley," went on the stranger, as he lifted the rein, "speed thee away home, and the Lord be with thee. The night grows colder, and a good fire will be a better companion than the lonely road."

"Yes," answered Devoted, looking up earnestly and laying her hand on the horse's neck, "truly the nights are cold and the wind from the river bleak, but in England there be warmer houses and closelier built, and there it is not always that wood must be chopped lest we freeze, and bitter snow-storms faced lest we have no food, and fire-locks kept clean lest the Indians find us unawares! And why did we leave those pleasanter places where be safety and warmth and—yes," and Devoted took her courage in both hands, "yes, and merriment?" The tears stood in her eyes and her lips trembled with the magnitude of the revolt she had made and the feeling that it had

awakened, and as her voice fell with the last compromising word her eyes fell too, and it was a moment before she lifted them to the face of him whom she felt instinctively to be her judge. The firm mouth had grown a little stern and there was reproof, but not unkindness, in the look which he bent upon brave little Devoted.

"In England," he murmured, "in the land where freedom is not. Truly the mouth of this babe speaketh not wisdom." There was an instant's pause and then the deep voice said gently, "It is small wonder that a question perplexeth thee, my daughter, that hath made wiser heads than thine to toss restlessly on their pillows. But this one thing I would have thee to remember—"

It was almost dark; the long flat stretches were cheerless in their whiteness, the dense unbroken woods black in contrast. In all the landscape there were only these two moving figures—the grave, handsome man on horseback, and the little eager, breathless girl looking up into his face. In after years it came back to Devoted's memory with the distinctness of a photograph.

"That there be two things for which men live. One is the pleasantness of warmth and of merry faces, and of the ease that cometh of bodily enjoyment. That it is a pleasantness much to be desired, needeth no argument. With it thou shouldst have bright trinkets and careless junketings that it may be thy soul longeth for." Devoted flushed slowly as he paused. "And the other thing that men live for," and the magnetic voice grew ringing as it fell clearly on the crisp air, "it is naught, say men of conformity, but an idea! It is but this—that there shall be no voice that shall say to us 'Go here and go there,' that shall bid us bow the knee or do reverence to a name, that shall command our bodies or our souls, save that of the living God!"

Again there was silence for a moment. The Puritan soul of Devoted responded to the call of liberty. It rose within her on a wave of enthusiasm that would not let her speak.

"These two things men live for," he went on more quietly. "Thy father hath made his choice, thine own pastor Warham hath made it, the men who struggle in bitterness and cold for these ungrateful fields have made it—it is for thee, little Mistress Dudley, to make it too."

The appeal to the hidden and spiritual fell rarely as a strange language on the ears of childhood or age in those days. The whole training of the time was towards the perception of the unseen.

Devoted's stormy little heart grew quiet under the ministrations of words so in the spirit of her life and education. But repression was another lesson of the age, and she said nothing, but with what seemed almost an unseemly outbreak of emotion she held up her hand and placed it in that of the friend she had met, as a sign, all at once, of greeting, gratitude, and farewell. Gravely he held it a moment, while he said, thoughtfully :

"It may be that the wall of partition is even now broken down, that God hath called one of his elect." Then he added, "Now dost thou walk along by my side. I have but to go to Mr. Wolcott's house, and he shall go with thee across the fields, for it is too late for thee to find thy way alone."

Obediently Devoted turned back the way she had come, while her grave and reverend companion was soon lost in contemplation, possibly suggested by their conversation, as his tired horse plodded wearily on. Occasionally she caught such words as these: "It is not a general, confused, and slight sense of sin that will serve our turn; nay, verily, if there be any corruption that the heart lingers over, it will hinder the work of preparation, even as in the heart of this maiden. The union that is between the soul and its corruptions is marvelous, strong, and firm. As it is with the wheel of a clock, so it is with the soul of man——"

As they drew near to Mr. Wolcott's, a young man came forth and greeted the arriving guest with enthusiasm governed with respect. They exchanged a few words which Devoted did not hear, and as the stranger indicated her with a wave of the hand, young Mr. Wolcott turned and smiled, then, hurriedly drawing a paper from his pocket, handed it to the distinguished traveler who, pausing to glance at it before he passed into the house, said something evidently in assent, whereupon the younger man turned away with it and joined Devoted. Together they went along the narrow footpath through the darkening fields. "And who is the gentleman of power and learning who hath discoursed with me upon the way?" asked prim little Devoted.

"Who is he?" exclaimed her escort. "Who but the worshipful pastor of the First Church in Hartford, a man mighty indeed, and gifted far beyond the common in the things that be of the intellect and spirit."

"The Reverend Mr. Hooker!" exclaimed Devoted in her turn, pausing to face her companion. "Have I seen and spoken

with him? But—but,” she stammered in her surprise, “where is the king that men say he hath in his pocket? That is” she hurriedly added, as her companion smiled, “though I know surely that that be but a manner of similitude, yet I did expect something more difficult of access in his manner and conversation.”

“And yet,” rejoined Mr. Wolcott warmly, “had he the king in good faith in his pocket, there could be added nothing to his speech or character more majestic. And indeed, methinks,” he added, in grim afterthought, “the king of England might esteem himself fortunate had he just now so safe and dignified a hiding-place as the pocket of the Reverend Mr. Hooker.”

“Certainly he speaketh the truth with an authority that is not to be gainsaid, and yet with a pleasantness that maketh it a sweet sound,” said Devoted with conviction. “And,” she went on thoughtfully. “with a something, moreover, that belongeth not to all teachers, but only to him, I believe, who is a great man.”

“And he knoweth, too, concerning things of state,” said Mr. Wolcott, as they stood within the porch. “And here is a writing I would have thee give thy father, that he may read and consider thereof in view of the decisions that are before us. It containeth the notes of a sermon preached on the last Sunday of May by Mr. Hooker, concerning the appointment of magistrates and things of kindred importance to the very existence of our commonwealth. I must hasten back, that I lose not the companionship of our beloved guest. I wish thee a good-night, fair Mistress Devoted.”

That night, as Devoted hurriedly undressed in the cold room, all the chillier in that she had just left the blazing fire below, her thoughts dwelt on every incident of the afternoon. Her mood had changed and, though she recalled the silver girdle, it was with chastened fancy, as a pretty thing truly that she should always love to look upon, but not with cryings out after vanity. Instead, she felt the divine fire of enthusiasm, communicated by the rapt and glowing speech of the preacher to whom she had listened. It *was* worth while,—the bitterness, the hardship, the privation; and as Devoted looked from her window at the moonlit barrenness without, her heart swelled, with a sudden, prophetic perception of what it all meant. She thought, too, of the document intrusted to her care. In her eyes it had assumed an almost sacred character. It had to do with the existence of the commonwealth, and its words were those of that guardian of all good whose services, public and

private, were household words in the Connecticut Colony. In her present exalted mood, that paper meant patriotism itself. It was still in her care, for on entering the house she had learned that her father was to remain away over night, and, still too excited to talk of the matter, even with her mother, she had quietly laid it away in the unoccupied chamber where we first found her. It was a sort of Puritan penance, dimly felt and not understood, that she had performed, taking it into that room and coming out again, with never a look at the silver girdle lying still on the oaken chest. To-morrow she would take them both away. To-night she would not even face temptation; she would overlook it. Scarcely had her head touched the pillow when she slept. It was a pleasant dream that visited her that night. She was in a gay company in another land, whose fairness was like that of her own country in summer, when the river was free, and its banks soft and the tracery of the willows green against the sky. But the company was gayer than any here. They were laughing and dancing on the turf, she and other maidens, and she herself wore a cherry-colored petticoat and a green bodice with large sleeves purfled with cherry, and about the wrist was a silver girdle; but it was not tarnished—instead it sparkled and shone as she danced, and it was so bright—oh! so bright that it almost hurt her eyes, and——

“Devoted, my child, Devoted!” cried her mother’s voice in her ear. “Wake up, my heart! The house burns, and we have but time to fly!”

Devoted, roused at last, sprang to her feet, and by the red light in the room threw herself into her clothes; and then it was all confusion and calling of neighbors and buckets of water and saving of furniture! Fortunately, there was a little time to work with a good-will, which was not wanting. The first moment that Devoted could think connectedly, she was standing outside in the bitter cold, holding her mother’s dress, as they watched the neighbors running in and out. Suddenly, with an exclamation, she dashed into the burning house. The room where was the oaken chest was still untouched. Her girdle, her poor, pretty girdle, she must save that! It seemed to her that she had just had the dainty thing about her waist. Her mother did not see her go, so absorbed was she. Up the short, steep stair, through the smoke, she flew, unobserved, into the room whence the furniture had been carried out. Where was it? Had it been lost in the confusion?

And even as she rushed into the room, came the thought of the precious writing entrusted to her care. Where was that—and what did it represent? What was it he had said that afternoon about an “idea”? There was no time to lose. She heard her mother calling, “Devoted, my Devoted! Where is she? Where is she?” With a quick, keen glance about the room lighted by the flickering flame without, she caught sight of a bit of white on the floor.

“Here, mother, here!” she cried, an instant later,—climbing, rushing, falling, she did not know how, out of the house, with the fire hot on her face, into her mother’s arms.

There was no hope from the first of saving the house. The tremendous chimney running up through it had caught and burned fiercely; and when Calvin Dudley returned the next day, it was to find a blackened ruin where he had left his home. But wife and child and many lesser possessions were safe, and those early settlers were not men to complain of vicissitudes.

“Joyce,” he said somewhat sadly, “truly, we have better fires than in England itself! Is it that our luxuries are ever to be our snares?”

Early in the next year he went up to Hartford to attend the meeting for the adoption of a constitution.

“Father,” said Devoted, the evening before he left, “dost thou think that thou wilt meet there the worshipful Mr. Hooker?”

“I hope that God willeth it so,” he answered. “Else shall I be truly much disappointed.”

“Wilt thou bear him a word, father, from me?” asked Devoted, somewhat timidly.

“That I will,” answered Calvin Dudley, smiling. “What hath my little maid to say unto the great divine that he will wish to hear?”

“He will be glad to hear,” said Devoted confidently. “Tell him,”—and her thoughts went back a moment to the silver girdle, that had meant so much to her a month ago, vanished forever on that eventful night,—“tell him little Mistress Dudley hath made her choice.”

THE MISSION OF EDUCATED WOMEN.

BY MRS. M. F. ARMSTRONG.

[*Popular Science Monthly.*]

"Love seldom haunts the breast
Where learning lies."—POPE.

"'Tis Reason's part,
To govern and to guard the heart."—COTTON.

"I loved her well ; I would have loved her better
Had love been met with love ;
As 'tis, I leave her
To brighter destinies, if so she deems them."—BYRON.

AN article entitled "Plain Words on the Woman Question," reprinted from the "Fortnightly Review" in this magazine, is so far in the nature of an attack upon the women whom the writer calls into court, as to make reply, from one or another quarter, legitimate, and indeed, I think, obligatory. As a woman, who is bound by the conditions of wife and motherhood, for which Mr. Allen makes so able a plea, I cannot individually appear on either side. It is not the women whom I represent who are under discussion, but none the less are the principles involved of the deepest and most pressing interest to thoughtful women everywhere, whether they have elected the single-handed fight, or the less evident but none the less serious test which comes with motherhood and the endeavor to make a home.

My excuse, therefore, for offering myself, in a sense, as a mouth-piece for the women whom Mr. Allen classifies as "deplorable accidents" is, first, that the points raised are in reality of as much importance to married women as to their unmarried sisters ; and, second, that my position gives me, I think, unusual advantages for getting at certain underlying facts.

I have been for years connected with a large educational institution, where young men and women are working, side by side, under identically similar influences. The officials and teachers in this school are largely women, and women who, to quote Mr. Allen, have become "traitors to their sex," in that they have taken upon their shoulders the burden of their own support. They are, with few exceptions, highly educated, many of them college-bred, three among

them being regular physicians, while all of them, if I may be permitted to judge, are of at least average attractiveness. As to health, social position, and previous condition, they offer also, I believe, a fair average, while their intellectual standards mark them high in the scale of feminine development.

For years they have puzzled me, for they are, without doubt, representative of a social phase, and the reasons for their existence, as well as the future to which they point, offer a unique temptation to the theorist. The appearance of the article already alluded to gave me a long-desired opportunity, and I at once laid it before my friends, asking for it their serious consideration. Nowhere in America, I am sure, could the opportunity be more complete, or the response more telling ; and I trust that what these women have to say for themselves will not be without interest, to those at least who have read Mr. Allen's frank and, on the whole, liberal article.

In a charming cottage, occupied by two of this misguided sisterhood, to whose *ménage* the most critical eye could find nothing lacking, there was gathered, a week or two since, an unmistakably striking assemblage of single women, well looking, well dressed, ranging from twenty to fifty years of age, every one of whom could have, in the past, married, or could still marry, were it her desire to do so.

There was not a fanatic among them ; they were sensible, earnest, in some cases brilliant women, who had, with more or less intention, turned their backs upon marriage, and chosen instead lives of self-supporting independence. Why have they done this ? Undoubtedly it is to more than one cause that we must look for this result ; but, at the outset of the discussion, it was universally admitted that Mr. Allen is right in considering the "higher education," to which he objects, to be the most potent factor in the situation. Furthermore, the knowledge of life in all its phases, which these women have gained, both from their intellectual training and their practical experience as bread-winners for themselves and others, makes them ready to accept most of his other premises.

They admit, that is, the physical necessity for maternity, and no man can appreciate its sacredness as they do.

They admit, again, the necessity for that tremendous overloading of the sexual instinct, whose meaning Emerson interprets when he says : "The lover seeks in marriage his private felicitation and perfection, with no prospective end ; and Nature hides in his happiness her own end, namely, progeny, or the perpetuity of the race."

They admit, too, the value of the institution of marriage, and, as in the case of the ideal motherhood, put its beauty and its possibilities of happiness far beyond the usual masculine conception.

As to the continuance of the race, they are far too keen to blink any facts, even when they count against themselves. The race, at all costs, must go on, and women must be wives and mothers, or, to keep exactly to the lines laid down by Mr. Allen, must at least be mothers, to the end of time. And, following their logic to the bitter end, they admit that, under existing conditions, and probably for long periods yet to come, the women who assume motherhood as their vocation must be prepared to renounce, more or less completely, their chance for intellectual development.

To this point our argument, on the evening of which I speak, went smoothly enough. Little or no exception was taken to Mr. Allen's position. So long as he made himself only an exponent of natural laws, and of their inevitable effect upon the social fabric, there were no dissentient voices. But there came a moment when the question must be put point blank, and it was then that, for the first time, we, so to speak, came down to business.

"Now," I said, from my vantage-ground of neutrality, "you have cleared the decks. No social philosopher can demand more hearty agreement with the principles of his science than you have given; no man could desire more generous acknowledgment of man's place in creation, or of the fundamental relations of the sexes, than you offer; but the main issue is still untouched. Tell me why you, as representative individuals, have not married, do not marry, and are endeavoring, so far as educational methods can do it, to perpetuate your type?"

Masculine critics will possibly here suggest that a truthful answer to the first of these questions was far and away beyond my reach; but the women to whom I was speaking were fully in earnest, and there were no evasions.

"In the first place," said a clever woman beside me, "while we deny that our education unsexes us, we are conscious that it gives us a self-control, a balance, which is of inestimable advantage to us in the practical affairs of life, and induces us to consider marriage from more than one point of view. In the past, it is the emotional nature of women which has been cultivated, often at a heavy cost. Now, her intellect is taking charge, and we believe that there is no longer any reason why, as a rule, we should be

sacrificed to our own emotions. Is it not, on the whole, desirable that women should study facts and weigh reasons as men do? You may say that it is the emotional virtues which are distinctively feminine, and that, as Mr. Allen says, 'a woman's glory is to be womanly, as a man's is to be *virile*'; but can it be shown that the training of her intellect makes a woman any less capable of love and devotion? Does it make her any less willing to sacrifice herself for the good of others? I think, on the contrary, that there is abundant witness to the fact that the increase of a woman's intellectual power usually intensifies her susceptibility to high motives, from whatever source they may reach her, or through whatever channel they may come. But, certainly, she is no longer a passive recipient; she thinks now as well as feels, and the inevitable result is that her attitude is more judicial than of old."

"Do you know," here interpolates a newly graduated collegian, "that in our colleges it has become a proverb that, if a girl isn't engaged before she is a sophomore, the chances are all against her marriage?"

The assent to this is very general, and one of the older women states the evident reasons for it: "We become more interested in our studies, more certain of our ability to take care of ourselves, and therefore less interested in men as possible lovers, and more independent of them as a means of support."

"And also," dryly remarks a very marriageable maiden, "it becomes evident to us that, as a matter of fact, the men whom our friends marry do not always come to time in their *rôle* of 'providers' and are not infrequently ready to accept assistance at the hands of the women whom they have undertaken to support."

Apropos of this, it is here suggested that possibly the prospect of domestic drudgery is not congenial to women who have found themselves capable of different and better work; and this is assented to by several of those present who are supporting their own establishments, and paying servants to perform the household labor which would fall upon their shoulders were they in the position of the married woman of average means.

This, again, suggests a comparison as to the relative value of the normal home wherein father, mother and children complete the group, and of those more artificial homes which lack the natural elements of union. Generous recognition is at once given of the beauty of the possible home, and of the power and importance of the woman

who creates it ; but that this is woman's only field is emphatically denied. There are now open to her many channels through which she can influence the race, and the question is raised as to whether the advantage in this respect is altogether on the side of the married woman. Two or three of the older women in the group, who have had long and varied experience as teachers, ask if it is not probable that among the many children who have come into their hands there are not some, at least, who owe more to their school environment than to the home life. They claim that they, as teachers should be credited with the influence which, in the nature of things, is inseparable from the responsibility which is put upon them. "To us," they say, "and not to the already overburdened wife and mother, is given the power to lead and direct the youth of the race. Would you have us, with that in view, aim for anything less than the best ? The education of English and American children is, in the main, in the hands of women, and this not because of an anomalous social condition, but because of their peculiar fitness for the work. On Mr. Allen's own showing, these women should remain unmarried, and, if this involves a sacrifice on their part, it is left for him to show us that such sacrifice is ignoble, or in any sense threatening to the public welfare."

A response to this comes from the women physicians, who, in their work for their own sex and for children, feel, in all humility, that they are doing more for humanity than if they limited themselves to the reproduction of their kind. Granting that each of these women might leave behind her the ideal four successors, what is this in comparison with the many women whom she may have saved from disease and death ; the households to which she has taught better ways ; the new standards of purity and self-restraint for which she has bravely fought ?

In such a discussion it is difficult not to individualize ; but, well as I know these women, I am surprised at the breadth of their views, their candor, and their humility in regard to their own achievements. But it is a humility which permits no abatement of their just claims. They no longer admit any question as to their intellectual capacity. With the simplicity of conscious strength they take their place beside the men who challenge them, and are not at all afraid to face the result of their own actions. It is also plain that they are, on the whole, contented with the lot which they have chosen. The sacrifice, if it be such, has been made with open

eyes and of free will, and there is no sighing after the possibilities which they have rejected.

"But," I ask, "do you never feel, especially as you grow older, the lack of some young strength upon which to lean, some fresh energy to which to bequeath your own experience?"

As might be expected, the answer to this is varied. In some instances the strength of the maternal instinct has led to the adoption of children; in others, to some special work which keeps up the connection with childhood; while again there are women, as there are men, in whom the instinct is lacking, and who find other interests sufficient to fill the gap.

Mr. Allen's suggestion as to the possible readjustment of the marriage relation, and his pledge that men will meet women half-way in any such attempt, is received without special enthusiasm. That is, the general feeling is, that it is not in the marriage relation, either in its legal or social aspect, that the root of the difficulty is to be found. Rather, they consider, it must be looked for in the standards with which men and women enter into that relation. It is constantly proved, by the evidence of happy marriages, that the contract easily adjusts itself where the parties to it comprehend and accept its terms. Not that there is not room for improvement in minor particulars, especially in the direction of certain legislative changes; but that, fundamentally, the monogamous idea, the permanent union of one woman with one man, is a trustworthy basis upon which to rest the social structure.

The women of whom I am writing disclaim positively that their indifference as to marriage arises from any dissatisfaction with the institution as it now and here exists. They deny also unanimously, and backed by a good deal of proof, that their education (it being understood that they have received the modern college education, or its equivalent) in any way unfits them for the duties of wifedom and maternity, or, primarily, renders these conditions any less attractive to them than to the "domestic" type of women. On the contrary, they hold that their knowledge of physiology makes them better mothers and housekeepers; their knowledge of chemistry makes them better cooks; while, from their training in other natural sciences and in mathematics, they obtain an accuracy and fairmindedness which is of great value to them in dealing with their children or their employés. In short, they are not afraid to match themselves in practical life with the women

for whom Mr. Allen claims a development impossible to the "dulled and spiritless epicene automata" to whom his attack is addressed.

As we approach the close of the discussion, the common-sense of the various speakers makes itself strongly felt. They are not theorists, but practical, healthy women, and they do not in the least deceive themselves as to the actual, every-day aspect of this question. But, on the other hand, they stand for the feminine type of which our American prophet and seer wrote thirty years ago : * "At this moment I esteem it a chief felicity of this country that it excels in women. A certain awkward consciousness of inferiority in the men may give rise to the new chivalry in behalf of 'woman's rights.' Certainly, let her be as much better placed in the laws and in social forms as the most zealous reformer can ask ; but I confide so entirely in her inspiring and musical nature that I believe only herself can show us how she shall be served. The wonderful generosity of her sentiments raises her at times into heroical and godlike regions, and verifies the pictures of Minerva, Juno, or Polymnia ; and, by the firmness with which she treads her upward path, she convinces the coarsest calculators that another road exists than that which their feet know." And it is therefore no surprise to find that these women of a later generation are, finally, by the loftiness of their ideas and, as it were, in spite of themselves, lifted above the plane of Mr. Allen's arguments.

They sum up the reasons why they, as individuals, do not marry, in a somewhat formidable array. "We find," they say, "that we are intellectually the equals of the men whom we meet. It is now a fair give-and-take, and it is no longer required of us that we make up for the light weight of our intellects by throwing in a double measure of sentiment. Neither is it any longer necessary that we marry for the sake of a somewhat uncertain support. We are able to take care of ourselves, and we find nothing uncongenial or unsexing in our success.

"Furthermore, and above all, we see that, while the processes of evolution have pushed us so far forward that there is no longer, in our dealings with men, any serious question as to inferior or superior abilities, there still remains between our moral standards and theirs the same gap that has existed ever since the purity of woman has been tacitly recognized as essential to civilization.

* Emerson, "Essay on Manners."

“The moral sense is, in us, more highly developed than in the men who are otherwise our peers; and now that this is no longer deflected in its action by the pressure of unfair conditions, it is equivalent to a new factor in the relation of the sexes. It is evident, however, that this factor cannot have full play except as the individual is independent; and it is to the single, self-supporting woman only that this independence is possible. Women who are dependent, in any direction, upon men, must, almost of necessity, condone their vices, and as a result gradually approximate to their standards, which is a consummation most devoutly *not* to be desired. We believe that there is no personal conceit in claiming that we are morally upon a higher level than men, this being a recognized fact in modern sociology; but it is a fact which repels us from the close relations of marriage, in which we now believe that we have a right to a return for all that we give. When, therefore, we find that, while we are offered intellectual companionship and provision for our physical needs, the higher demands of our spiritual nature are ignored or set aside, we naturally hesitate, and, hesitating, are, from Mr. Allen’s point of view, lost. He looks at our problem from without, we from within. We realize, often in bitterness of heart, that our moral life, the life of our aspirations, is upon a plane which, as yet, the average man has not reached. We can never go back to him, but we stand ready to welcome him whenever he can bridge the chasm and make our standard his.

“This is our position as individuals; as a class, we see no evidence that we are ‘accidents,’ still less that we are to be deplored. We believe, indeed, that, so far from this being true, we in reality represent an important phase in human development, that we are a distinct product of evolutionary forces, and that in the future it is not impossible that the ‘balance of power’ may be found to lie in our hands.”

The value of this statement is in the fact that it comes not from one woman, but from many, and in it there is surely nothing to discourage Mr. Allen and those who think with him. The women to whom he appeals are ready to meet him, but it must be on a platform of their own choosing, and they can afford to wait. They do not ask “aid in rebelling against maternity,” but they demand that the responsibilities of fatherhood shall no longer be shifted or made light of. In short, they require of the fathers of the next generation just what Mr. Allen demands for the mothers,

viz., "that they shall be as strong, as wise, as pure, as sane, as healthy, as earnest, and as efficient as they can be made."

And as this demand, on the part at least of the men who make it, is presumably based not so much on any personal predilection for the qualities enumerated as upon their desire to further the best interests of the race, the argument in its favor is as valid for the one sex as for the other.

STANDING WATCH.

BY JULIE MERRELL.

[*Lend a Hand*, 1892.]

We're standing watch, the while our comrades sleep;
 We watch by turns, and work, and wait, and weep;
 We note each beam athwart the orient sky,
 And as it rises, man to man we cry,
 Hail! coming morn!

Base Cruelty sits nodding on his throne,
 And little dreams that Love will claim his own;
 False Superstition 'neath her altar hides,
 While sordid Selfishness the land divides—
 But ah, the morn!

Some stars long since arose to give us light,
 But made us doubly conscious of our night;
 Now, sweeping all things in his glorious way,
 The conquering angel ushers in the day—
 O, wondrous day!

HISTORIC NEW LONDON.

THE JOHN WINTHROP FAMILY—THE WINTHROP HOMESTEAD—OTHER OLD HOUSES—
ANCIENT ELMS—THE FIRST BURYING GROUND.

BY CHARLOTTE MOLYNEUX HOLLOWAY.

[*New England Magazine*, 1886.]

NEW LONDON has so long been celebrated for the possession of one of the finest harbors in the United States, that strangers, hearing its citizens dilate upon their pet hobby, may well be pardoned for concluding that New London's chief claim upon their admiring regard is a watery one. No greater mistake could be made. Few cities have more right to command the admiration of the lover of the beautiful and the historic. Were it the province of this article to dwell upon the natural beauties of the place, pages could easily be filled where now paragraphs must suffice.

The town is built upon a slope gradually rising from the Thames to an elevated ridge in the northwest, from which a superb view can be had of the river in its ribbon-like course twisting around the bold promontory on the east, thence flowing calmly on to mingle in the waters of the Sound,—whose broad surface stretches away to the south like a sea of silver. On the opposite bank lies the village of Groton, its level fields of gold-tasseled corn, its scattered farm houses and lofty green hills forming a gladsome sight beneath the strong glare of the August sun; yet the monument to the victims of the Fort Griswold massacre, looming up—a grim, untiring sentinel, silently voicing the tale of man's passion and patriotism, baseness and nobility—eloquently tells how once yonder fair scene was darkened by murder most foul and treacherous.

On the north the landscape becomes exceedingly diversified and rugged. Beyond the upper portion, a high elevation seems to wall off further advance, and well justifies the name bestowed upon it in the early colonial days by a homesick settler, who called it "The mountain from which he could see his dear England." Between this part of New London and the river is a noble wood of forest trees, abounding in hills and hollows, and containing oaks which have withstood the storms of centuries.

The walks and drives about the town in any direction afford the lover of "nature adorned by man" a fair chance to go into ecstasies of either joy or grief, and make the critical stickler for architectural principles a little perplexed to find names for the varied styles which will be sure to attract his attention. Some of the private residences bear convincing testimony to their owners' taste. Few cities can show a more simply elegant mansion than the Mt. Vernon house, built by General Jedediah Huntington, the first collector of the port under the Federal Government,—now owned and occupied by E. L. Palmer, who has renovated and beautified the place without marring its harmonious simplicity.

It is a curious evidence of the jealousy with which the higher powers regarded any aspiring settlement, to find that it was only after a long and obstinate struggle that the dwellers on the bank of the river they had christened "Thames" were able to get the authorities to consent to call their plantation "New London." The name first given, "Nameeug," was not to the liking of the home-loving settlers, as we find from the records:—

22 Feb., 1648.—The same day the inhabitants did consent and desier that the plantation may be called London.

The General Court, however, did not approve their choice, for, under date of May, 1649, it is recorded that "the Court commends the name of Faire Harbour to them, for to be the name of their Towne."

That the inhabitants did not follow the advice of the General Court is shown by the town records, viz.:

Aug. 29th.—The Towne have sent to the Court by there deputys, Hugh Calkin & Thomas Mynor, that the Towne's name may be called London.

The Court was obdurate. In enlarging the town's bounds to Paukatuck River, the ensuing September, it refers to the presumptuous settlement as "Nameage." The people of "Nameage" were just as obstinate as the Court,—which finally yielded gracefully,—as witness this entry in its records:—

Mar. 24th, 1658.—This Court, considering that there hath yet no place in any of the colonies been named in honor of the city of London, there being a new plantation within this jurisdiction of Connecticut, settled upon the fair river of Monhegin, in the Pequot country, it being an excellent harbour and a fit and convenient place for future trade, it being also the only place which the English of these parts have possessed by conquest, and that by a very just war, upon that great and warlike people, the Pequots, that therefore, they might thereby leave to posterity the memory of that renowned city of London, from whence we had our transportation, have thought fit, in honour to that famous city, to call the said plantation NEW LONDON. [Conn. Col. Rec. Vol. I.]

It is a somewhat curious comment upon the ingratitude of towns to find so little preserved in New London commemorative of the man who did so much for the town and for Connecticut. That Connecticut must have been colonized in time admits of no doubt. That it would ever have enjoyed the remarkable advantages which contributed so much to its growth without the aid of John Winthrop is highly improbable.

John Winthrop, the younger, Governor and chief founder of Connecticut, was the eldest son of the leader of the second Puritan emigration, which was really the foundation of the Massachusetts colony. He was born February 12, 1605. The Winthrops were an ancient and honorable family of Groton, in Suffolk, and could well bestow upon him the rare advantages he received. After leaving the University of Dublin, he was at the siege of Rochelle with the Duke of Buckingham, but probably left that nobleman's service before his assassination. The courtly training Winthrop thus gained served Connecticut well in after-years. It did not, however, attach him to the court of the Stuarts; for, in 1631, he came with his wife to Massachusetts. This lady, after fourteen years in wedlock, died childless; and a year later, Winthrop, then in England, married Elizabeth Read, of Essex, and with her and her step-father, Hugh Peters (the celebrated Puritan divine who wanted to have Charles I. listen to his prayers the night before his execution), returned to America in 1685.

Impressed by the energy, education and enterprise of Winthrop, the patentees of Connecticut commissioned him to begin the Saybrook settlement. He immediately dispatched an advance guard of twenty, who left Boston, November 3d, and succeeded in preventing the Dutch from taking possession, but did nothing until spring, when Winthrop set Lion Gardiner, the engineer, to building fortifications. He himself was not satisfied with the limits set down in his instructions, and followed along the coast till he came to Pequot Harbor. It needed not a second glance to convince his far-seeing mind of the magnificent possibilities, which both he and Stoughton pointed out to their superiors. He had already settled upon Fysher's Island for his own; and, ambitious to establish a baronial estate, early determined to locate at Pequot.

But the Pequot war arose almost immediately. The conflict between the natives and the whites ended with an act of the most atrocious cruelty. In June, 1637, about one hundred prisoners

were taken in the Pine Swamp, Groton; the men, thirty in number, were brought out into the middle of the river and drowned; the women and children were sold into captivity.

Although deferred, Winthrop's determination had not decreased. In the interim he had gained the favor of Sashious, sachem of the Nahantics, and obtained from him the grant of a considerable portion of his territory. In 1640, he received from the General Court of Massachusetts the grant of Fysher's Island, and this grant was confirmed by the Court of Connecticut, as witnesseth this extract:—

April 9, 1641.—Upon Mr. Winthrop's motion to the Court for Fysher's Island, it is the mind of the Court that so far as it hinders not the public good of the country, either for fortifying, for defence or for setting up a trade for fishing, or salt and such like, he shall have liberty to proceed therein. [Col. Rec. Conn. Vol. I.]

Winthrop's application for Fysher's Island was but the precursor of his settlement on the island and at Nameag. On his return from England in 1643, he was engaged for some time in salt works. In 1645, Winthrop and Thomas Peters, an ejected Puritan clergyman of Cornwall, England, were the principal directors in the work of settling Pequot Harbor. The mistake in dating the natal day of New London, May 6, 1646, is owing to the fact that this was the day the following commission was issued:—

At a General Court held at Boston, 6th of May, 1646. Whereas, Mr. John Winthrop, Jun., and some others have, by allowance of this Court, begun a plantation in the Pequot country, which appertains to this jurisdiction, as part of our proportion of the conquered country; and, whereas, this Court is informed that some Indians who are now planted upon the place where the said plantation is begun, are willing to remove from their planting ground for the more quiet and convenient settlement of the English there, so that they may have another convenient place. It is therefore ordered that Mr. John Winthrop may appoint unto such Indians as are willing to remove their lands on the other side, that is, on the east side of the Great River of the Pequot country, or some other place for their convenient planting and subsistence, which may be to the good liking and satisfaction of the said Indians, and likewise to such of the Pequot Indians as shall desire to live there, submitting themselves to the English Government, etc.

And, whereas, Mr. Thomas Peters is intended to inhabit in the said plantation—this Court doth think fit to join him to assist the said Mr. Winthrop, for the better carrying on the work of said plantation. A true copy. [New London Rec. Book VI.]

But Winthrop had commenced the plantation in the previous year, as a letter from Roger Williams to him bears the inscription:—"For his honored kind friend, Mr. John Winthrop, at Pequot—These—Narraganset, 22nd June, 1645." In the letter Williams sends his "loving salutes to your dearest and kind sister," Mrs. Margaret Lake, who came with Winthrop and Peters to the infant settlement, and who was the first white woman who trod upon New London soil.

In October, 1646, Winthrop removed his family from Boston to Fysher's Island, his brother Deane accompanying them; and in the following summer, the house at Nameag being completed, they came thither. The Winthrop household consisted of his wife, Elizabeth, also, for a time, Mrs. Margaret Lake, and his children, Elizabeth, Wait Still, Mary, Lucy, Fitz-John and Margaret. Martha and Anne were born in Pequot, as the place was first called.

It is impossible to glean much information from the early town records, which were very loosely kept. Miss Caulkins, in her admirable *History of New London*, says the first records were made in a stitched book, which some considerate scribe labelled: "The Antientest Book for 1648-49-50." This "Antientest Book" and its successors show that Winthrop was held in high honor by his fellow townsmen. In January, 1649, it was "agreed by the townsmen of Nameag that Mr. John Winthrop is granted to set up a were, and to make huse of the river at Poquamuck at the uper end of the plaine for to take from, and so to make improvement of it, to him and to his heirs and assignes." He is never mentioned save as "Mr. or Esquire,"—titles very charily used. In 1650, "Mr. John Winthrop" and "Mr. Johnathan Brewster" were made freemen of the Connecticut Colony. The next meeting, in February, 1649, displays the growth of a democratic spirit; for, instead of having sole authority, Mr. Winthrop is granted four associates.

A very pretty incident was associated with the early history of New London, and may properly be brought in here. It was related by Winthrop himself in 1672 in testifying concerning the boundaries in one of the suits with its neighbors, which the litigious and ambitious town was constantly maintaining.

In 1646-47, Jonathan Rudd, a Saybrook colonist, was very desirous to marry his affianced bride. All had been prepared for the ceremony, but a heavy snow-storm prevented the minister engaged from coming. In this extremity he applied to Winthrop.

The latter, while eager to aid the lovers, was not legally empowered to officiate in Connecticut jurisdiction, holding, as he did, his authority from Massachusetts. He solved the difficulty by proposing that the bridal company come to "Bride Brook," then called "Sunkipaug," two miles west of Niantic Bay, and the limit of the plantation. The proposition was accepted; and, beside

the ice-covered brook, with the crisp snow crackling beneath their feet, and the bare branches of the trees intercepting none of the feeble rays of the winter sun, was performed a marriage rite unparalleled in romance, and yet vouched for in history.

Winthrop, Coit, Shaw, Perkins, Hempstead, Deshon, Hallam, Mynor, Brooks, Chapman, Christophers, Prentis, Brewster—all names known in New London history—have achieved more than local fame ; but it is of the branch of the great Winthrop family, intimately associated with New London's fortunes, that we shall at this time treat.

Like Lion Gardiner, Winthrop was ambitious to found in the New World a baronial estate, which should equal in fertility and extent the grandest held by English peer or commoner. But unlike Lion Gardiner, the wise and politic Winthrop never wished to have a realm "where none but barbarians would visit him without an invitation." Winthrop, above all things, desired to have his name revered by posterity for the good wrought by its owner, to have generation after generation of Winthrops follow in inheritance of the noble manor lands left by their illustrious ancestor.

The General Courts of Massachusetts and Connecticut and the inhabitants of Nameag proved most complaisant in the furtherance of his desires. In the division of land he was always allowed first choice, while the others had to abide by lots. He selected for his home lot the neck of land (comprising 200 acres) which now bears his name in the memory of the older inhabitants ; and these resent the presumption which has led the residents to sacrifice historical association to pride of city association, by christening their section "*East New London.*"

Winthrop's Fisher's Island grant has already been described. In addition, he had on the east side of the river a tract three miles in length from north to south, averaging perhaps a mile in breadth, lying between Poquonock Creek and Mumford's Cove, washed by the Sound on the south and intersected by inlets of salt water, and containing forests, meadows, uplands, pastures, and salt-marsh. His river lot on the Groton side (so called in compliment to Groton, the Winthrop family seat in England) was eight score pole in length, the same in width. Beside these he had the Mill Pond Farm, 300 acres ; Mystic, Lanthorn Hill, Goat Island, and some 10,000 acres in Voluntown, Plainfield, Canterbury, Woodstock, Saybrook and Black-lead-mine Hill in Massachusetts Bay,

10 miles in circumference. Many a European prince might have coveted such a sovereignty. In March, 1649, Roger Williams writes to congratulate him on his possessions at Paukatuck.

Winthrop was a man of ceaseless activity. No sooner had he accomplished one enterprise than he turned to another. While freely serving the colony in every public capacity, he was engaged in salt, iron, and fishing enterprises; he traded, farmed, botanized, quarried, mineralized—sending specimens to Sir Hans Sloane—raised goats and sheep, and set up mills and forges. He continued in the magistracy till made governor; he was a member of a special court of three who decided suits too important to bring before the General Court; was the personal friend and adviser of every man in the colony, and performed all marriages in the early days, and often administered medicine. He was thoroughly identified with New London, which he had resolved should be his home; and when, in 1657, the news came that he had been chosen Governor, the sorrow of his fellow-townsmen nearly overpowered their pride and pleasure at the recognition of his worth.

It was necessary for the chief magistrate to remove to Hartford, but though he continued in the office of Governor from 1657 to 1676, he always considered Pequot, or New London as his home. His homestead he had previously bestowed upon Edward Palmes of New Haven, who had married his daughter Lucy. Winthrop describes this in his will, as follows:

“The stone house, formerly my dwelling house in New London, with garden and orchard, as formerly conveyed to said Palmes and in his use and possession, with the land lying to the north of the said house to join with James Rogers. Also, a lot of six acres lying east of the house bounded north by the ox-pasture and east by the Great River, and having two great oak trees near the center line.”

The stone house thus bequeathed to Palmes was the house erected in 1648 by Winthrop for his own occupancy. It was a most stately dwelling, and one of the three stone houses then in the colony. The stone from which it was built had been quarried a mile from the town and brought to the “Neck” with great trouble.

“The Neck,” as Winthrop’s manor lot was called, was a bold rugged point jutting out into the river, remarkable for its stern and lofty beauty and its jagged and picturesque outline. Winthrop

built his mansion at the head of the cove on the east side, where it stood for more than a century, shaded by gigantic oaks—the only house on the whole point. Its noble avenue of oaks, its wide lawns, its gardens of flowers and fruit, and its magnificent parks of ancient forest trees, with sheep and deer gamboling beneath their mighty branches, or reposing in their shade, formed an estate well calculated to swell the owner's heart with pardonable pride.

It was the intention of Winthrop that, while his daughter Lucy should have this mansion and land, all his possessions, at the time of his death, should be held jointly by his two sons—his four other daughters having been portioned, as well as Lucy.

The contrary realization of Winthrop's dreams show how God disposes of what man proposes. Of all the vast area bearing the name of Winthrop, but one small section remains, and even that wishes to discard the name which Connecticut has such reason to revere.

Lucy Winthrop Palmes died the year following her father's demise. She left one daughter, Lucy, who inherited the manor in 1712. Though twice married, she died childless, and bequeathed the Winthrop manor to her step-brothers, Guy and Andrew Palmes. In 1740 it was sold to John Plumbe.

When Arnold burned New London, September 6, 1781, the Plumbe house was the first fired of those upon Winthrop's Neck.

The two sons of Governor Winthrop, Fitz-John and Wait Still, adhered scrupulously to their father's will. Both were men of great prominence in the Connecticut colony, but neither circumstances nor character enabled them to excel their father in services, though they were worthy scions of the name. Wait Winthrop succeeded his brother John as major of the county regiment, and some ten or twelve years later took up his abode in Boston.

John Winthrop fulfilled much the same duties as his father, but had a far greater share of military service. When King Philip's War broke out in 1675, John Winthrop, then the highest military commander in the country, was very ill, and his brother, Captain Wait Winthrop, was dispatched at the head of the New London contingent. It is worthy of note that New London always responded generously to any appeal to her patriotism.

In 1690, during King William's War, Major-General Fitz-John Winthrop was commander-in-chief of the forces of New York and

New England, and made an expedition into the Canadian territory, intending to attack Montreal. The Indians, who were to coöperate, failed to appear; Winthrop was beset with difficulties, and only by the exercise of the utmost strategy succeeded in reaching Albany, where the New York Government, professing to lay the defeat at his door, were prevented from sacrificing him to popular indignation only by the boldness of friendly Mohawks, who gallantly rescued their beloved commander, and brought him back from prison to his own camp.

From this expedition General Winthrop brought back to New London nothing but a fame untarnished—after the most severe scrutiny by the legislature of the colony. His daughter and only child, Mary, however, had reason to rejoice at its disastrous termination, as it was the direct cause of her meeting and wedding the brave Captain (Colonel) Livingston, who was one of the New York officers who took refuge with Winthrop until the senseless indignation of his government should give place to reason. But he never returned to New York. He became interested in some of the numerous projects of his father-in-law. After Mary's death he married Elizabeth, daughter of Mrs. Sarah Knight, and died in England in 1720 while transacting business.

Fitz-John Winthrop never had the strength and endurance so beneficently bestowed upon the early colonists. From 1697 to 1707, while Governor, he had been away from New London nearly all the time, but had given it many tokens of his affectionate regard, so that it was with sincere regret that the inhabitants learned of his death at Boston, whither he had gone for medical aid. The *Boston News Letter*, the first newspaper published in North America, begun in 1704, contained this death notice:

BOSTON, Nov. 27th, 1707.—About 4 o'clock this morning the Honorable John Winthrop, Esq., Governor of His Majesty's Colony of Connecticut, departed this life in the 69th year of his age. Being born at Ipswich, in New England, March 14th, anno 1638:—Whose body is to be interred here on Thursday next, the 4th of December.

He was buried with his father and grandfather in King's Chapel.

Fitz-John had married Elizabeth Tonge, daughter of George and Margery Tonge, keepers of the public inn. She survived him till 1731, living in her father's house. Her only child, Mary Winthrop Livingston, died January 1712; of her burial-place there is not the slightest trace.

In their endeavor to keep the estate as their father had desired, the Winthrop brothers had a long and vexatious lawsuit with Major Edward Palmes, husband of their dead sister Lucy. He was defeated in the colonial courts, and fared no better in England, whither he had appealed it. Wait Still Winthrop had a son John, whom Fitz-John and he had agreed should be sole heir of their joint possessions, but, curiously enough, the younger John Winthrop had also to establish his claims to the undivided possessions of his father and uncle by a lawsuit,—Mrs. Thomas Lechmere, of Boston, his only sister, claiming her portion. Joseph Dudley, his father-in-law, testified before the colonial courts that Governor Fitz-John Winthrop had meant to have his nephew his sole heir, but the courts, recognizing that the acknowledgment of Winthrop's claims would be admitting that the English law of primogeniture had force in the colonies, decided against him. He was naturally very indignant, and appealed to the king, who confirmed him in possession of his estates.

He was as dissatisfied with the colonists as they with him, and for twenty-one years he remained abroad; but his wife and family made New London their home, and his eldest son, John Still Winthrop, went to London in 1741, and remained with his father till the latter's death, August 1, 1747.

Mention has been made of the lot sold by the first Governor Winthrop to James Rogers, a baker, who furnished bread to the colonial troops. Winthrop's transfer of this portion of his estate was afterward the source of the greatest annoyance to his heirs, as they were continually in litigation with Rogers over the water privileges. Madam Winthrop repurchased the lot, which, a century after the first Winthrop sold it, thus became again a part of the Winthrop estate. Upon it now stands the stately mansion built by John Still Winthrop (great-grandson of the learned, wise, and gentle John Winthrop) in 1747, just a century after his great ancestor built the Winthrop manor on his "home lot."

A grand old relic it is of a grand old family. It stands at the very head of the cove, separated from it by a narrow street, bordered on one side by gigantic English elms and a meadow beyond. In front of it stretches away "The Neck," with its bridges, its workshops, its railroads, its neat dwellings,—a busy, bustling miniature city; and here and there towers up a stately old tree, casting the shade of antiquity over the modern glare. Afar off pulses

the Thames,—its sun-kissed waves gleaming and sparkling. To the left a modest little church nestles under the steep hill, which rises up abruptly, and with its overhanging boulders, gnarly stumps and stunted cedars, forms a wild and forbidding prelude to the beautiful forest beyond it.

The Winthrop manor is a very old stately house, built in the solid elegance which characterized the English country houses of the seventeenth century, provided with an abundance of roomy porches and balconies. A high stone wall, surmounted by a palisade-like fence, encloses the front lawn. Passing through the massive gates, one comes upon lawns and gardens, once the pride of the gardener's heart. Rare roses run riot, English shrubbery, brought thither by Consul-General Stewart, form tangled thickets of neglected bloom. Although it is a comparatively short time since the last family left the mansion, it bears the impress of neglect. Sitting upon the quaint portico, one cannot help conjuring up visions of the past history of the old manor. Here John Still Winthrop sat and watched the gay young people as they sauntered over the lawn or loitered among the roses. Those old trees have doubtless sparkled with lights for more than one of the garden parties which were so popular in the old times. In that nook between two friendly trees perhaps a heart secret was whispered. Through yonder postern gate, opening into the lane which divides the grounds from the woods, mayhap some pretty maid stole forth to keep a tryst.

How often have the great gates of the winding avenue been swung back to admit the Winthrops and their guests, returning from Fysher's Island manor to their country seat; how many times Hempstead, whose chatty, gossipy diary has been a god-send to antiquarians, walked beneath those overarching trees. And in after years, when the Stuarts held reign,—George, William, Cardinal and Charles, Mary, Isabella, Anne and Frances—what a brave, merry and handsome octette you were! How the halls of the Winthrops resounded with your merry laughter and gay jests,—even "Aunt" Amely, the "cullud" cook—whose soul seemed bound up in her pastries and puddings—would leave her task and gaze after "de young folkses" as they departed upon some wild frolic. And deaf-and-dumb David Bolles, the counterpart of the anxious Martha of the Bible, the *major domo*, the awful dragon who presided over the red and gold apples,—even

he would yield his choicest treasures with alacrity to Isabella or Anne.

Oh! old house, grim with the silence of loneliness, what a tale could'st thou tell if thy walls gave back the words they have often drunk! What would its tenor be? Would it be a comedy, full of light, the tinkling of music, the ripple of laughter, the whirl of dancing feet,—would there be aught of darkness or gloom?

A very jolly set were the Stewarts,—the consul, grave and quiet, much pre-occupied with his duties, and absorbed in his business, a press-mill which was run on the spot where the Albertson foundry now stands, yet never neglecting the calls of hospitality; and Mrs. Stewart, a type of the English lady, much given to riding, hunting, partying, dressing and dancing. The older people of New London still treasure in their memory the famous Stewart balls and skating parties, to which it was high honor to be a guest.

Speaking of skating reminds one that the famous mill-pond of Governor Winthrop must be included in this estate, and we incontinently desert the manor—after having lingered for the regulation time, absorbed in admiration of the great drawing-room with its rare panels and scriptural tiles. Out through the *porte-cochère*, fighting one's way through tall orange lilies—commemorating the memory of pious William—into the damp, dark avenue. The writer was prepared to give allowances for the ravages of time and neglect—but can this reedy, sedgy little triangle be the famous pond which provoked so much litigation? Was it from this that the whalers used to fill their barrels? Was it over this surface the swans majestically floated,—where the Stewarts rowed in summer and skated in winter? Yes, for there is boat-house and ice-house, and the little bridge “which spans its rapid flow.” Though one may be disappointed in its size, one cannot avoid being struck by its calm, lethargic beauty. Its centre is perfectly clear and motionless, of a peculiar greenish hue. The northern and western sides are a mass of water-lilies in bloom,—their glossy green leaves, spread out upon the water, tenderly hold up the flowers; at the upper end a wall of wild roses, dwarf maples, wild clematis and elder bushes, forms a dense thicket; at one side a broken hawthorn hedge strives to cover the obtrusive ugliness of an old stone wall, which defiantly refuses to be hidden, and a solitary weeping willow drops its tears upon the placid surface; near by, a vigorous young oak proudly flings out its sturdy

branches as though the sluggish decay about it made it rejoice in its full life. A woodpecker darts at its trunk ; a catbird emits a quavering cry ; a chipmunk, leaping along the stone wall, pauses to regard us with unrestrained, enquiring astonishment ; then a robin dips his beak into the water, and a curious little fish comes up to take a peep.

The rays of the August sun are almost delightfully tempered, one almost succumbs to a Rip Van Winkle drowsiness, when the jingle, jingle of the city 'bus, watering its horses at a neighboring trough, prove a most efficacious antidote.

Going down the avenue, the first thing which impresses us is the time-defying character of the stables, which seem to have been built to shelter a whole troop of horses ; one building,—a long, narrow structure, with arched doors and tiny panel windows—is surmounted by an empty belfry ; it strongly suggests a guard-house.

Judging from the present umbrageous features of the estate, the former owners must have derived immense "pleasure in the pathless woods," for here are oak, maple, pine, poplar, elm, spruce, ash, the "light, quivering aspen," the noisome ailanthus, butternut and mulberry. If they had designed to give evidence of their abilities in arboriculture, they could not have better succeeded.

But if the old Winthrop house is redolent of antiquity, what can be said of its neighbor,—modestly hiding under the shadow of its eaves, as it were—the old mill, built in 1651 by the first settlers at Pequot ?

Miss Caulkins' History of New London says : "The establishment of a mill was an object of prime importance. It was decided in town meeting, the 10th of November, 1650, that all the inhabitants should coöperate with Mr. Winthrop in building the at mill ; and that,—

"Further, it is agreed that no person or persons shall set up any other mill to grind corn for the town of Pequett within the limits of the town, either for the present, nor for the future, so long as Mr. John Winthrop or his heirs, do uphold a milne to 'grind the town corn.'"

The town faithfully adhered to its agreement, though the heirs of Winthrop did not ; and it was not till 1709 that another was built at Jordan.

Well they wrought,—those men of steel! To-day the stones of the dam are as firmly set as when—the last one placed—the weary laborers drew back with proud satisfaction from their task.

Salvator Rosa never had better subject than the old mill affords. Its long sloping roof nearly descends to the door, over which it projects, forming a portico supported by the self-same knotty, gnarly, twisted cedar posts cut by a Brewster, or a Latham, two hundred and thirty-five years ago. The door, of massive planks crossed by huge iron bars, opens in upper and lower halves—a precaution needed in the days when not over-peaceable or honest Indians were frequent visitors. The small windows have doubtless served for loopholes for muskets. The cellar must have been designed for a dungeon. Within, the massive rafters almost touch one's head; its semi-darkness and a feeling of awe make the intruder glad to breathe again the fresh air.

But the old mill has other than musty memories. Over its threshold has stepped many a fair girl-bride; within its walls many a happy family were reared. The old portion, set off for the miller's family, is still in perfect preservation. The last miller, Giles Perkins, spent his first years of married life beneath its roof. At the side opening on Winthrop avenue, is a little door, upon whose step the miller's wife often sat, surrounded by her children, and watched the doings of the great house.

Dame Nature was at her wildest when she planned the little glen in which the mill is situated. Nothing but an earthquake could have produced such a magnificent confusion of rocks, small, medium, large,—rocks worn into basins by the constant flow of the water which dashes from one to another down the steep incline, lashing itself with foam, throwing up spray and roaring like a Niagara on a very small scale; rocks completely covered with gray moss, and rocks from whose split hearts a lofty tree has arisen. The profusion of rocks is only equalled by that of the trees. They grow in all directions, in all shapes, of all sizes, at all angles. Wherever a blade of grass has found foothold, up it springs, of a marvellous freshness and greenness, which would do credit to the Emerald Isle. And such ferns! They would make the puny pet of the conservatory wilt away in mortification.

Silent and desolate is the old mill now,—seeming to have gained a deeper lonesomeness since the death of the last miller, a short time since. The old overshot wheel hangs dry and motionless,

never again to feel the mastery of the hand which for forty years set its busy, cheery clatter agoing.

Placid, gentle, guileless old Giles Perkins! How fitting would it have been for mill and miller to have ceased their usefulness together.

Main street (Town, in the old time,) is the oldest street after Bank and Beach (Water). "When Arnold burnt the town," he left very few dwellings upon its length. The dwelling house, at present occupied by Judge John P. C. Mather—may not have any historic recollections associated with it, but the many admirers of that persistent and consistent defender of the tariff, Congressman John T. Wait, will probably yet make it the object of a pilgrimage, for it is his birthplace. Below, on the same side, is the house of Captain Guy Richards, erected by him in 1739, but spared in the burning through the piteous entreaties made by his mother for the life of the captain's daughter, who was dangerously ill of fever. The next house of interest is the house on the corner of Main and Shapley streets, owned by W. D. Pratt, who has kept it as nearly as possible in its old form. It was built in 1769 by Captain Shaw, for his daughter, "Pretty Polly Shaw,"—whose portrait in the family gallery shows her to be a fair, sweet-faced child of fifteen. At her marriage with the young Congregational minister, Ephraim Woodbridge, she became mistress of the house built and furnished by her father. The happy visions of the young pair are shown by the lines still on the window pane, engraved by the bridegroom on his bridal morn :

EPHRAIM WOODBRIDGE.

Hic vicit.

Hail happy day! the fairest sun that ever rose.

1769.

But the black cloud of death soon obscured his sun. Scarcely six years, and Pretty Polly Shaw and her husband lay together in the grave. His epitaph says :

"Zion may in his full bemoan,
A Beauty and a Pillar gone."

On the east side of Main street is a long, low, rambling brown house, whose closed shutters and general somnolent air would never make the observer believe that it could have been the

famous old Fox tavern, celebrated for its "entertainment for man and beast." Diagonally opposite is the old Episcopal parsonage, erected in 1745, and occupied by the ministers of that faith for over one hundred years. Its venerable neighbor on the right looks like what it is—an old Puritan homestead,—which counts its birthdays up to one hundred and fifty, and rigidly refuses to adorn itself with any modern ornaments. Just in front are three mighty elms which must reckon their ages by centuries.

A legend is told of one of the Burbeck family which well illustrates the fearlessness with which a bold son of New London will defend his rights. It appears that the sapient selectmen of the town had taken it into their heads that the beauty of the thoroughfare demanded the sacrifice of one of the elms, while the owner of the elms, Brig.-General Burbeck, had an opposite opinion. The selectmen sent him their commands repeatedly, but the General received them with increasing contempt. At length the crisis came. The selectmen felt that they must avenge the outraged majesty of law and order, or remain forever despised. The general felt that to consent to the destruction of his hamadryades would be to tarnish all his glory. The selectmen armed themselves with axes and copies of the law defining their powers. The general girded himself for the conflict. It is doubtful if that soul-stirring poem, not infrequently recited by schoolboys, "Woodman, spare that tree," had yet been evolved; it is pretty certain that, even if it had been, the general would have scorned to waste its pathos on the selectmen. He placed himself in front of his trees, brought his gun into position, and as he ran his eye along the sight, said in trumpet tones :

"The first man that touches a tree I will shoot like a dog!"

Silence so heavy that it would have outweighed boarding-house bread fell on the vandal host. The selectmen saw not the outraged majesty of law; they saw not the gibing faces of their townsmen; but they did see the muzzle of the gun, the gleam of the general's eye; and, realizing that discretion was far better than valor, they stood not upon the order of their going, but fled ingloriously. The elms still stand.

It would be well for the picturesque beauty of New London if more of the present generation were imbued with some of the Burbeck spirit. The elms which shade sections of State and Huntington streets are glorious trees; and it would send a New

Havener into spasms of envy merely to gaze upon their magnificence of girth and height ; yet every day some Goth with a tuneless soul arms himself with his little hatchet, and in an hour ruins what a hundred years scarce serve to form.

It would be hard to recognize the old court house of 1784 in its gay red dress, save that its prime Puritan outlines still peep out and seem to refuse to be modernized. When it was built, it was considered a very elegant structure. It is square, two stories in height, and is surmounted by a round cupola. It is utterly guiltless of ornament, unless a vivid imagination interpret the modest pediments over the windows as such.

It would be superfluous to call attention to the old Hempstead house, the Shaw mansion, and the Nathan Hale schoolhouse on Union street ; every urchin in the city knows their location, and every visiting stranger has "done" them. The two first are particularly rich in recollections and souvenirs. In the Hempstead house—one of the oldest, if not the oldest, in Connecticut, having been built in 1643—is a sky-blue satin waistcoat, about which is told a pretty story. It was sacredly treasured by the family, who preserved it as a proud memento of a courtier ancestor. But in the days when New London was a great resort for the royal navy, Patty Hempstead, having vainly teased her father for a ball dress, audaciously took her scissors, and, without the slightest reverence for her departed ancestor, adapted his gorgeous finery to her own plump outlines, and, thus clad, doubtless broke many a sturdy Jack's heart before the night was half gone.

The Shaw mansion is a spacious, hospitable mansion of limestone. It fronts Bank street, opposite the cove, which bears the name of that family, once the ruling maritime spirits of New London. Nearly every room has its history or romance. Both Washington and Lafayette were guests of the manor, and probably the former danced at the lawn party given in his honor.

Next the Shaw house stands one which, if not so imposing, is more quaintly picturesque ; its roof, like that of a Swiss chalet, descending upon cedar posts full of knots and spanned by antique trellises.

Here dwelt, in Revolutionary days, one of the Christophers ; as stanch a tory as ever cried "God save King George !" He winned and dined Benedict Arnold the day that traitor burned New London ; and scarcely had his "distinguished guest" departed

when he saw the flames rising from the residence of his patriot neighbor. Forgotten were all differences. Christopher rushed to the rescue. There was no water at hand, not a moment to lose. Luckily there was a vat of vinegar in Christopher's out-house; and with this the owner soon succeeded in subduing the flames. The Christopher house still bears the name of "Vinegar" house, from this episode.

It would not be acting fairly toward one of New London's most interesting possessions to omit a description of the burying-ground of the first settlers—which still remains. It was laid out in 1653, and is the "antientest" burial place in New London, and has been the subject of many times repeated and minute legislation. It was solemnly resolved in town meeting, that "It shall ever bee for a Common Buriall Place, and never be impropriated by any." Any extortion on the part of the sexton was also carefully provided against, as evinced by this extract from the town records:

Goodman Comstock is chosen to be grave-maker for the town; for a man or woman he is to have 4 shillings, for children 2 shillings a grave, to be paid for by survivors.

"To be paid for by survivors," shows that the sage council strongly favored having the deceased remain in their graves, like decent, well-behaved ex-citizens, instead of roaming about, like Banquo, to settle up old scores.

But the old burial-place did not remain the sole burying-ground, as the council intended. As time rolled on, and one after another of the colonists fell beneath its remorseless chariot, they were tenderly borne to their last resting-place almost in the shadow cast by the "meeting-house." After a considerable time it was found to be too small, and shortly after the abandonment of the old meeting-house, it was voted in town council to lay out another cemetery; but no action was taken for some time. Finally a second burial-place was consecrated in 1793, and thither many bodies were removed from the first. In passing, it may be said that this Second Burying Ground is about to be turned into a park. The most interesting interments within it were those of General Jedediah Huntington, first Collector of the Port, and John G. C. Brainard, the poet. No bodies have been interred in the old burying-place for years, except those of the town poor, and it has gradually sunk into neglect; governors, magistrates, ministers,

law-makers, share oblivion alike with lowly paupers—striking comment upon the pomp and pageantry of mortal pride !

The old cemetery is most beautifully situated upon an elevated ridge a little northwest of the centre of the town. This point was selected because it was just north of the first meeting-house. An hour's research among its curious memorials to forgotten mortality would well repay the antiquarian.

Here, beneath crumbling stone or discolored tablet, repose the "forefathers of the hamlet"—judges, divines, martyrs. Some are marked with an humble slab of sandstone just rising from the ground, the lettering of the quaint epitaph nearly defaced ; others, more pretentious, with marble centres bearing name, date of death, and a few verses—fearfully and wonderfully made—setting forth the virtues never discovered until death has laid his chill touch upon their possessor.

Sunk below the turf, half covered with weeds, a great rent through its middle, lies the oldest tombstone east of the Connecticut River. It has bravely held its own against time's ravages ; for the lettering of names, dates and epitaph, cut into the red sandstone, is still legible, as follows :

CAPTAINE RICHARD LORD, DECEASED.

MAY 17, 1662, AETATIS SOAL 51.

The bright starre of our cavallrie lyes here.
Unto the state a counselour full deare
And to ye truth a friend of sweet content.
To Hartford towne a silver ornament.
Who can deny to poore he was reliefe
And in composing paroxysms was chiefe.
To marchantes as a pattern he might stand
Adventuring dangers new by sea and land.

The highly eulogized Richard was captain of the first cavalry company organized in the colony. "Composing paroxysms" is not to be interpreted as meaning that he dabbled in physics, but was (as Miss Caulkins suggests), probably an allusion to his happy faculty of arbitrating disputes. Near the north end is the tomb of the Winthrops and Livingstons. The inscription on Madam Winthrop's tomb is quite legible. As is known, neither the first or second governors were buried here. John Still Winthrop, grand-nephew of the last Governor Winthrop, died in 1776 at the beginning of the Revolution ; and, as it was impossible at

that time to erect monuments, his body was placed beneath a rude granite slab near the centre of the ground, beside that of the third minister of the colony, Simon Bradstreet, who died in 1683. It was upon the Winthrop tomb that Arnold viewed the attack upon Fort Griswold.

The Saltonstall tomb, containing the remains of Gurdon Saltonstall, who abandoned the pulpit for the gubernatorial chair, is in a good state of preservation, as is likewise that of one of the lords of Gardiner's Island. There are innumerable graves of the Coit family, though the writer does not know whether the bones of Captain Wm. Coit repose in the old cemetery or have been removed. This brave soldier was captain of an independent military company organized in New London in 1775. It took part in the battle of Bunker Hill; and Coit soon after was appointed captain of the *Harrison*, a schooner fitted out in Boston to cruise against the British. Frothingham, in his "Siege of Boston," says that Captain Wm. Coit was "The first man in the States who turned his majesty's bunting upside down."

The tomb of the Brooks family is sealed. Broken, cracked and chipped are the tablets of the Prentis, Deshon (Deschamps, doubtless), Avery, and Christophers. More than two centuries have elapsed since the first of the proud Christophers was entombed; and the coat of arms nearly defaced, the sandstone crumbling into dust, the rank grass matting itself above them, show how utterly forgotten are the proud race whose passions and pride set at naught the ordinances of their more temperate fellow-citizens.

Every few yards one stumbles over some tiny stone marking the resting-place of some little one whom Jesus had called unto Himself ere the incorruptible had more than donned the garb of corruption.

But some sleep beneath the sod whose place of rest is marked by no token of love or respect. Perhaps even now we stand upon the grave of some poor unfortunate, buried with as little ceremony as Tom Hood's pauper. Ah, well! what matters it to the poor wretch, worn out in the pitiless battle of life, whether he rest at last beneath "dull, cold marble" in a minster transept, or sink, unknelled and unknown, into the sleep that knows not waking? But Nature hath a kind remembrance. The few wild-flowers, shedding their sweet fragrance over their dust, are a more touching

epitaph than any hollow mockeries would be, for those whose experience of life might be fitly summed up in the words, "Bubble, bubble, toil and trouble."

Verily, the neglect and desolation of the place preach a lesson of mortality far more eloquently than could a Greenwood or an Auburn. How forcible and true the declaration, "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return!"

From the cemetery is a most beautiful view. Behind is a plateau thickly covered with houses against a background of dark, green hills; on the left, a continuation of the same ridge, crowned with picturesque homes; to the right stretches away the whole town, with here and there a slender spire rising above the surrounding housetops; in front, the entire slope down to the water's edge, with its fringe of warehouses and factories, the noble river intersecting the two shores,—its broad surface glowing with a thousand hues beneath the setting sun; the historic hills of Groton, their dark-green foliage crimsoning with the first tintings of autumn the grim, gray monument of brave Ledyard and his fellow-martyrs, and over all the calm, blue sky, flecked with fleecy white; the sun sinking slowly behind a mass of amber and purple and crimson and gold,—all forming a whole not easily forgotten.

Everything spoke of peace and rest. A great calm seemed to fall upon the city of the dead, and something of the peace which passeth all understanding entered into the troubled heart.

The sun sank low behind the western hills, a black cloud passed over it; all was dark and cheerless. An instant, and it burst forth again in a blaze of transcendent splendor, and shed a halo of light over the old crumbling stones. Slowly the rays fade away, lingering tenderly on the forgotten graves, until the soft creeping twilight came and wrapped the earth in its clinging gray mantle.

QUAM.

BY JANE GAY FULLER.

[*Harper's Magazine.*]

I HAD been several months in Florida and had never had a cart-ride, when one charming May afternoon my young friend Josie came bursting into my room with a face radiant with expectation, and exclaimed, "Hurrah for a ride! Wouldn't you like a ride to Baymont this evening, Miss Jenny, in real 'cracker' style, with father to accompany us on horseback? *Don't* say '*No*' now! The air from the beach will do us good, and you can find a plenty of new flowers on the way."

I had no thought of saying "*No*" to such a proposal, and we were ordered to be ready in half an hour.

Baymont was a little plantation a few miles down the coast, accessible by land by the very worst of roads, through pine woods and marshy prairie. There was never any difficulty in making the excursion on horseback, or, in more peaceable times, in the boat; but we had been ill, and were unable to go so far by the former method, and the report of a great black war-steamer down the bay had driven nearly all small craft from the waters of Tampa.

The ugliest horse on the place, old "Sancho," was just the fellow for such an expedition. He was accordingly caught, and collared, and saddled, instead of harnessed. A leather strap passed over the saddle to support the cart-tongues, while iron chain-traces kept the beast at a respectful distance.

The cart was a narrow two-wheeled vehicle, scarcely larger than a New York hand-cart. The backboard let down for *ingress*, but was firmly secured against a too unceremonious *egress*. It was altogether a most rustic arrangement, equaled by nothing I had ever seen, except a fur-trader's team from the Selkirk Settlements; but snug, nevertheless, and capable of containing three seats if arranged *tête-à-tête*. We had but two leather-bottomed chairs, with sundry cushions and blankets for stowing away the juveniles. The dogs barked tumultuously, and the darkies stood grinning around, while we deposited, first a basket of refreshments, then ourselves in the "little red carriage"

—as they called it—bandying their jokes all the time on poor “Sancho,” who stood patiently biding his time. One of the younger ones evidently expected to be promoted to the *seat of honor*—the saddle—as such teams usually take a mounted driver; but after an aside consultation, it was decided that with *five*, old and young, in the vehicle, a fat postillion might prove too much for Sancho’s strength or courage. Mrs. C— could hold the lines, while the General directed movements from his charger.

“All ready now!” was the word of command as our escort, having made an end of inspection, vaulted into the saddle. “Call off Crocket! Let Cæsar come along! Toshe, let us through the gates!” Those were the final orders, and in a few minutes we had passed the outer gate and were on the public highway, with sand to the horses’ fetlocks, and the sun pouring down with tropical fervor.

“This way,” said the General, turning aside, after a little, into a forest trail. “We will have less sand and more shade now.”

“Isn’t it *pleasant* here, and *cool* too?” the children asked. And we all responded “*cool* and *pleasant*,” though somehow the words fell sideways from my lips; for just that minute the cart passed from the summit of a ragged palmetto root to a deep rut below, threatening an overturn of chairs, and, as I fully believed, a general annihilation.

“Do look at Miss Jenny!” said Mrs. C—, laughing immoderately. “She looks ‘like she was skeered,’ as the darkies say!”

“I am not frightened,” I replied, putting as brave a face as I could upon the matter; “but I *do* think we shall all get cured of dyspepsia this time.”

“I think it’s nice!” said Josie. “Oh, almost as good as a stage-ride!”

“With bruises scarcely yet healed from a terrible stage-ride across the peninsula, I replied, more truthfully than before, that I thought it was just about equal to a Florida stage-ride.

The woods were really grand, with their tall pines towering heavenward, reminding one of Tom Hood’s trees, whose “giant tops stood close against the sky.” The myriad flowers beneath them elicited perpetual praise. Sometimes we could reach out and pull one, or break some blossoming shrub as we moved slowly forward. I found the bejaria here—a beautiful rhododendron, with orange-like buds and fragrance—and mistook it at first for

an azalia, though its blooms are regular, and much larger and whiter. Here, too, for the first time, I found the gay "Coral-tree" (*Erythrina*), with its lance-like scarlet banners. At every turn there was something new.

Leaving the "piny woods," as they are denominated, we entered an oak opening—not the gnarled old oaks of the Northern country, but the deep, glossy evergreen of the South, the noblest of American forest trees. Throughout this whole region their branches are hung with the graceful *tillandsia*, whose drooping undulations always reminded me of church-yard willows—beautiful, but "mournfully solemn." Unlike the summer willow, however, the *tillandsia* is a perpetual weeper, never fading, never brightening with change of season or lapse of years. My first night's journey in Florida was through a forest of these solemn-draped trees. I gazed upon them like one fascinated, peering down every dim wood-path to see if some spectral army were not in procession there, until a stranger's voice broke the spell by inquiring whether I shuddered from the night air or from fear.

To a little sandy prairie, covered with coarse sedge grass, dotted with myriad flowers, we came after leaving the opening. Though scarcely two miles from our starting-place the cart had had some heavy shocks, and we some sorry jolts. We were not sorry, therefore, to come to this bit of prairie, although no sign of a road was visible. The General led the way, and dismounting soon to hand me a new variety of the Deer-grass (*Rhexia Virginica*), discovered that one of our wheels was losing a tire. Here was a dilemma! We had passed no house; there was not one for two miles ahead. We could not go forward to Baymont, that was certain; and we were not strong enough to walk back. The wheel had to be strengthened in some way. With the aid of a pocket-knife two or three wooden wedges were shaped, and then forced between the tire and rim, shrunken with recent drought. With watchful care we might hope to reach home in safety.

In the pine-woods on the other side of the prairie was a well of water by a deserted house. It would not be very far out of our way, the General said, if we took the beach road back to town. We could go there, wet the cart-wheel, and get a fine glimpse of the bay, since we had lost the one we were promised. The diversion was voted unanimously.

Then, as we drove slowly along, they told me the history of the house we were approaching. A planter from Georgia, who had a beautiful young invalid wife, built and furnished it for a temporary residence. It was in a charming spot ; a natural opening in the forest, elevated so as to command a fine view of the water as well as of the surrounding country, sloping gradually down to the bay. Oleanders in full bloom, and orange-trees bending with unripe fruit, stood all around the rustic cottage. Broad verandas were on every side, with vines running wild even to the roof and chimney. The cottage looked charming still ; but the negro-houses in the yard, with the palma-christi growing rank and neglected around them, looked deserted and desolate.

Many reminiscences of the house were recalled as we sat by the well before it, from the day the strangers first took possession, until the sadder one when the young wife was laid under the pines near by to await a removal to the land of her childhood ; since which time it had stood tenantless and forsaken. I could not help thinking, while listening to the mournful story, how many such hopes of returning health had been disappointed ; how many, like that fair stranger, had closed their eyes amidst scenes unfamiliar, afar from friends and home.

"I think the wheel will stand a drive on the beach now," the General said, as he dashed a final bucket of water upon it. "If so we will not lose our trip entirely."

We started forward again. The bay was spread out blue and broad before us, dotted only here and there with a sail ; for the rumor of war vessels had daunted even the bold fishermen of Tampa. One solitary ship lay at anchor in the distance, the latest arrival from Havana. We did not wonder, gazing on the lovely scene, that men visionary and poetical, searching through the New World for a Fountain of Youth, should have called that green, flowery-skirted bay "*Tempe*." We only marveled that the successor of the Spaniard could have so changed and corrupted the name from its sweet original.

It was only a few hundred yards from the cottage down to the water-side, but the path, which had been a winding one, was so overgrown as to be pursued with extreme difficulty. With our careful escort we reached the end of it in safety, and discovered suddenly a smoke on the shelly beach, and a young negro sitting over it. We had come upon him so suddenly there was no chance

to escape, even had he desired it, for one bound of Cæsar would have brought him back in an instant.

"A little darkey roasting oysters," said Josie. "Let's all get out and have some!"

"Hush!" said her cousin, "I'll bet he's a runaway."

The General waited neither to listen to nor make comments, but dismounted directly, and stood face to face with the negro.

"What are you doing here?" he inquired, sternly.

"Roasting birds, Sir," he replied, handing up a living young mocking-bird, while on the coals before him lay the body of another half-cooked.

"Whose boy are you?" was the next question.

The lad pointed down the bay, and said in a frightened tone, "My massa lives away down there, sir; I've forgot his name."

"No you haven't," said the General, taking his saddle-strap and proceeding to tie the young runaway's hands.

"Don't tie me, Sir," said the boy, "I've been looking for you. I want to go home with you, Sir!"

"Do you know me?"

"No, Sir, don't know you; but been hunting for you, Sir. Want to live with you. Won't you buy me, Sir?"

"I cannot unless I know your master's name," the General said, smiling.

"He lives way down to ole Tampa, Sir—Mr. Clay—don't you know *him*?"

"I know Mr. Clay, but he lives more than twenty miles from here. Is he your master?"

"Yes, Sir."

"What is your name?"

"Quam."

"How long since you left home?"

"Two days, Sir."

"Did your master whip you?"

"No, Sir; said he'd cut my yers off!"

"Did you believe him?"

"Yes, Sir; said so two times."

"Who else is with you here in the woods?"

"Nobody, Sir."

"Don't tell me a lie, now. I believe there are more of you here, and I want to know just how many."

"Ain't no more, Sir."

Was the boy telling the truth, we asked ourselves, as we sat silent and almost breathless, listening to the foregoing conversation, or was there a company of fugitives waiting in that lonely spot an escape to the expected war-steamers? A number of persons had lost negroes recently; might they not be banded together for freedom? It was a serious question to us invalid women and children, unarmed and helpless. We knew the General had not even a pistol with him, and we were more than two miles from a human habitation.

"Isn't this a most singular adventure?" he said, turning to us, with his bridle-rein in one hand and the end of the saddle-strap which bound the fugitive in the other. "The breaking, the turning aside, and finally coming to this spot so foreign to our purpose."

It was singular; and we were not sorry to give up our beach ride, and find ourselves once more out of the thick woods and in the direct path, rugged though it was, leading toward home.

Quam made no effort to escape, but went trudging along before us, chatting with the General, and assuring him every now and then "*he was out hunting for him.*" There was an expression of imbecility on his otherwise fine face, and his simple words and ways interested us so much that before we reached home he had won half a dozen friends.

"What will you do with him, General?" I asked, with a little visible anxiety, perhaps, as that gentleman assisted me from the "red carriage."

"Torture him," he replied, with ill-concealed gravity, "after the manner of all slave-owners. According to the laws of this State, I must either lodge the boy in jail or become responsible for his value if he escapes."

Josie's arms were around her father's neck in a moment.

"I know what you would say," he said, "and will not send the little fellow any farther than the kitchen to appease his hunger. I prefer to accept the responsibility of keeping him."

Not many days after we saw an elderly gentleman riding up the carriage-way. The dogs having, as usual, given fair warning of the approach of a stranger, every negro was out peeping through the paling, ready to open the gate. I should have said *every one but Quam*, who was missing, which led Aunt Lissy to remark, "Spec

dat ar's Quam's ole masser. 'Pears like the chile knew he's comin'. If dat's him he's got the gift of ugly powerful large."

The man certainly looked plain-featured enough to justify Aunt Lissy's remark, as he alighted and came up to the piazza where we were seated, to inquire for the "gentleman of the house." He was directed to the office. In half an hour or so the General came from thence with the stranger, and after seeing him mounted, and dispatching an *avant courier* to the highway, he joined us upon the piazza.

"Well, Josie, I have bought Quam," he said, addressing himself to his daughter.

"For how much, papa?"

"One thousand dollars."

"Isn't he cheap?"

"I don't know how that will prove. He is a stout, able-bodied boy; and though I don't need him exactly, I feel an attachment for the little scamp. You will have something now to make you remember the broken cart-ride."

Mr. Clay had scarcely reached the outer gate before Quam made his appearance in the yard, turning somersaults and performing other gymnastic feats, to the great amusement of the children, black and white, who all rushed out to question him, delighted with the little rogue's smartness.

"Where were you, Quam, all the time the old fellow was here? Do tell us?"

"Hid in de ditch."

"In the ditch! Oh, Quam! It's full of *moccasins*. Weren't you afraid?"

"Seed one—dat's all. Warn't afeared ob him."

"Father has bought you," said Josie, "and given you to me. Aren't you glad?"

He grinned, turned a new somersault, and was off without any further expression of his feelings on the subject.

Quam soon became a great favorite, simple as he seemed. His persistence in insisting that he was out hunting for the General was amusing, and so greatly attached his new master to him that he was allowed many privileges not in the usual order. One of these was a boat to row on the river when his day's work was done, with Uncle Charles to teach him the practice of the oars. Charles, who was a most accomplished boatman, declared his pupil to be "a right smart

chance," and said he would soon be able to pull the ladies across the Hillsboro.

And yet there was something mysterious about the boy, who, oaf-like one hour, was anything but a fool the next. When alone he was always talking to himself, and gesticulating like an orator. Ask the darkies what he said, and they uniformly told the same story, "'Pears like he don't know hisself! All *fetich*, like ole Quambo his fader, who come from Guinea!" But there seemed too much method in the boy's manoeuvres; he played his games too skillfully into his own hands to warrant a full belief in his simplicity, notwithstanding his curious questions and monkey tricks.

As Uncle Charles predicted, the boy soon became a "right smart" oarsman; but that was not the boundary of his ambition. Climbing to an old loft one day he discovered some half-worn sails. The next Sunday morning one of these was attached to his yawl, and Quam went boldly forth to try his skill as sailor. The whole family watched his assay from the front piazza, and orders were given to one of the men to get another boat ready in case of accident.

"De berry debil in him for dare," old Horace said, as he departed to obey the command, rather reluctantly we thought; for we heard him mutter, "A triflin', no account nigger no how."

There was a stiff breeze on the bay, and word was sent to the young adventurer by no means to go out of the river; so up and down, over and across he went, as though the wind were every way for his special accommodation. Sometimes the little sail dipped almost to the water's edge, and the light craft seemed almost sure to overturn; but the next minute, by some lucky turn, it was all right again; and Quam, like all novices, was learning wit by experience and observation.

Wearied at length with watching his rash movement, the General gave orders to call him in; and after various unsuccessful attempts he brought his boat up squarely to the wharf, and for the rest of the day was a hero.

Every Sunday morning the trial was repeated until it became no unusual thing to see Quam's sail, no larger than the wing of the petrel, floating away among the green islands of the bay. The water seemed to be his favorite element.

"Ain't you afeared, Ginerall, that boy o' yourn will be off one o' these times?" inquired a "poor white trash" one day.

"Not in the least ; nothing would tempt that boy to leave me !"

"Wa'al, maybe you're right and I'm wrong ; but a thousand are a heap o' money to put in a leaky boat, and I allus notice these runaway chaps is mighty onsartin."

Notwithstanding the General's confidence there was something in the man's words that impressed me as an echo of my own thoughts ; but as I was only a Northerner, and knew very little about the strong ties of the "Institution," I hadn't a word to say.

Quam had been in the family several months, and all the while "contented as a kitten," as Aunt Lissy was wont to affirm, and so he appeared, and as happy too. Though he had made considerable progress in navigation he still talked *gibberish* and played the fool as much as ever. Uncle Charles said there was not a better field hand on the place, though "Mar's Jesse and Miss Josie would clean done spile him sure."

Late in autumn a sugar-planter who lived on the bay came to hire a hand to cut cane. Quam was just the boy he wanted, having been accustomed to the work on his old master's plantation. Having little for him to do at home, he was let for a month, and went off cutting capers and chewing a whip-stock, thus signifying to the other darkies how he would soon be luxuriating on the sweet, juicy stalks of the cane, of which they are immoderately fond.

"Oh, Quam ! bring me home some *green* stalks," called out Josie, as he rode away.

"And bring *me* some *red* ones," said her cousin.

"And *me* all the little *rattoons*," said black Toshe.

Quam only grinned, chewed his stick and promised nothing.

A day or two after we sat fishing on the wharf in the warm sunshine. I was thinking how at that very moment the chill November winds might be howling, or the rains sobbing around my far away New England home. For nearly half a year no word nor message from that home had reached the wanderer, and busy fancy had conjured a thousand ills during those long months of suspicious silence. I could not help feeling sad, though the tall pomegranate trees, gay with myriad scarlet bells, hung over us, and the sweet cape-jessamines were white with snowy blossoms all around, and the air was full of the fragrance of roses. I said we were fishing, but the mottled sheep-heads were playing around one hook guiltless of bait, for I was *thinking* and not *fishing*.

"Mr. Beaucardie's new boat is coming up here to the wharf," said one of the girls, arousing me from my reverie. "Look! Miss Jennie. Isn't it a beauty?"

It was a beauty indeed; light and graceful, and bright, too, with its green paint, as any tropical bird. It had two sails, *white as snow*, I might have affirmed; but Josie said *as white as cotton*; for what did she, a child of the "sunny South," know of *snow*, or of its whiteness? The boat just stopped in passing to drop us a string of golden bananas, the fruit of fruits, to my taste, when freshly plucked. The Beaucardies were on their way to one of the orange-groves of old Tampa, and promised us an abundance of sweet China oranges, grape-fruit, and shaddock on their return.

A week went by, and we saw nothing of the pretty boat and promised fruit. But in the meantime the planter who had hired Quam came to say he had quit two nights before, and taken with him his best cane-knife, a loss he could not replace on account of the blockade. He believed the culprit was lurking about home somewhere, and demanded an investigation. The negroes were all summoned to confession, but no one had seen anything of Quam since he went off chewing the whip-stock.

"What had become of the boy, and why had he taken the cane-knife?" were questions we asked ourselves, and asked one another. The darkies said he had gone to the swamps, and wanted the knife to dig roots with, and to defend himself if hunted. The General shook his head, said the boy had only got homesick, and would not be long missing. We hoped he was right, for we had been told dark stories of the wolves and panthers, alligators and rattlesnakes of the Florida swamps, and the thought of poor Quam thus companioned was not pleasant.

A strict watch was set that night, induced by the belief that he might come home to sleep and be off again in the morning for fear of punishment. Crocket—the sagacious old black blood-hound, whose youth had been spent in hunting Seminoles in the tangled everglades—was stationed with a negro by the outer gate; while another man, with the yellow bull-dog, watched an opposite avenue. Aunt Lissy was counseled to lie down in the kitchen, as it was not unlikely the poor fellow might be hungry and seek there for food; and the General declared his own intention of sleeping with one eye and both ears open upon the hall lounge.

Josie lingered and cast most appealing glances to me. Knowing what was in her mind, and that she wished me to make an appeal for Quam in case he was caught, I said—"You will allow us to hold a court in the morning and try the offender before you inflict upon him any of Solomon's judgments, will you not, General?"

"He richly deserves a whipping, and should have had it too, if he had run away from home," he replied, laughing. "As it is, I think it will be sufficient punishment to send him back with the knife, and make him ask Mr. M'Loud's forgiveness."

We were "calculating without our host."

Neither dog-bark nor footfall disturbed the calm summer-like air of that autumn night. No Quam came for the roasted yams which Aunt Lissy had left for him on the kitchen table; no dusky form disturbed the blanket and straw that made his bed in the corner of the tool-shop. The only sounds heard during the night were the footsteps of his master, as he stole softly out to assure himself of the vigilance of the watch.

The next morning found us all a little "blue," and it was proposed to go to Idleboro—a little retreat away in the pine woods to which the family some two years before had fled from yellow-fever. As it had the reputation of being the resort of fugitives and cow-hunters, Josie suggested we might possibly see or hear something of Quam.

As we galloped along the solitary way every charred stump and tree seemed dodging us. It needed little imagination to induce the belief that the whole forest was alive with runaways, although the entire seven miles were passed without sight of a single human being. None but a practiced eye, I am certain, would ever have tracked the way to that sylvan solitude.

The mansion, which was of unhewn logs, consisted of one capacious apartment, with unhewn floor, and wooden shutters in place of windows. The kitchen, commonly a detached building in the South, lacked only a floor to rival the family residence, while the stables equaled either in pretension; yet a family accustomed to both comforts and luxuries bore away so many pleasant recollections of a five months' residence here as to make it a spot of lasting interest. They had their horses, their books, a violin, and guitar. Only a little away, following a path they pointed out, was a bend of the Hillsboro where they went to fish for perch and

mullet, and occasionally they took a tent and went over to Rocky Point for oysters, camping out all night upon the beach, and returning next day with carts heavily laden with the precious bivalves. Thrice a week a negro left in town came to a shanty in the woods and dropped the mail, with such stores as they needed from time to time. And this was Idleboro.

We were looking for Quam, who had probably never heard of the place. There was not a print in the sand around to show that any foot had pressed it for weeks; so after taking our lunch and gathering a flower or two, as memorials of a spot which one at least of the party would never revisit, we mounted again and were off on a new route homeward. Two hours brought us to the great gate, beside which Toshe was asleep in the sun until aroused by Crocket to duty.

"Mr. Frazer wants to see Mar'ser Jesse! Spec he's hearn tell suffin bout Quam," she said, rubbing her eyes open as we entered.

"Frazer is a croaker," said the General, "who does not believe in niggers. He thinks the world was made just large enough for white people!"

"So," I could not help reflecting, "thinks many a poor white man, in a land where every avenue of labor is choked and effectually closed by servitude."

The man met us in the yard, and said, while we were dismounting, "Wa'al, Ginerall, Beaucardie's lost his boat!"

"Ah! who was that? The blockaders got hold of it?"

"Edzactly! That's what we think, without no trouble of coming for it. You see Beaucardie's been down to old man Phillippe's for a week or so. Wednesday night he loaded his boat with oranges and oysters, reckoning on a right smart start in the morning. But when morning come, boat and all was missing."

"It may have got detached, and floated off."

"It got unhitched, any how. A man down on one of the keys below Old Tampa noticed a boat just about daybreak, with one man in it all to himself, putting acrost the bay in the direction of the light-house. Thar's where the war steamers is, you know, just outside, and the man calculated somebody was going with news to the Yankees. He hailed the boat to the top of his lungs, but it had a fair breeze, and was going it with oars besides, and it hadn't no notion to stop and let on about its business. The man thinks it got fetched up in a squall though afore it reached the vessel, as

a powerful tough one come on that forenoon. But if it didn't go down, the Yankees has got it fairly."

"Was the man black or white?" the General asked, with a flushed cheek and flashing eyes.

"That's what he couldn't well tell. He wore a wide-brim *palmeter* all pulled down over his face till his color was no account. Then it warn't fairly light; but M'Loud says it was your boy for sure!"

"I think it was," said the General, with the air of one awaking to a painful conviction. "I think I was deceived in Quam, and that he is a grand rascal!"

There were no more watches set for the runaway, though it was not certain he took the boat, as two or three white men disappeared about the same time; but as the white men had boats of their own, every one believed it, especially as he was reputed to have been at the plantation of his old master, which adjoined Phillippe's, the very night the boat disappeared.

Several months after the event I made my own escape from "Dixie," but have nowhere met Quam. Amidst a group of contrabands at Hilton Head was one who favored him in his monkey tricks, but it was not he. A ragged young darkey with a feather in his cap, beating a drum down by the New York Battery, afterward arrested my attention, and caused me to sing out, "Stop, driver!" Face to face with the sable drummer, I expected to hear him say, "*I was looking for you, Miss;*" but the creature only stared in stupid astonishment, leaving me to repeat my first order, "On to the St. Nicholas!" Quite recently I fancied I had found him sure in a group of "citizens of African descent" on Pennsylvania Avenue, not far from the foot of Capitol Hill. It proved to be only another of my blunders, and Quam is still "*non est inventus!*" Whether his little sail-boat reached the blockaders in safety, and he still lives, or whether, through the stormy waves of the Bay of Tampa, he passed to the immortal freedom of the skies, I cannot tell. If any of the readers of this article can solve the mystery, I beg for a sequel.

A WINTER MORNING.

BY MARY FERRY.

[*Independent*, 1880.]

The snowy hills just tinged with rosy light,
Like maidens pure beneath the smile of love,
The crystal river clad in armor bright,
Reflecting glory from the sky above.

The white-robed pines in solemn beauty stand,
Like hoary age near to the pearly gate,
Or guardian spirits watching o'er the land,
Or vested priests, the oracles of fate.

The cold white earth still rests in blissful sleep,
The shadows slumber on the mountain side,
But through the sky the glorious dawn doth creep,
Flinging afar her rainbow banners wide.

The sparrow brown on frosty bough doth sit,
His pretty feathers shielding him from cold.
In dove-cotes warm the pigeons coo and flit,
The white sheep wistful look from out the fold.

In patient beauty wait the sculptured trees,
Their fairy fingers traced against the sky,
More lovely now than with their wealth of leaves,
Or when their verdant boughs sweet zephyrs sigh.

Now one by one the shadows disappear,
Now hillside, vale, and river grow more bright,
From royal couch the lazy sun draws near,
The village windows catch the golden light.

The radiance grows until the earth awakes,
And happy life doth everywhere prevail ;
Gray night hath fled—the morning breaks,
The winter morn, so calm, so pure, so pale.

DE MASSA OB DE SHEEPFOL'.

BY MARY PRATT McLEAN GREENE.

De massa ob de sheepfol'
 Dat guard de sheepfol' bin,
 Look out in de gloomerin' meadows
 Whar de long night rain begin—
 So he call to de hirelin' shepahd,
 Is my sheep, is dey all come in ?

Oh, den, says de hirelin' shepahd,
 Des's some, dey's black and thin,
 And some, dey's po' ole weddas,
 But de res', dey's all brung in,
 But de res', dey's all brung in.

Den de massa ob de sheepfol'
 Dat guard de sheepfol' bin,
 Goes down in de gloomerin' meadows,
 Whar de long night rain begin—
 So he le' down de ba's ob de sheepfol',
 Callin' sof', Come in, Come in,
 Callin' sof', Come in, Come in.

Den up tro' de gloomerin' meadows,
 Tro' de col' night rain and win',
 An' up tro' de gloomerin' rain-paf
 Whar de sleet fa' pie'cin' thin,
 De po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol'
 Dey all comes gadderin' in,
 De po' los' sheep of de sheepfol'
 Dey all comes gadderin' in.

THEY SAW NO MAN SAVE JESUS ONLY.

BY SARAH R. TRUMBULL.

[*Hartford Courant.*]

So near to heaven as earth may be
On mountain-top behold the three,
 Their faces bowed in dust ;
Subdued and tremulous with fear,
Fled are their dreams of shelter here
 And gone is lofty trust.

Close pressing now the mountain-sod
And crushed beneath the voice of God,
 Helpless they cling to earth,
Till friendly hand on each is laid
And terror in their souls is stayed
 While faith again has birth.

As from the dust their heads were raised
’Twas “ Jesus only ” on them gazed ;
 How blest the vision clear !
Enough that He in earthly state
With them should be content to wait
 And keep them free from fear.

For not to Him in heavenly dress
Might they their earthly garments press,
 Nor soil His raiment white !
Nor might they hear that thrilling sound
Which made the courts of heaven resound
 From clouds of dazzling light.

None may the burning vision fear
And none celestial voices hear
 But with the Saving One ;
We have no sight to lift above,
No ears for strains of heavenly love
 Till Christ is seen—alone.

Then—with no earthly comfort near,
No lover’s voice, no friend to cheer,
 We look—His gaze to meet ;
Though bending to our low estate,
The heavenly glory lingers late :
 We worship at His feet !

FOR HER KING'S SAKE.

BY HELEN EVERTSON SMITH.

[*Springfield Republican.*]

PART I.

IN the northwestern part of Connecticut the Taghanic hills having risen precipitately from the Housatonic river, slope gently away to the west in a succession of long, terrace-like sweeps down to the valley of the little Webotuck in the eastern part of the State of New York. On these westward sloping hills of Connecticut the lovely village of Sharon was early planted by settlers who had eyes for beauty as well as for fertility, for while its broad, elmshaded main street lies sheltered from easterly winds under the protection of the Taghanic hills and woods, it is yet high enough to get far-reaching views over hill and dale from the rounding purple peaks of the Berkshires on the north to the faint, far Catskills on the west or the level blue heights of the Chestnut ridge stretching out southward.

In colonial days Sharon had been a prosperous settlement and had gained an aspect of much comfort and of comparative wealth. It is true that at the outbreak of the Revolution the wood-piles in many cases still lay by the front-door steps and all barns and out-buildings were as near as possible to the houses—for the settler in a new country had no time or strength to waste in digging half-miles of snow-path to get from his house to his barn in the winter—but the dwellings were large, commodious, and, for that day, convenient and comfortable. One settler, bringing from England reminiscences of the manor-house of his fathers, had built on a hill overlooking the main street and the well-watered Sharon valley, a large stone mansion with walls thick and strong enough for a fort of those days, with lofty ceilings and a high roof, something of the style we call mansard to-day, but having more boldness and grace of outline. It is necessary to describe this house, because on an understanding of its construction depends much of the interest of our simple story.

The basement of the front or main part of the house was a full story in height above the ground, affording very large rooms for kitchens and quarters for many servants (all negro slaves), while

at the rear the broad, branching wing itself forming a large house, with long and sweeping roofs, sat only about two feet or less above the soil. Under this wing were the cellars, and between them and the front basement was no communication. All the interior walls of both were of solid and beautiful masonry; a masonry which defies time and is as perfect to-day as when first laid. Around the western, southern and part of the northern sides of the principal floor ran a wide and open gallery, or as we would now call it, a piazza. All the rooms were large, and on this floor were broad halls, a library, a parlor, four bedrooms and an immense dining room. The latter occupied one-half of this floor of the wing and opened into the hall of the main house by a low but hospitably broad doorway through four feet of solid stone wall.

Opposite this door, and nearly thirty feet from it, yawned the great fireplace, to supply which logs were drawn in by a horse trained for the purpose. As this fireplace was eight feet broad by nearly six in height and five in depth, it may be fancied that in addition to the great back-log, and slightly smaller fore-log, there would be needed a goodly quantity of lighter wood to feed its capacious maw, and tradition assures us that its regular meal was "half a cord of wood."

To afford room for this fireplace and seven others of smaller dimensions, three on this floor and one on each of its sides on the floor above, the chimney occupied a space of twelve feet square in the center of the wing. At the time of which we write the wing had been built for many years, and, to escape the tax imposed in colonial days upon fireplaces, all but three of those in this chimney had been walled up, so that the chimney stood then, as now, a great, square tower-like pile of masonry, reaching from the cellar floor to several feet above the ridge of the roof, growing somewhat smaller as it ascended.

The second story of the wing was in the roof and only partly finished, while the third story was but an open garret, narrower than the floor below by reason of the roof's slope. The main part or front of the mansion was yet incomplete, the wing having been built and occupied before and during the erection of the front, which from the imperfect nature of the forces then at the builder's command, and the exceeding thoroughness of the work itself, was a very slow matter. Hence, at the opening of the war which events had not yet decided whether we should call a Rebellion or

a Revolution, the construction of the house had not been finished, and then all proceedings had stopped, for every man and every penny were needed in the country's service. No time was there now to think of private concerns, and at this moment the owner and builder of the house was serving as a company captain in Washington's sorely-tried army.

In the autumn of 1777 had come the first considerable success to our arms, giving great hopes of the future independence of the colonies. We cannot now think how great had been the fear, or conceive how much greater had been the courage of a few scattered thousands of untrained men who had dared to brave the whole power of one of the most powerful of the nations. It was not a courage born of ignorance, for the early settlers of our country were an intelligent race and counted well the cost before they entered upon the struggle whose end could be but one of two things:—success and independence for all; or, failure and oppression for all and death, a traitor's death at the end of a hangman's rope, for many.

Every step the British had taken thus far in this war had been felt as an added insult and injury, and not least among the causes of ill feeling was the employment of the Hessian troops. These men of alien race, speaking no language but their own dialect of German, who were regarded as cattle by their own prince and sold by him for an average of \$681 per head,—not more than the selling price of a first rate negro hand in those days when slavery existed all over the colonies—kept under the severest discipline by their officers, but allowed by them to plunder and burn freely, that they might get a reward in that way of booty, seeing that there was no other reward possible for men who were fighting only because they were too imbruted to know their own strength and rise and overturn their tyrant—these Hessians were hated with an intensity of which we to-day can form little idea. They have been merciless foes, and great indeed was the rejoicing when among the troops surrendered by Burgoyne nearly 4,000 Hessians had been thrown into our hands.

In June of 1778 these captured Hessians, together with about 1,600 captive British troops and their officers, were marched down from Saratoga toward New York, where it was hoped an exchange might be effected. A division of about 1,800 of them, under the charge of a small escort of Continental troops, came by way of

Sharon in Connecticut. Here the rank and file of the Continentals and their prisoners were encamped on the broad meadow which sloped westerly from the stone mansion we have described, their little white tents, arranged in street-like rows at regular intervals, extending nearly half a mile square. In the house itself the best rooms were all given up to our own officers, nothing being deemed good enough for the use of those who were fighting for our country and the common weal; while in the great garret of the main house were quartered the British and Hessian officers.

During the absence of the owner the house was occupied by his brother, the village pastor, with his comely wife and bright young children. Madam Smith—such was the title given to the ministers' wives in those days—was herself the granddaughter of a baronet who had served under Cromwell, and her husband was descended from a line of Non-conformists and Independents who doubtless have all been Cromwellians, had they remained in England to a sufficiently late day to have fought under that standard. Hence rebellion, otherwise a love of freedom, was in the veins of all the household.

But under this roof-tree was sheltered a fair damsel whose father was a tory and an officer in the English army. She had fled to Sharon for refuge from her own party at the time when the Hessians burnt the village of Kingston on "the River," as it is still the custom in that part of Connecticut to call the Hudson. They were not discriminating—those hated Hessians—and burnt the houses of tory and rebel with a perfect impartiality, having first plundered them both of every article which had a money value.

Margaret Kane's mother had been a friend of Madam Smith's, and for the sake of that friendship she now sheltered the motherless, and, in the opinion of the patriots, the worse than fatherless girl. She was grateful for the shelter; she hated the Hessians almost as much as if she were a rebel, but her heart beat warmly for the flag her father served under and the uniform he wore; so it was not without reason that good Madam Smith distrusted her young charge and thought it was better to confine her in her room during the stay of the prisoners, for each one of them were worth one of our own dear boys in an exchange, and to allow even one to escape was to throw away the liberty and perhaps the life of some dear fellow "worth forty Britishers or one hundred Hessians."

So Margaret was securely locked up in one of the eastern bedrooms of the long wing's second story, where the only window was high from the floor and strongly barred, while the door was stout and well bolted on the outer side. But Love is not alone in laughing at locksmiths. Margaret's first care was to examine closely the walls which inclosed her. She found a closet, but in it was no concealed door; the window-bars were all firm; the room-door showed no signs of yielding to her pressure.

The fire-place in this room instead of being walled up, had been supplied with a "fire-board" of plank covered with iron, which after much tugging Margaret was able to remove, but the prospect thus offered of climbing up the flue was neither agreeable nor promising. Even if she could pursue its sooty windings till she reached the top, she would then find herself but helplessly perched high above the ridge-pole, with an excellent chance for capture whether she stayed there or fell to the far off ground. There was evidently no hope in this, yet she could not leave the fire-place long at a time. There and there only was the smallest promise of escape, and if she could escape, surely it should go hard with her if some captive should not be set at liberty also! The sun was fast sinking and she must find quickly if there existed here any way of escape.

The fire-place, though a small one for its day, was still of sufficient dimensions for her to get into upon her knees, and protecting herself from the soot as well as she could by removing her gown and arraying herself in a skirt and coat extemporized from some salt sacks which had been left lying upon a shelf of the closet, she proceeded to feel carefully about the interior of the fire-place. All its sides seemed equally covered by a hard and polished soot which the smokes of many winters had left upon them, but on the left side there was certainly a difference perceptible to the touch. She felt again, eagerly, tremulously. Yes! it was true. This side was not of brick or stone, but of something continuous. The soot was alike on all sides, but the stones of the chimney felt very different from this. She knocked upon it, and a sound, at once hollow and metallic, gave response. Apparently the something was of iron, and it separated this fire-place from some other hollow or open space.

Romances were not many in those days, and none had it been Margaret's lot to see, but the fire-side narrator still flourished, and many a tale had our Margaret heard of secret rooms and hidden

doors, and her heart beat fiercely with the joy of her discovery and the fear of being discovered.

She knocked again. The sound was the same,—metallic and hollow. Her small white hands carefully explored every inch of the grimy surface of this metallic side. There was here, apparently a sheet of iron about one and a half feet wide and a trifle more than three feet high, extending from the top to the bottom of the fireplace; but she could find no trace of hinge, bolt, lock or bar, though there was a small but well-defined crack around all sides. At last she thought the bolt must be on the other side, and perhaps it might yield to a push.

There was so much noise around the house that she felt sure no one could hear her, and she struck against the door with all her weight and force. It did not yield, but shook encouragingly beneath her blows. The little soot-blackened hands were beginning to bleed, yet she had effected nothing. Had she anything which she could use as a wedge to insert in the crack? She could not think of anything she had with her that would answer the purpose, but presently she felt something on the brick hearth beneath her knee. It was the handleless blade of a rusty old table-knife. Inserting this in the crack of the door—if door it was—she brought it down the right-hand side until, about half-way down, she found it could go no farther. She took it out and began the same method of search up from the bottom. Arrived at almost the same place, the old blade again met an obstruction, but this time she had put more force into her upward pressure. The obstruction yielded; she raised the latch and pushed open the little door.

To her disappointment she found no light, only a darker, higher and larger space than the one she was in. Carefully feeling her way with feet and hands, Margaret groped half-way round what appeared to be a dark and soot-covered closet until she found another door. Here there appeared a very small chink on one side, through which glimmered a feeble light apparently above or below a bolt or latch on the other side.

She paused and listened. Down-stairs in the great dining-room she could hear the loud jollity of the Continental officers at their evening meal. From outside the house came the confused sounds of many hurrying feet,—of Madam Smith's hospitable and peremptory orders, of the negro servants' ready "Yes, massah," and "Yes, missus," and all the bustle incident to an addition of more

than fifty guests in a family unused to such invasions, welcome though they were.

On the floor where Margaret was, all was silent. A little later she knew that the adjoining room must be used as a bedroom, but for a while, at least, she need not fear. Again helped by the rusty knife-blade, the latch yielded, and the door opened out into the unfinished room of the wing's second story. She looked around. On the left side in the sloping roof lay a flat and immovable skylight, through which came the last rays of a ruddy twilight. In front rose the ladder-like stairs leading to the garret, and beneath them, she noticed with a shudder, descended the stairs which opened into the dining-room below. What if Madam Smith should happen to need anything that might be up here? What if anyone should remember her and come to see how she was faring! But Margaret felt that in the present hurry and confusion no one would be very likely to think of an insignificant person like herself, and hastened to make the best use of her time.

Looking back into the dark closet through which she had passed, she saw a space about eight feet by four, apparently cutting diagonally across a corner inside the big chimney. Overhead iron bars were laid from side to side, and around on the side walls were many large hooks. The stones were all soot blackened, and it did not require much sagacity to discover that the secret chamber was no secret at all, but only a smoke-house where, in their season, were laid and hung the year's supply of hams and bacon to be cured by the smoke let into the closet by means of the little iron door from the fire-place of the room she had left.

Margaret decided quickly what to do, and with beating and adventurous heart slipped noiselessly down the stair, where she dropped into its staple the great iron hook of the door at its foot, and then as noiselessly tripped back again, and on up the steep second flight to the attic above. She knew that from here by means of a loose board under the eaves of the main house, it was just possible for a man to pass serpent-fashion into the large garret where the prisoners were confined. To this opening she hastened. Evidently the prisoners were by no means in a moody or despondent frame of mind, at least the majority of them, for the clashing of pewter cups and plates was mingled with laughter and snatches of song.

Crouched by the opening Margaret could see, through the interstices of a pile of lumber laid across the other side, that the

prisoners were seated on planks supported by boxes around a rude table extemporized in the same manner. Not even to British or Hessian could this hospitable mansion be ungenerous, but Margaret's loyal heart resented the slight to the uniform she loved so well when she saw that the best of everything had been reserved for the ill-clad rebels in the great dining-room, for the prisoner officers were forced to be content with enormous bake-pans full of pork and beans, and big pewter platters piled high with corn bread, though she had smelled the frying of numberless slices of savory ham and dozens of eggs. Neither tea nor coffee was easily to be obtained in that day, so both captive and captor had to be content with large bowls of milk and pitchers of hard cider. The latter was evidently already taking effect upon the prisoners, for they were beginning to trol out gay German songs in a fine chorus, each man taking his part naturally and well, so that the little maiden was charmed with a music better than any she had ever heard. Song followed song, and still Margaret crouched entranced; and listened until the last red rays of the twilight had faded away and the faint light of a silvery moon was all that came in through the front garret's dormer windows.

How much longer Margaret might have remained here we do not know, had she not heard—apparently close by her side a sighing breath that was almost a groan. She turned quickly, and saw lying on the prisoners' garret floor, close by the lumber pile, the body of a man so motionless that but for the sound she might almost have thought him dead. He was very pale, and when he opened his eyes they showed large and bright, with dark hollows and cavernous cheeks beneath them. She looked eagerly but carefully around her. The sentinels were standing near the head of the stairs which led to the floor, and at the foot of the ladder which ascended to the roof.

They were more than twenty feet from her, and over the singing and the noise they would not be likely to hear any whisper uttered behind the lumber pile.

"*S-s-s-t-s-s-s-t!*" Margaret's faintly whispered note of warning did not reach the ear for which it was intended until after two or three repetitions; then the large eyes turned languidly toward the aperture through which her own eyes were shining. The man turned and would have called the attention of a comrade had not another and a more urgent "*S-s-s-t*" deterred him. He tried to raise his head, but was apparently too weak.

"Can you hear me?" she asked, in a low distinct whisper.

"Yes. Who are you? What do you wish?"

"I am a friend. I wish to help you. Do you not long to escape?"

"Yes, but I can't. I was wounded last autumn, and now I am ill, and can never be better."

All womanly pity and sympathy was Margaret now. She had before wished to do something for the sake of the king's uniform. Now it was for the sake of the poor helpless man who wore it.

"Can you walk?" she whispered.

"Only a bit at a time. But you mean to let us all free, don't you?"

"No, I cannot. I can only help one. I can only hide you. I am a prisoner myself, and am the only person here who is loyal to the king. It is for his sake I wish to help you."

A faint smile of equivocal meaning flitted over the young man's face, but it was in the shadow, and Margaret did not see it. He resumed:—

"Cannot you assist two as well as one? I have one who will assist me, and who is very anxious to escape also."

Margaret paused to consider. "Can your friend get you through here to where I am?" she asked.

"Perhaps later, but not now. I must have time to explain to him, and then these sentinels must get sleepy or they will see and hear."

"Very well," replied Margaret. "Get ready, and if you can bring any food with you, so much the better. I will be back about midnight, if I can." So she drew back, slipped noiselessly down the two flights of stairs, unhooked the door at the stair foot and fled up again as lightly as a bird, then across the unfinished room into the smoke-house, closing its door after her, and back through the fire-place into her own room. Not a moment too soon was she.

PART II.

Hardly had Margaret had time to disrobe herself of her salt sack gown and wash the soot marks from her hands and face ere she heard an approaching step and then a knock at the door. She did not answer the first summons, but allowed it to be repeated. Then she broke forth in an impatient tone:—

"What are you knocking for? Just as if you didn't know I can't open the door, and it fastened on the outside."

"Oh ! I knew that, of course," said a clear, boyish voice ; " but I didn't want to come in without permission all the same."

" Ah ! It's you, is it, Johnny ?" said Margaret,—very sweetly this time. " Then come in. I'm always glad to see you."

The implied flattery was not thrown away upon the handsome, manly little ten years old boy, who now entered, but he was too shrewd not to think that something must be wanted of him, for pretty Miss Margaret had never been very free with sweet tones and words for him, but he suspected nothing more than that she desired him to get some dainty for her supper, or to coax him to let her out to see the soldiers. The first boon he was very willing to grant if he could, but not the second, for he was as vehement a patriot as if he had numbered a score more of years, and as he and Margaret had already fought many a battle on account of their difference of opinions, he was quite of a mind that a little wholesome discipline in the way of confinement " would serve her right."

" Well," he said, with a smile at once pleasant and mischievous, " I shouldn't wonder if you did like to see me this time, for you've been shut up here a good while now and have had nothing to eat yet. Nobody would have thought of you to-night, I dare say, if it hadn't been for me. I've brought you some bread and milk, and a slice of cold ham and a piece of pie. I couldn't get anything else, for every one of these fellows can eat as much as a family, and there was hardly a mouthful left, though we had emptied the smoke-house of hams and bacon, and cooked nearly everything else we had on hand. Mother has given orders to kill all the fowls except the old hens that are raising young ones, and a couple of the sheep that haven't any lambs, so as to have enough for a good breakfast for 'em all round to-morrow before they start off."

" What time do they start in the morning, Johnny ?"

" About six o'clock. Mother's going to have breakfast ready by five. I heard her tell Molly. And they've all got to be up about all night to get it ready, for the chickens can't be caught till after they've got quiet on the roost, and then they've got 'em to pick and prepare. And it'll take a long time to get the bread made and baked, and it's no fool of a job to heat the big oven, either."

Margaret heard of all these preparations with mingled feelings. It disgusted her to see so much pains taken to feed despicable rebels, but she was glad to hear that Madam Smith and her servants would have to be up and busy all night, for the kitchen and big

brick oven, being under the main house, were a good way from her, and the people would not be where her motions would be likely to attract notice. She had made her plan and was in haste to execute it.

"Johnny," said she, plaintively, "I'm just as hungry as I can be, and it doesn't seem to me that you've brought me very much to eat. This pie looks so good! I wish you could get me another piece."

"Why, Peggy," laughed Johnny. "Since when did you get up such an appetite? I thought I brought you a big lot, and I don't know as there is any more pie; but I'll ask old Molly. She'll let me have it, if there is any."

"And Johnny," called Margaret as the boy turned toward the door, "don't you think you could find me a couple of hard-boiled eggs?"

"Eggs? No, indeed. There's not one left. But maybe I can get you some more ham if you want."

"Yes, do, Johnny dear, I'm so hungry."

The lad carefully locked the door behind him as he went, saying to himself in a puzzled sort of way as he descended the stair: "Well, I declare! Being shut up must be hungry work. I never knew Peg to be so hungry before."

As soon as he was gone Margaret hastily hid away the ham, piece of pie, and larger part of her bread, and when Johnny returned with some more pie and ham was busily engaged upon the last of her bread and milk. Johnny laughed, and would have staid to see Margaret devour the pie and ham, but that was no part of her plan.

"I hope, Johnny," she said, "that you've remembered to bring a candle. It's dismal eating in the dark, and besides I'm afraid to be here alone in the dark all night."

"Now, that's silly, Peggy, I didn't think it of you. What are you afraid of? There are too many watchers around for there to be any danger and besides I don't believe there's a single candle to spare."

Here Margaret began to sob. The room was too dark for Johnny to see that she was shamming, and he hastily ran off to find the desired candle. This gave Margaret the time to hide away her fresh supplies.

Johnny did not return soon, and when he did it was without the candle, but with flint, steel and tinder, and what was known among the negroes as a "grease-tip," namely a long strip of old linen

twisted hard and dipped into melted beef drippings until thoroughly soaked. Then it was placed in a long-necked bottle with one end of the "tip" coming two or three inches above the top and kept in place by a darning-needle passed through the "tip" and laid across the top of the bottle's neck. When the "tip" had burned down to the darning-needle, the latter was taken out and replaced two or three inches farther down. This sort of illumination was perhaps better than no light, but that was all that could be said in its favor.

"Now, Peggy," said Johnny, "I had to make this myself, and it's not a very long one so you must be sparing of it, and I've brought the flint, steel and tinder so you can light the 'tip' whenever you want and then put it out again. And, Margaret, mother says Julia and Betsy are to sleep with you to-night, so you needn't be afraid."

This news was very disquieting, Julia and Betsy being the two very bright-witted and somewhat inquisitive elder sisters of Johnny; and who knew whether they would sleep at all with all this excitement, or if they chanced to fall asleep, whether they would not wake again and spoil everything? Margaret would have rebelled if she could, but she knew, by past experience, that the laws of the Medes and Persians were but sand-ropes in comparison with the determinations of Madam Smith, hence it became poor Margaret to be resigned, at least in outward seeming. But after all her fears the two girls were allowed to remain up to help their mother, and Margaret was permitted to remain in peace. That is, in as much peace as was consistent with an eager haste and tumultuous comingling of temerity and trepidation.

It would not be safe for her to venture out through the smoke-house into the unfinished room until she was certain that no one was coming to her own through its barred door, which opened into a bedroom which, though usually unoccupied, she knew must to-night provide shelter for some of the strangers; she hoped not the unfinished room as well, for that would cut off her means of egress. It was nearly eleven o'clock before she heard the jolly, unctuous laughter of the negro women as they made up extra beds in the two adjoining bedrooms, and afterward the sound of half a dozen male voices as they entered the rooms for the night.

At midnight she could still hear the noise of busy preparations proceeding from the wood-house and the kitchen and its offices. She waited only until the sound of heavy breathing informed her that

her next-door neighbors were attending solely to their own affairs, and then began her preparations.

This time pretty young Margaret could not array herself in salt-sacks. Neither male nor female human nature likes to display itself to any unknown and possibly young and handsome member of the opposite sex in a disagreeable guise. Besides, as she now knew the way, she could the better guard herself against the soot. The gown she had been so careful to save from stains was not of very perishable material, being a stout linen check, but it would never do to have soot marks upon it for Madam Smith's sharp eyes to see; so the girl carefully removed the frills from neck and elbows of the gown, biting with her little white teeth the threads which the moonlight enabled her to find, turned the skirt wrong-side out, and, thus leaving as few points as possible for soot to adhere to, was ready to start on her adventurous foray. Before again donning her gown she had removed the heavy fire-board and opened the fire-place door into the smoke-house

With cautious step, and listening between each breath, Margaret found her way out into the unfinished room where she had half feared someone might have been put to sleep. Fortunately for her, none but officers were accommodated in the house, and there was space enough for them without this. Margaret's first care was to fasten each bedroom door on the outside with the hooks that were attached to them for that purpose, and then to proceed down the stairs and re-fasten the door at their foot. This was an undertaking of danger, for there could be no certainty that something hanging in the wing garret, which could only be reached by this stair, might not be needed in some of the many preparations going on below, and Margaret could hardly breathe until she had fastened the door and fled upstairs again, this time up the garret stairs also, and thus arrived at the opening behind the lumber pile in the main house.

Here all was silent save for the snoring, but when about thirty-five tired and well-fed men are engaged in this operation, the noise somewhat resembles the buzzing of a huge saw-mill, and can cover a multitude of lesser sounds. Margaret gazed eagerly through the crevices in the lumber pile to see where the sentinels were placed. The ladder which led to the scuttle had been removed, and the scuttle left open to admit light and air, so that the rays of a cloudless moon poured directly down upon the faces of the two sleeping sentinels, who were lying across the trap-door which led to the floor

below, knowing that no one could get down without rousing them, and doubtless thinking it a sin to lose so good a chance of sleeping off their marching fatigue and the heavy potations of hard cider.

Then she looked for the dark-eyed stranger. His place had been slightly changed, so that she did not see him at first, but he was waiting for her, and by a slight motion showed his own presence and that another was waiting also.

"You must crawl through here," whispered Margaret, "and be very careful not to knock down the boards."

But this was the very first thing that was done, and down came the whole pile. With the noise up sprang the sentinels, but it was easily seen that only a great, tottlish pile of loose boards had been tumbled down by some uneasy sleeper's motions, and being strangers to the house no one ever dreamed that the boards concealed an opening into another attic beyond this one. Indeed the fallen boards concealed the opening even better in their disorder than before, and at the same time left a larger passage-way behind them. It was some time before sentinels and prisoners were all snoring again and every moment seemed an hour to Margaret, but at last the two prisoners cautiously crept forth and followed her down the steps, lighted by the faint rays which could penetrate here from the windows at the farther end of the wing.

Arrived in the unfinished room Margaret told the two men to wait while she swiftly ran into her own room and there lighted the "grease tip" which she placed in the smoke-house. Then pointing to a pile of boards in one corner and showing the bars across near the top of the smoke-house, she told the men that they must lay two or three of the boards over the bars and then climb up and lie down upon them.

Dismay darkened the face of the sick man. He felt sure he could never reach that perch, but his companion said a few words to him in German and then he acquiesced. Margaret now for the first time noticed that the second stranger wore the Hessian uniform, and at that sight was of half a mind to desert them both, then and there; but it was too late. The Hessian quickly and noiselessly picked up the boards and reaching above his head slipped them over the bars. At the end there was left a space just wide enough for a man's body to pass through. Placing another board in a slanting fashion from the floor on one side of the width of the little smoke-house to its ceiling on the other side, at the end where there were no bars, he

put his strong arm round the waist of the sick man and thus assisted him to climb until by grasping one of the firm iron bars he could partly lift himself and was partly lifted by his friend on to the boards where he laid down.

In a moment more the young Hessian had swung himself up to a place beside him. Then Margaret hurriedly made the discarded salt-sacks into a rude sort of pillow and passed it up to them. Next she handed up the small provision she had been able to spare from her evening meal, promised more in the morning, restored to its place the board by which they had climbed, closed the smoke-house door behind her, unhooked the door at the stair foot, and that of the bed-room, and again passed through the smoke-house, latching the door after her.

She did not dare to quite close the iron door into her fire-place, knowing that the men must have air from somewhere, and that they could get it only through her chimney flue, but she made the latter as dark as possible by replacing the heavy fire-board, and then proceeded to array herself for bed. Her "grease-tip" was exhausted, but the light of June's early dawn was already turning the eastern sky from gray to palest gold. Margaret was tired, but far too excited to sleep. She felt that she had done a deed of loyalty to her king, for which her father would thank and praise her, and though by no means yet "out of the woods," she felt like shouting for joy.

It was not long, hardly half an hour, before the beating of the morning drum, and the sounds of preparation which had not ceased during the night were increased a hundred fold by the bustle of the awakening camp in the front meadow, and the cheery sounds of laughter and light-hearted talk from those who having enjoyed their night's good rest under a friendly and hospitable roof were rousing to their day of forward marching.

Not until both escort and prisoners had breakfasted was it discovered that any were missing. Margaret trembled in her room as she heard the words of sharp reprimand, and the imperative orders given to find the escaped men. She did not think any one would suspect her agency, for doubtless the way through her fire-place had been entirely forgotten, but she greatly feared that the smoke-house might be searched, and the two poor fellows discovered.

Presently heavy steps ascended the stairs, and had anyone entered Margaret's room at that moment her face would certainly have con-

victed her, but fortunately no one entered. She heard a man's voice ask, "What room is that?" and Madam Smith's reply:—

"That is only the room of a young friend of mine, and it has no door excepting one into the room where you slept last night, and it was bolted on your side." Then she heard a voice sounding as if its owner's head were in some confined place, saying, "Faugh! what a smell of smoke and soot. No one in there!" And then the door closed and the steps moved on up the attic stairs. Here the searchers evidently found the passage by which the two prisoners had escaped from the main garret, and concluded that they must have gone down the stairs, and out through the dining room unseen, and were now doubtless hiding in some out-house or perhaps gone to the woods.

"Strange," said one of the searchers, as he came down the stairs, "strange what the fellows should have wanted to escape for, when they knew they would all probably be exchanged soon, and either be sent home or be taken into active service again."

"Perhaps active service is the very thing they're afraid of," said another voice, with a laugh; "perhaps this isn't so much an escape of our prisoners as of desertion from the British army. We've known two or three such already. I wouldn't care, only that in an exchange every one of these rascals is worth one of our own boys; otherwise, I wouldn't take the trouble to turn key on one of them. They never go back to fight for King George."

"But it's rather new for officers to desert, isn't it?" said the first voice.

"Yes, but only one of these fellows was an officer, and he only an Irish sub-lef. The other one was a Hessian private whom we allowed to stay with the officers as an orderly, and he took care of the Irishman who was sick."

Poor Margaret! She cried with vexation. Instead of having accomplished a deed worthy of her father's daughter, she had only helped a couple of knaves to desert from their and her king's service! She could almost have killed them for her disappointment.

While she was lamenting her wasted labors she heard all the bustle of the troops' departure, and then, soon following the orders to march, there burst forth from more than a thousand tuneful, manly throats the grand notes of Luther's grandest hymn, "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott." Long she listened, and with the sounds resentment died. Never before had she heard so magnificent a chorus, and never again did she hear one like it, as the mellow notes

rolled forth upon the still June morning air above the rhythmic beat of the thousands of steadily marching feet. If she had had but her liberty she, too, would have followed the music, as she afterward found that Johnny had done, for miles along their onward road. Johnny became a great and good man in later days, and often said that never in his life had his heart been so moved to its very depths of love and forgiveness as by the devout hymns sung by the hated Hessians.

After all had gone and silence had returned to the lately crowded mansion, now deserted by all save its mistress, the two men in the smoke-house and Margaret—for all who could had followed the marching troops—Madam Smith remembered Margaret, and came to release her.

“You’ve had a good, quiet night, my dear,” said Madam, brightly, “and now you must come and see if they have left anything for you and me to eat. I’m afraid it’s only crumbs we can find. It certainly takes one army to cook for another army, to say nothing of requiring a third army to find the food to cook.”

So saying the brisk matron turned and went down-stairs, leaving Margaret to follow, which she did slowly enough, having before her eyes the terror of being discovered in a deed for which she need have little hope of sympathy from any, and much fear of ridicule from all.

Madam Smith had managed to find something for herself and Margaret amid the wrecks, and while they sat at their breakfast they heard steps descending the stairs. Madam Smith looked up astonished, and Margaret frightened, for she knew too well whose footsteps they must be.

The door opened, and under the big black beams that supported the dining room ceiling appeared the two escaped prisoners. Margaret would have hailed an earthquake with delight, but as none came was forced to sit still and face them. The Irishman gave Margaret a very slight glance intended to be reassuring and spoke for himself and his comrade.

“Madam”—his tone and manner were well bred and respectful—“I had long ago determined to leave the English army the first chance I could get. I am no Briton at heart; I am ill and shall probably never be well again. If I am exchanged they will put me back in the service, and—and—” his voice broke and even Margaret was appeased as he said “and I’d like to see Ireland and my mother

again before I die. This fellow here"—indicating the young Hessian—"does not speak English, so I'll speak for him too. He has fought against your independence most unwillingly, and now he hopes to be allowed to live in this country and to fight no more."

He ceased, and good Madam Smith responded most heartily to both appeals.

"Stay with us. Yes, stay here. My husband will shelter you, and by—and—by perhaps you can get back to Ireland. As for the Hessian—they're a bad set, a bad set, but perhaps they're not all alike. And at any rate it shall never be that any helpless creature has trusted me in vain. You are both quite 'safe now; but where were you? where did you hide?"

With another slight glance at Margaret the Irishman replied:—

"You saw this morning, madam, how we escaped from the garret. We found our way into the smoke-room, and were lying on some boards laid over its bars while they were looking for us. We feared they would look farther, but fortunately they did not."

"Well, well, well! You poor fellows must be hungry, I suppose? Margaret, go to the kitchen, and see if you can find anything more to eat. And Margaret"—calling her back, "take this key, and bring up a bottle of Madeira. This poor, pale fellow looks as if he needed it."

Margaret did not hasten much. She felt more like smashing the bottle over their heads than giving them its contents to drink, but at the same time was rather grateful to them for not implicating her in any way.

The day was a long and busy one, for even when the servants returned they were too much excited to be of any use, and needed the sharp eyes and tongues of their mistress and Margaret at every turn.

Johnny did not reach home until nearly night-fall. When he did so, and had heard about the deserters, he—boy-like—could not rest without seeing just how their escape had been managed, and where they had hidden. After an examination he approached Margaret very quietly, but with a smile of much meaning.

"Peggy," said he, "I know how they got out, and who hid them away. I found currant-pie crumbs on those boards. But you needn't be frightened. I won't tell."

And he kept his word, though it cannot be denied that poor Margaret got many a private teasing from him. But in long after

years, when the Irishman had been gathered to his farthers, and the Hessian had changed his hated German name for that of Robert Gibbs, and had married in Sharon and reared a family there ; and Margaret had become so reconciled to the new order of things that she had married a Philip Livingston who had served in the Continental army ;—the story somehow came out—it is said that she told it herself—and many a good-natured laugh was had at the way in which, for her king's sake, she had helped his soldiers to desert.

THE RECORD.

BY ELLEN V. TALBOT.

Lord, I receive from Thee, always,
 A gift of days.
 And I upon the record-book
 E'en now would look,
 And find how many days there be
 I duly render back to Thee.

Here are writ down fair days of spring,
 All blossoming
 With joys whose rich and fragrant scent
 Is now scarce spent ;
 Ah ! Lord, these days so bright and fine,
 How fain I was to call them mine.

I thought that Thou wouldst not request
 My summer rest ;
 Again, I could not pause and spoil
 My autumn toil.
 And here be days most sad, though brief,
 Those winter days I filled with grief.

Too bright or restful seemed each day
 To give away,
 Or else too busy or too sad
 The days I had.
 Alas ! I search most anxiously :
 Gave I no days, at all, to Thee ?

Sabbaths Thy holy law did claim,
 These bear Thy name ;
 Yet those I seldom rendered whole ;
 Some part I stole ;

And holy days I did, likewise,
To keep unto myself devise.

There be some hours found here and there,
Of thought and prayer,
Scattered like sparkling drops of dew
These past days through;
Some broken moments spent for Thee,
Alas! how many hours for me!

My soul did boast and never knew
Her gifts so few.
Oh! Lord, these entries blot away,
I, weeping, pray;
And may the record henceforth be
Of all days rendered unto Thee.

PRISCILLA.

BY PAULINE WESLEY (EDITH STOWE).

[*Youth's Companion.*]

A BLUE mist lingered over the distant hills; bumblebees were humming a drowsy song to the clover in the meadows, and the morning-glories lifted their bells in the soft light of an early morning's sunshine. The bees and clover were talking to one another, in the imagination of a child who walked lazily along one of Brookville's roadsides.

She wore a pink sunbonnet which quite concealed her face, but a fluffy curl of hair struggled forth, as though unwilling to be held so closely by an humble gingham string. This little girl, who was the treasure of her aunt's heart, endured a burden which made her hidden face strangely solemn; it was only a basket of fresh eggs, the weight of which was not formidable, but it was intended for the great house on the hill, and in this fact was the bitterness.

She carried the basket carefully on her arm now, but her heart fluttered nervously; nature, however smiling, was not beautiful to Miranda Heapton's niece this morning.

"I hate to go," she said to herself. She kicked the toes of her shoes against the sandy road as she walked. The timid child had made the same remark to Miranda, and had received full instructions as to her words and manners before she started.

"You must say," her aunt had advised her, "I have come with these eggs from Mirandy Heapton, hoping you'll find them nice."

She rehearsed this little speech to the bees and the clover-blooms as she journeyed along. When she reached the great, many-windowed house, with the gay flower-beds and winding walks sloping from it, she grew still more unhappy ; she laid her hand upon the gate and gazed with awe toward the long veranda over which a honeysuckle vine clambered.

"Mis' Reay's a very grand lady," she whispered, and then breathing a sigh, went up the walk as slowly as she could. Mrs. Reay sat within the parlor near one of the windows where it was cool and pleasant, shaded by the honeysuckle's vines. She was young and looked very sweet in her laced-trimmed morning gown. Her chair was surrounded by books which she had thrown down, and there was a trifle of some pretty needle-work which had been also tossed aside. The lady was not in a mood for reading this morning, and leaned back in a soft easy-chair somewhat wearily.

There seemed not much in the world, just then, to interest Mrs. Reay. She gazed listlessly away over the purple-crowned hills, but a smile played in the depths of her eyes before she brought them back to the room again. They had seen the quaint figure of Miranda Heapton's niece, and she leaned forward with considerable interest when the child approached the house.

It was only a very little girl, whose well-built form was hidden in the folds of a faded gingham apron, but the world seemed brighter to Mrs. Reay at sight of this stranger, and she was pleased to wonder why the child had come. Perchance her mind called up another little girl whose curly head now rested beneath a daisy-sown mound. She was almost surprised at herself when she put her hand out eagerly, and beckoned the child toward her.

Priscilla stepped on the veranda with quickened pulses. This was more than she had counted upon—she had not expected to see the lady herself! But she carried her head bravely, almost proudly. Her aunt had said, "Go to the door," so, as the door stood open, she went in that way, and then through to the room where the lady sat. It was a long room, and to Priscilla very beautiful. She felt a great lump in her throat, and held the basket stiffly. The soft carpet seemed to stretch in endless distance at the left of her, when she faced Mrs. Reay. "I have come," she began in a trembling

voice. "I have come," she repeated, slowly, and paused; this would never do, she must make one more attempt.

"I have come," she said again, and then stopped, overwhelmed with confusion. The fact which she stated was so evident that Mrs. Reay is to be excused for smiling a little.

"From where, my dear?" she asked, pleasantly, and this question made the task easier.

"From Mirandy Heapton," she answered, "with these—eggs; hoping—hoping you'll find them nice."

She ended the words with an old-time courtesy, and placed the basket on the floor close to the lady with a sigh of relief. It was a dear little face that looked at Mrs. Reay from out the sunbonnet; trustful eyes were there, in which were sun and shadows, mirrored deeply.

Mrs. Reay put her hand out wistfully:

"You will stay here a while," she asked, "with me?"

"Are you lonesome?" the child inquired, and she answered, "Yes, I am very lonesome."

She did look so certainly, in such a large room; so Priscilla sat down opposite her in one of the pretty chairs while they talked, and she forgot to be shy, in her enjoyment of the lady's charms.

"We might have lunch," Mrs. Reay suggested gaily, and a maid brought in a tempting lunch which they ate together, with the scent of clover and honeysuckle coming in at the window.

It was a wonderful day for Priscilla. She drank her milk from a teacup that was covered with rosebuds, and there were humming birds and rosebuds which looked very real on all the saucers and plates. She swung her dusty shoes, and sat enthroned like a calico-dressed princess, with the pink sunbonnet on a chair beside her.

Aunt Miranda was waiting for her in the cottage door when she reached home. Priscilla saw her standing there, stiff and gaunt, without a smile, Miranda rarely smiled, but she looked at Priscilla through the tall garden flowers on each side of the path. There were hollyhocks in the little garden, with marigolds and a profusion of stately tiger lilies. The child greeted her from between the flowers, and when the door was reached, they went into the house together.

The next day Mrs. Reay called upon Miranda Heapton. She was received in the "best room," where there was a centre-table, and odd pictures on the walls. The hair-cloth chairs were placed in a

row around the room, and Miss Heapton sat on the edge of one of these, as she talked. The room seemed uncomfortable to the visitor; for at her home the chairs were scattered about, and there were silken bows on them which she called "butterflies."

At first Miranda was pleased and flattered by Mrs. Reay's presence, but when she learned the errand of her caller, she was very indignant and flashed at her in quite a startling way.

"Your money can't buy everything," were the words she said, "and it can't buy Priscilla. I'll not sell Priscilla!"

Her breath came in quick gasps and she looked like an animal threatened with sudden peril. Mrs. Reay, serene, invincible, regarded her kindly.

"I suppose the child's welfare might be thought of," she remarked. This was true, and the flush on Miranda's faded cheek deepened; a sob broke from her.

"She's all I've got!" she murmured. There was a quiet space of time when neither woman spoke; then Miranda, half-ashamed of her violent words, said, simply, "You see, I've had her since she was a baby."

There had been few words exchanged between them, but when Mrs. Reay left the cottage she smiled sweetly at Miranda.

"Perhaps you will think this over," she suggested. Then there was a rustle of soft draperies, and she was gone.

The rest of that day was like a dream to Miranda Heapton; she performed her household duties with a dreary sense of loss and misery in her heart. There were doubts that would come to her though she struggled against them, and her plain face looked more grim than usual. She did not feel again the fierce resentment toward Mrs. Reay which had burned so strongly within her, but was only thinking—thinking all the time, of Priscilla.

After an hour in her room alone, she found herself more cheerful, and that evening she called the child to her. But again the banished fears encircled her with ominous power when she tried to speak.

Priscilla stood near her aunt's chair on the old porch, and they looked at each other gravely, in the fading light.

"Priscilly," Miranda spoke with abrupt clearness, "Mis' Reay wants you bad; would you like to go and live with her? Say true," she added, sternly.

Priscilla's eyes searched her doubtfully.

"Always?" she asked.

Miranda watched her anxiously.

"Always," she repeated.

The child looked out over the flower-garden for some moments, then back at her relative.

"It's a mighty fine place," she remarked; "there's rosebuds on the cups and saucers."

A great pain struck Miranda's heart.

"Would you like to go?" she asked again.

Priscilla glanced in at the window. Her own cracked mug stood upon the rough table in plain sight. She was making comparisons, and this room did look barren.

"There's ponies there," she thought, "and pretty things,"—then she drew close to Miranda and looked at her squarely.

"Yes," answered she, "I think I would."

Thus it was that the day finally dawned on which Priscilla left the cottage.

Miranda stood on the porch to see her depart, and watched her till her eyes were too dim to see clearly. The sturdy little figure walking along the road looked smaller in the distance, though she turned and waved her hand, and the silent woman summoned one of her fleeting smiles, as she signalled too. The pink sunbonnet seemed to waver faintly in the tearful mist that covered Miranda Heapton's eyes, though she tried to keep it in sight till a hilltop hid it from view.

For a while she stood quite still, then a low moan escaped her. She put her hand out toward the door, and groped for it blindly. To her mental vision she seemed already treading a waste of lonely years that stretched before. Her house was desolate, but the memory of Priscilla's sweet child-face remained with her.

The days flew by on magic wings in the new home, and Mrs. Reay was as happy as the child. Every day they went driving behind the high-stepping ponies, and took long rambles in the woods together. There was much to interest Priscilla. One morning they found a half-grown sparrow and made a home for it in the cage with Mrs. Reay's canary.

This lady's light-hearted youthfulness was a novelty to Priscilla, and as she had never played with children, her companion seemed quite like a little girl. But as weeks passed there was a slight change in the child's face which her friend was too happy to notice.

Her features wore an anxious look, and the soft brown eyes sometimes wandered toward the hill behind which Miranda's cottage nestled.

One evening, after the good-nights had been said, she startled Mrs. Reay by suddenly appearing in the parlor again. She wore the old sunbonnet, though it looked incongruous above a dainty new dress. Priscilla peered at her shyly from beneath its brim. To the simple child her friend had never seemed more beautiful than then, as she sat in the soft light of the lamp, her silk dress shimmering in its glow.

"Mis' Reay," said Priscilla, "I think I'm a-goin' back to Aunt Mirandy."

There was a moment of silence, then Mrs. Reay answered, kindly, though her eyes were bright with tears, "Make your own choice, Priscilla; it is for you to choose."

The child moved herself uneasily, "I seem to miss Aunt Mirandy," she said, and looked at Mrs. Reay wistfully.

The woman rose and gazed down at her, smiling.

"To-morrow morning you shall go," she said, gently, and there was a cadence in her voice that was pathetic.

The following day, after she had gone, Mrs. Reay stood by the window thoughtfully. She missed Priscilla even then, for there were many evidences of her childish presence; almost within her reach, hung the gilded cage where they had tended the little sparrow. Presently she went over and looked into it. Her canary was chirping blithely, but near him, on the floor of the cage lay the poor sparrow—dead. She took it out and held the soft little thing caressingly, while she thought of Priscilla.

"She did not belong here," she murmured, "it would have been wrong to have kept her." She loved Priscilla, but her own child was forever silent in the daisy-flecked graveyard; she had never forgotten that.

Once more Priscilla went up the little garden-path, between the marigolds that nodded when she passed, between the hollyhocks and stately tiger-lilies. The cottage door was closed, but she pushed it open, and went in. Beyond another door the sun was sifted through the vine-wreathed windows of a room.

Miranda sat there, the same grim Miranda—shelling peas! To be sure they were scattered widely over the floor as Priscilla entered, but Miranda did not seem to care.

“Take me back for always;” the child said, simply. “I’ve come to stay with you.”

Miranda gazed at her stupidly.

“But the grand home,” she murmured, “and all—the pretty things!”

Priscilla shook her head.

“I don’t want them; I don’t belong to them,” she answered, and pressed closer to the woman. But yet Miranda held her back.

“Hev you forgotten the ponies?” she asked, almost breathlessly, “and the—the cups and saucers?”

Priscilla’s eyes grew larger.

“Oh, those!” said she; “they’re mighty fine; but, somehow—I was a-thinkin’ of you, Aunt Mirandy.”

A blue mist lingered over the distant hills; bumblebees were humming a drowsy song to the clover in the meadows, and the morning-glories lifted their bells gladly in the soft light of an early morning’s sunshine. . . . Priscilla had come home.

SPRINGTIME.

BY ELIZA J. STEPHENS.

I heard a sound of music unmeasured float along,
In breezes from the mountain, and in the brooklet’s song,
The merry laugh of childhood, the feathered warbler’s note,
United in an anthem as from one tuneful throat,
And questioning my heart, I said, What voice like this can sing;
Its quickened pulses answered, It is the voice of Spring.

Before me lay the river, its waters silver bright;
Around were grassy meadows, in mellow golden light;
The forest trees were waving their branches high in air,
And beautiful the blossoms that clustered here and there.
I asked whence came this beauty, pervading everything,
And Nature sweetly answered, It is the smile of Spring.

Below me in the valley, beside the silent mill,
Dark evergreens were standing in Winter vesture still;
But when the sunlight touched them, they, too, were passing fair,
For e’en the smallest branches seemed hung with jewels rare;
And very much I wondered what such a change could bring,
Till Fancy quaintly whispered, The gentle tears of Spring.

A PRACTICAL SUGGESTION.

BY ELLA W. ORMSBY.

[*The School.*]

THERE is an educational work in out-of-the-way towns needing to be done almost as much as even the maintaining of the common school.

There are country children who attend school twenty-four weeks in a year, read from dry worn-out reading books, and have parents at home with minds perfectly barren except for thought about getting a living. These children spend the lonely, quiet evenings, which might be made so full of glad opportunity, in perfect idleness and apathy, their only pleasure being in the gratification of appetite. There is just one reason why these must grow into carnally minded, ignorant, narrow men and women. No one furnishes them with reading at home.

There are books and papers which every child likes to read and ought above everything to read. The whole future life of people depends on their reading, and there is no reason why the State should not furnish juvenile libraries in every town. Indeed there is every reason why it should do so. It is not half enough to teach the mechanical part of reading and then leave it to chance to develop or not to develop a taste for it.

Until the State gets ready to do this the old-fashioned Sunday-school should see its opportunity and cease to furnish distinctively pious books about "The history of the origin and progress of Camp Meetings," "Lives of the three Mrs. Judsons," and "Little Mary."

Why not give the children bright-covered, illustrated books which entertain while they teach facts of the great world as well as morality and religion?

Individuals may do much in this way. Associating with a child, ask him if he likes to read. Perhaps it has never occurred to him that it would be well for him if he did. Perhaps his older acquaintances consider it a shiftless way of spending idle hours.

"If you will read, you may grow up intelligent instead of stupid and ignorant."

I have known that one sentence open the eyes of a boy and make him a student.

If he would read, but has nothing fit to read, send him a paper adapted to his understanding.

It is a great thing to thus change the whole future life of a child.

There is poetry-making, and preaching and church-work for the benefit of those already wise which might profitably be neglected for this work, than which I can see no greater.

THE DYING DAY.

BY BERTHA HIRSCH.

[*The Record.*]

Around me all is calm and still,
The whole world seems at peace;
Strange visions come and go, until
The falling shadows cease.

Oh, day! once beautiful and bright,
Made perfect by the sun's clear rays,
Thou diest for the night,
The stars, the moon's clear silvery phase.

Ah, though thy life wast brief,
What wondrous things did'st bring!
Both life and death, joy and grief,
Some mourn thy loss, some praises sing.

A MOTHER'S DUTY IN MENTAL CHILD TRAINING.

BY JESSICA WOLCOTT ALLEN.

[*Mothers' Nursery Guide.*]

MANY mothers who are intelligent and progressive in spirit lack opportunity for studying the kindergarten methods, and they cannot send their children to any school of this kind. Those who are so situated read with dismay statements asserting that "it takes a thorough course of training, under competent instructors, to make an acceptable kindergarten teacher," and "this method cannot be picked up, for it is an art and a science to be studied." So these mothers say, "How are my children to receive the advantages of these new ideas?"

It is hoped that this article may answer some of these questioners, as the thoughts have the mother who writes it, aiming to give some of the fundamental ideas of Froebel's teachings, but not of kindergarten work. Any mother who can receive and appreciate the *spirit* of his teaching will be able to do all that is needful for her little ones, and she will be inspired to do better for them than any ordinary kindergarten teacher would do.

The little children most generally deprived of this kind of instruction are, fortunately, those least in need of its advantages. Children in the wealthier families are usually given into the charge of nurse girls, whose brains might about as well be constructed out of sawdust, so far as their capabilities generally fit them for the great work entrusted to them. These children play with meaningless toys, are led out to walk, and treated like so many machines which are run in a thoroughly orderly manner. Poor things, to them a kindergarten is indeed a "garden," a little paradise of Eden.

The circumstances under which the children of the poor are brought up do not tend to stunt their growth, as is the case with those of the wealthy, but their mental and moral growth is in the wrong direction, hence there is a great need of better training.

But when we look at the middle classes, who are not so generally favored with the kindergarten, we see that their children are quite differently situated. They are brought up "under the mother's wing," her eyes are loving and watchful, and she is an ever-willing and present guide. She does not weary of their thousand daily

questions, nor does she refuse to "show them how" things are done. They are not confined to a prison called a nursery, but, being left to amuse themselves much of the time, they give themselves considerable "manual training" and form, with an intelligent mother's aid, habits of observation and of independence, which are of the greatest value in life.

Mothers cannot be too careful about forcing the little child's brain. There is much sin committed in the form of what appears to be harmless. A common mistake is in reading to children a good class of literature, but of a nature which they ought not to be expected to comprehend at an early age, even if, as the fond parents assure us, "they understand every word." One who has observed children can never be pleased with a precocious child. There are few things more saddening. The little girl Mrs. Burnett pictured for us in "Editha's Burglar" is a child that wrings tears from the very soul of a true mother and child-lover. We want sweet and simple little children, but not frail angels and philosophers, nor pigmy men and women. There are only enough exceptions to prove the rule, that precocious children do not develop into great or brilliant men and women.

Let books alone when the children are around, and *talk* to them, giving them the "book knowledge" second-hand in your own simple language. Teach them the obedience of love, patience, self-sacrifice and its beauty, as soon as they begin to understand anything. Begin as soon as they can see things to show them whatever is lovely and good. Put enthusiasm into their little souls, for it is so much needed in this rushing, worrying, weary old world. Lay open before them the book of nature, and explain its pictures—for there are none finer—and its wonderful letterings.

Do not be too precise with the tender creatures. Precision has taken all spontaneity out of far too many children, and made them grow up men and women with wavering minds that are blown hither and thither by others' opinions, because their own wills cannot act spontaneously. The management of some parents reminds one of the unmarried female who was so constitutionally opposed to dirt that she took up her geraniums every day and dusted off the roots. The heart-wail of many a thoughtful child, were it expressed, would be, "Let me alone for just a little, only let me alone."

The sunshine in which a child develops is sympathy. Food and clothing and good training, minus an atmosphere of sympathy, may

produce good children, but they are the dissatisfied, hungry-eyed little ones who grow up disagreeable men and women. Especially when accidents happen, should sympathy be forthcoming. This plain justice, that is seldom denied an older person, is often withheld from children.

Agassiz was pronounced "above all else a teacher," and he said: "If you study Nature in books, when you go out of doors you cannot find her." And when asked to write a text-book on zoology, he said: "It is not school-books we want, but *students*. The book of nature is always open, and all that I can do or say shall be to lead young people to study that book, and not pin their faith to any other." Our children are like the plants in our gardens—we cannot make them grow, but we can place them under influences which are conducive to growth, and we must ever bear in mind that each little life needs individual care and treatment.

If the right seed is planted in the young brain, never mind about its developing early—give it room and sunshine and time. The little "dots" who earnestly watched the conjunction of Jupiter and Venus last winter, who lovingly gaze at the stars and watch the moon's phases—they will never cry over an astronomy lesson. Will the boy who cried because he couldn't pick the daisies as fast as they blossomed ever "hate" flowers? A five-year-old girl who discovers "two robins, a woodpecker, a bluebird, and an oriole" in the trees will not grow up to feel lonely when she can know and have about her such sweet companions.

So, in simple ways, can every mother kindle youthful enthusiasm which will prove the foundation in later years for a truly "good education," which will not be "finished" at eighteen, but continued through life, resulting in the "knowing and the thinking mind" which, in a recent number of *The Forum*, President Dwight tells us is the end and purpose of "the higher education."

THE TWO BOATS.

BY ELLEN V. TALBOT.

Two little boats lie side by side,
Out on the rippling, rolling tide,
Together dancing gay and light,
Together breasting billows white ;
So closely floating, scarce between
A wave could toss its crystal sheen.

A little space between the two,
A broader glimpse of rolling blue,
A little rippling of the wave,
A little further space it gave,
A little drifting far apart,
And lost the nearness of the start !

A sudden seeing the expanse
Of waves between that roll and dance,
An eager straining of the oar
To reach the nearness of before ;
And finding that the tide is strong,
A drifting in despair along.

Upon the dim horizon's blue
They vanish to each other's view ;
A little floating on alone,
A little listening to the moan
The ripples make upon the prow,
A sad forsaken feeling now.

It matters less this parted way,
If in the distant harbor they
Shall drop their anchors side by side,
Down in the quiet golden tide ;
This lonely sailing o'er life's sea,
Will make together sweeter be.

A PISTOL SHOT.

BY KATE FOOTE.

[*Century Magazine.*]

A GREAT window opening upon a lawn in front of a country house on a sweet May day, and inside the broad sill a mother stands holding her year-old boy carefully in her arms. In all her movements and looks, in all her play with him, there is a deep watchfulness, a certain pathos of tenderness, more than is usually bestowed even upon blossoms as rosy and handsome as this. It was the time of orioles; and in the wide bends and sweeps of a great apple-tree which overshadowed and occasionally dropped a blossom upon them, the gay bird sat uttering now and then one or two rich, full notes. At every repetition of them the mother bent a tender glance upon the boy, in which there was not any lively expectancy, but a lingering, loving hope—a wistful look from the depths of her soul as if she wished for him some great good. The child paid no attention to the melodious notes, although he was full of fun and reached for the falling petals and laughed when he could not catch the shadows of the leaves; but when the bird flitted from one twig to another he noticed its gay orange sides with an infantine approval of bright colors, and stretched out a hand where four dimples stood for knuckles, with the palm pink like the apple-blossoms themselves. So they played at bo-peep with the bird, and then suddenly the child became silent, looked eagerly out of the window, and an expectant look came upon his face. The mother noted it, and her own earnest expression increased tenfold, and she also assumed a listening attitude. There was the sound of the wind in the tree above them, and the squeals of a cat-bird were heard from a greater distance as if it were in a bad temper and were telling somebody disagreeable truths; but otherwise nothing broke the country stillness of the air. The door behind them opened, and two men entered. One, the father of the boy, advanced with the confidence of affection; but the mother held up her finger and said, “Wait—watch him.”

Both gentlemen stood so that they saw the child's face in profile. His little soul seemed completely absorbed in listening to some distant sound; he did not hear them enter; he paid no heed to

them. So for a period of two or three minutes the mother stood amid unbroken silence; then the child's face gradually lost its attentive look, he turned his head, saw his father, and broke forth into lively manifestations of joy with feet and hands and little inarticulate cries and baby smiles. The father took him, and another little scene began between them, and his face wore the same look of hope that was not expectancy and pathetic longing.

As they played, the other gentleman watched them, after having greeted the mother with the air of an old friend.

"Wait still a moment," said Mrs. Richmond as the doctor offered to take the baby. He paused, and a bagpipe man came down the drive squeaking and droning a martial tune upon his instrument, and a train of boys and girls followed. His pipes were noisy and so were the children, but the baby, held with his back toward the window, paid no attention to the disturbance—did not seem to hear it at all.

"Doctor Laurens," said the mother, "there might be ten bagpipes behind him now and he would not know it."

"But when we came in he seemed to be absorbed in listening to something," said the doctor surprisedly.

"You noticed it, as I hoped you would. What was he doing, doctor? Did he hear the man away off in the street? He did not hear you enter."

"No, he seemed entirely taken up with something far away."

"He has worn that look before when I could hear nothing, though later I have always perceived it, and by that time he would stop listening. It gives me a very strange feeling—as if he could hear things I cannot. I don't know but he is hearing one now. Yet crates of china upset by his cradle or behind him would not disturb him.

"He is going to sleep in the midst of all this confusion," said the doctor.

It was true. The child's eyelids were drooping, his head was bending over upon his father's breast, and in five minutes more the long lashes lay together, and the little, even breathing showed that he was far over in the land of dreams.

It was cruel to awaken him, but the doctor had come from the city to give him an especial examination, and his time was precious.

"We will make his sleep a test of his hearing power," said the doctor. The wild noises they made around the cradle of the sleeping

child would have aroused bears from their wintry naps or dormice from their six months' sleep, but nothing disturbed him. They carried him out into the light and sun, and the bright rays of the golden god tickled his eyelids open and made him sneeze. The doctor then applied various scientific-looking instruments to those little ears, small and pink like shells, though, unlike shells, no sound of sea or land vibrated through their convolutions. The boy, thoroughly awakened, raged nobly at the indignities offered him; his hands were held firmly down, things were poked into his ears, and he was not even allowed to squirm. The doctor finally ceased, and the boy sat up on the floor and screamed out his indignation at those whom he had hitherto deemed his friends, but who had now basely conspired with the doctor against his peace. His mother could not pacify him, nor his father. The nurse was called in, and he accepted her overtures and was carried out to calm down.

"By every test your little Hubert is utterly deaf," said the doctor; "I am sorry to say so," and he held out his hand as if in apology to the father and then to the mother. "It is a terrible blow. We want our children perfect, and I know well how we would invest them—how mothers dream of every good for them before they are born." He paused a moment—he had spoken with the sympathy of the friend that he was—and then added, "You will watch him, I know, Constance," unconsciously calling her as he had known her when a girl, "and you must teach him to talk without hearing you. Your husband will aid you in every way, and the boy must be your especial care. He will learn quickly. He is the most splendid physical specimen I have seen in a long time—with this exception. He will make a noble man, in spite of this drawback."

He again shook hands with them and went away, back to his busy rounds, his classes, his lectures. But he did not forget the baby who seemed to hear and did not.

TEN years later—this is a story of decades—Dr. Laurens stood by one of the high, narrow tables in the medical college where he was professor. The room was clean and lofty, and through the open windows swept a sweet, wholesome breeze. On the wall was blazoned in old English text, "I will give thanks unto thee, for I am fearfully and wonderfully made."

The doctor had finished the practical part of his lecture on the anatomy of the ear, and was ready to begin one of his pleasant talks,

which the students enjoyed especially, because then he lost a certain irritability of manner which he always showed when his skillful knife was in his hand, keenly dividing muscle or ligament. The young fellows said among themselves that it was because he liked theory better than practice.

"Take out your note-books, gentlemen," his face becoming genial and mellow, and his voice sympathizing with the change.

"I was called—" and he related his visit to the country on that May morning long ago, and then went on :

"YESTERDAY I went to see the boy again. How he had grown in the interval, and what a hearty, manly fellow he was, thanks to his mother's fine training ! He came up and shook hands with me. I forgot that there was any trouble, and spoke to him as I would to any one. Then I saw the difference, as he answered me ; I saw the difficulty—the old difficulty. His language was correct, his eyes sparkled, his face was full of expression. His *voice* was absolutely without emphasis or expression. The words flowed along smoothly, clearly, but with no change to higher or lower pitch ; even and cold, the monotone would have made me sleepy in five minutes if he had been telling his career as a pirate.

"His mother was watching us all the time, and I felt that she was reading my face ; I felt, too, that the boy saw a change in my expression, but went on as if he were used to that sort of thing and had learned not to heed it.

"I regained my presence of mind, however, instantly, and praised Mrs. Richmond for having taught the boy so well. I spoke of his personal beauty, his intelligence, and she listened as parents do, knowing that under it all I had discovered his secret. When I stopped, she said, "Yes, doctor, he is supposed to be a deaf-mute, and yet—there is no change in him—I have watched and waited—and yet—" Then she stopped so long that I got out of patience. She saw my impatience, and said, 'Will you examine him again ?'

"I did so at once. The speculum threw its light as far as it could into the little dark passage of the outer ear, but threw no light upon anything imperfect or strange. The difficulty was farther in. By every test I brought to bear upon the boy, he was utterly deaf. There was nothing for me to add to the opinion I had given ten years before. As I finished, his mother said abruptly, 'Let us go for a walk.'

"The boy was, of course, delighted. I acquiesced ; there was an hour to spare before my train should take me back. We went out, Hubert calling his dog, a splendid hound of a rather rare breed. We went through the garden and then began climbing one of a range of crooked and rocky hills that stretched along back of the house. We were rambling along peacefully enough when Hubert suddenly exclaimed, 'Mother, mother, there is trouble—somewhere—over there—I am going'; and calling the dog, they both bounded up the hill, the dog gamboling about and only following because the boy led, not as if he heard something himself. We stopped a moment, but heard nothing, and then followed him at a slower pace. We scrambled on two or three minutes, then the dog pricked up his ears, began to bark, and rushed ahead with the eagerness of an animal who hears or smells his prey. A moment later we caught up with Hubert ; the dog was out of sight, and he was looking excited and flushed and also puzzled and lost.

"'Where is it?' said he to me. 'It has gone.' I stopped to answer him, and then I myself heard a noise—a sharp, pained snarl as if some animal were in distress.

"'Follow the sound—and the dog,' said I, forgetting that he could not ; but he was quick to take the last half of my sentence, and we rushed on, the sounds growing more and more distinct ; but now Hubert followed us. We ran fast, but Fleet was faster ; there were sounds of a struggle, with half-smothered barkings and squealings, and we arrived at the spot just as the hound was giving the last shake to a young fox caught by the leg in a steel trap. Hubert threw himself upon the dog to save the fox if he could, but Fleet had been too quick, and the boy bent over the little torn heap of fur with his eyes full of tears and cried out, 'Fleet is cruel, mamma—do not let him come near you—do not pet him.'

"Ordinarily I should have been pleased to see this feeling of kindness toward an injured thing, but now I was too much struck by the chain of incidents I had seen to do much but take hold of his hand to show my sympathy. *He* had heard the cries of the tortured animal first, *then* the dog had heard—lastly I. It gave me a very curious feeling. I questioned him, my face probably showing some excitement, for he watched me very closely as I spoke.

"'How did you know that the fox was in trouble?'

"He gave me a look fully as puzzled as my own could have been, and said, 'How did Fleet know?'

“‘By his ears,’ I answered; ‘his ears told him.’

“‘I knew it here—and here.’ He laid his hands upon his breast and then on his throat under the chin.

“‘Tell me what it is like. Have you always heard in this way?’

“‘Yes, when I was very little, and now.’

“‘Tell me exactly what it is like; how does it feel?’ I said, pressing him a little to see if I could not make him explain more fully. His face quivered, his eyes widened and burned as he looked at me struggling to express his meaning. I never felt so strongly before the sensation of two souls trying to meet and yet unable to cross a gulf fixed between them. Then his expression fell to deep sadness, and he said, ‘Your language is not enough—I do not know words to tell what I mean,’ as if he were a foreigner.

“His mother had come up and heard it all. She looked at me, her eyes full of tears. I let the boy’s hand drop in a sort of awe that came over me, and she said:

“‘My own boy—my oldest child—he has always seemed more a part of me than any of the others, and yet we live estranged in this way.’

“I must confess there was a misty feeling about my own eyes. It was—there was something weird about it. That boy, shut up alone, living apparently in the calmness of a land disturbed by no voices or sounds, and yet conscious in some dim way of certain notes of joy or sorrow, learning to speak a language he could not hear, to the words of which he could give no emphasis or accent, and which failed to express the feelings of that far region of silence in which he lived.

“‘There is more here than I thought,’ said I. ‘You have watched him all these years; what are your facts?’

“‘Just the sort of thing you have now seen for the second time,’ said she. ‘He has acted at times, ever since he was a little baby, like a person who hears distant sounds. It puzzled me, because I could hear nothing until after he had ceased to hear it. But I noted the facts, and presently I observed that I always did hear something later, and that it was usually high notes—a band or the shriek of an engine—always something high and not unmusical. Yet no sound in the room or in the house ever penetrated his ears. Doctor, does it mean that some day he will hear—like other people?’

“She was only asking one of those impossible questions which

people are always putting to our profession. I did not answer; I came away. But I think of these things."

"HE ought to be thoroughly studied and then dissected," said one of the students.

The proposition was received with professional coolness.

"The trouble is," said the doctor, "that there is something which would be lost by his dying. Does he really hear? There may be some partial life in those mysterious parts of the inner ear, which dimly stirs when sharp, loud sounds of pain or sorrow disturb the air. There may be faint quiverings and stirrings of those Corti rods, that we know so little about with all our dissections. But the thing goes beyond a mere physiological explanation. Who can tell the point where the soul and the body blend? At the place where mind and matter meet, we clumsy fellows with lancets and scalpels take off our hats and stand back. I have a theory—but this is all to-day. Probably Hubert Richmond will outlive me, but I hope some of you will be enough interested in him to take up the torch when it falls from my hands. Good-morning, gentlemen. Next Thursday, at three, as usual." And, gathering up his notes and instruments, the doctor hastily departed.

HUBERT RICHMOND accomplished the first two decades of his life in the usual manner. He grew up. His fine tall figure kept the promise his early physique had given. His face, with regular features, glowed with life and health and expression, but always back of that lay a calm, sweet look, like that some babies have before the ills of life overtake them. He was like his kind—with a difference. Some people noticed this at once, others saw it first when he spoke, but all admitted that he was not quite like everybody else. The fine training his mother gave him overshadowed his infirmity so much that few guessed his deafness as the cause of his singularity. His earnest eyes read the faces as well as the lips of those with whom he talked. He was ready with his answers sometimes before the mouth had shaped the words. He seemed to all appearances as well equipped for the struggle of life as ordinary people who live in the roar and noise of business, and upon whose ears fall every day the myriad sounds of the turmoil of life. He graduated in the scientific department of a university near his home, and devoted himself so closely to the study of astronomy that his enthusiasm marked him among his

fellow-students; and at the end of the course Professor Bayne, who had observed his energy, and who had charge of the observatory, asked him to become his assistant. Hubert accepted the offer and remained with him four years.

In the darkness of their tower at night, where they kept watch over other worlds, Hubert's lack of hearing might have been a serious inconvenience. But he had a resource.

Mr. Morse did more than he knew when he invented an alphabet of dots and dashes. With electric aid he carried intelligence to people in widely separated regions. The deaf-mutes have adopted that alphabet with their finger-tips, and wherever they can touch each other with the hand, they carry thought over the unbridgeable, unwirable distance that lies between the deaf-mute and those who can hear. Hubert and the professor learned this telegraphy of touches, and words became unnecessary between them. Those long, fruitful midnight silences Professor Bayne came to regard with a little touch of awe and much pleasure. It was a sort of still-hunt, and they bagged many a stray planet—or at least watched them doing very extraordinary things. The silence between the professor and Hubert was like that of the vast depths into which they swung when at the telescope, and Hubert seemed more and more a fitting companion.

At the beginning of the summer vacation, when Hubert was entering his twenty-fifth year, the Government invited Professor Bayne to experiment with a set of fog-whistles which were intended to be put up at Tennant Point near the light-house, whose light alone was not sufficient to pilot mariners around its stormy, ever-changing shoals.

The professor asked Hubert to accompany him.

"You will only want a thick coat and a change or two of clothes in a bag." Hubert accepted with almost boyish delight, and they proceeded the next day by rail to a little salt-flavored, self-respecting town on the seashore, whose West India trade had departed to a neighboring city, and where old sea-captains lived, but no new ones grew up. Here a strong, sloop-rigged pilot-boat met them with a crew and a pilot. They started late in the afternoon, expecting to reach the lighthouse by midnight.

The sun set in a sharp, brilliantly clear atmosphere, with very little softening due to roseate mists or gorgeous clouds.

"A strictly American sunset," said the professor. "A business affair, of the earth turning its back upon the sun for the purpose of

giving us coolness and shade ; no nonsense of purple mists or clouds of many hues, such as you would see on the hills of effete monarchies in the Old World, but a plain transaction of a necessary matter in a manner suitable for a republic."

Hubert laughed, and brought out an abundant luncheon which he had the forethought to provide.

"How fortunate that it is such a business-like affair, and therefore it is not sacrilege to eat supper by its light." He handed a generous half of his lunch to the crew, causing them to change an opinion they had secretly and promptly formed of him.

"Blest if he ain't a good provider," whispered the pilot to the man next him. "I says to myself as soon as I saw him, here's a high-lookin' feller—loftier 'n the full moon."

"You wasn't wrong there," said the other ; "he's got a mortal high-lookin' face, but the' ain't no east wind in it ; 'tain't sour."

"It's myrackelus he thought of anything to eat—I'll say that for him. Young fellers is apt to forget the grub till it comes to eatin' time."

The others agreed with him, but each held a politely reserved opinion that there was "something queer" about the young man, though they did not know what. The blue-black luminous darkness began to close around them, and Hubert cast his eyes heavenward.

"It will be a good meteor night, professor."

"It is the 11th of August—I remember now."

"The sky will be full of star-dust," said Hubert, "there—and there ! It is hardly dark enough yet, but they are coming."

The darkness crept on, deepened, and then began the fireworks of the skies. The little planet might have been sailing through an aerial Fourth of July. There were hundreds of falling meteors, of which one or two may be seen almost any night, but there were also globes of fire with trailing lines of sparks which slid along horizontally, visible for a minute at a time before they perished miserably by exploding or seeming to do so ; their last agonies so evident that the beholder felt that they must be audible, at least in Nature's ear.

Out on the water as they were, they had a magnificent sweep of unbroken sky, and the men and the professor watched and looked and broke forth into enthusiastic exclamations.

Hubert seemed always to know when especially brilliant ones were coming, and half a dozen times told them in which direction to look, till the professor said :

"Can you see them so much farther than we?"

"I hear them," said the young man. "Those little meteors are the only really disagreeable things in the sky. They come with a swift rush nearer and nearer, and then they crash, and the pieces drop, drop in all directions."

The professor had been using the telegraphic dots and dashes upon Hubert's arm ; to hear this cold, smooth, monotonous voice uttering such things in reply through the darkness gave him a strange sensation, and renewed an unpleasant impression he remembered having of Hubert at the very outset of his college career, but which he had long since forgotten in the warm affection of later growth. He endeavored to conquer this resurrection of an old sensation, but he gladly saw the stiffening breeze was fast bringing them near the Point, whose light they had seen for an hour flashing and dying over the water like a terrestrial meteor.

It was after midnight when they landed, and the pilot apologized for being so long.

"It's a dreadful uncertain channel. They shift some with every tide, and after there's been a blow, the' ain't no livin' man as would know how to git in, or how to go by them shoals, till he's sounded, as careful as Christopher Columbus comin' here for the first time."

Tennant Point was evidently a spot which needed a great deal of attention.

The lighthouse-keeper met them at the wharf. Being for the time officers of the Government, they were to have rooms in the keeper's house, but were to take their meals at a little boarding-house near by.

At the early breakfast the next morning, in a rough cabin whose side walls opened like hatches and swinging up showed a magnificent sweep of blue sea and sky and the buff sands of the shore, Hubert met a young lady, who with her father was staying at the Point. The father was slender and nervous, with light, thin hair, blue eyes, and a look of ill health. He was about forty-five, and had faded, as some women do, in many fine wrinkles, but with none of the strong lines which give character to a face and redeem it as it grows old. He was a lawyer and had a capacity for reading character at a glance often found in the profession, and he was also affected by the strong points of those with whom he came in contact in a way that was almost ultra-womanish. He was irritable in the morning from the state of his nerves, and was almost unbearable till noon, except by those who knew his weakness and pardoned it. He saw in the first

glance at Hubert that there was something strange about him, and in the second discovered what it was, and promptly disliked him for it, moved thereto by the same feeling which makes the healthy herd of animals shun the wounded ones, or else by the instinctive dislike which some parents have to the young man who may become a suitor to a pretty daughter. He was, however, polite naturally, and the limitations of the table service compelled strangers to fraternize over the butter-plate and to pass cups of coffee, and an acquaintance began through these social exigencies.

The daughter, Helena Moore, was not in the least like her father. Every line of her figure, every movement, told of vigorous health. Her hair was the darkest brown that is not black, curling, and thick; her eyes of blue-gray were soft, and so clear that in certain positions the light could be seen shining across the eye behind the pupil; the nose had a little aquiline curve which gave it strength; and the skin was brown and smooth with a tinge of rose in the cheeks—the crowning touch of health and sweetness and bloom.

“Yes, we are having an amphibious time,” said the young lady in reply to some question of Hubert’s; “I am learning to swim and not to mind salt water in my hair, or sand in my boots, or a state of feet which would make my grandmother say, ‘My dear, you will catch your death of cold.’”

“You are in training to become a mermaid,” said Hubert. She smiled, and her father said in coldly polite tones, “You are here, I believe, on a scientific expedition?”

“Yes,” said the professor, the remark having been scattered equally over them both; “we shall go out to-day on the steamer and try the horn and that siren screamer, whose sweet voice will be a warning to all who hear her.”

“We go for a long sail,” said Miss Moore, “and I am to learn how to tack and reef.”

“Are you really trying to learn to manage a boat?” said Hubert. “I suppose, though, it should form part of a mermaid’s education. Can you sing too?”

“Oh, yes; I have a soprano voice—best in the high notes. I presume I could overtop your siren.”

“Do you know what is the matter with that young man?” said Mr. Moore, a few minutes later, as they were alone on their way to the wharf. His voice was that of a double-edged sword, but the

girl was used to that in the morning ; she looked surprised at the words, not the tone.

"Is anything the matter ? I saw nothing wrong. He has a fine figure and a handsome face."

"Certainly there is something the matter. He is as deaf as—this post," and he touched one of the big posts, gray and ponderous, with a fathom or two of rope coiled around it. "He did not hear a word you said. Probably he never has heard a sound since he was born."

The tone now had a brutal exultation in it, as if he were glad to point out some grievous defect in that splendid physique that contrasted so with his own.

"He had a proud look, as if he were on some higher pinnacle than the rest of us. He looked about half human, and his voice was wholly inhuman. You must have noticed that."

"He seemed to me unusually high-bred in his looks and manners ; his voice was a little peculiar, I remember ; I am sorry he is so afflicted."

Her face took a pained, sympathetic expression, which her father did not at all like ; he had not intended to overshoot the mark. He wagged his head irritably ; he was obliged to let off his unspent temper in some way. "Come, come, there's the boat ; let's get aboard. The boat has been waiting a long time."

A small steamer, a worn-out relic of the war, whose boilers the inspectors still insisted would not explode, had been detailed for the work, and the professor on the very first expedition began to see that the difficulties were greater than he had anticipated. Their object was to find out which of two or three kinds of fog-whistles and trumpets conveyed sounds the farthest. To this end they steamed out every day to greater or less distances, and at pre-arranged moments they were set off.

The professor asked Mr. and Miss Moore to accompany them after a day or two, and they went. With the elder people the day was not a success. The two younger ones enjoyed it. Hubert had little to do but sympathize with the professor at the ill success of the attempt and devote himself to the guests.

The whistles were a dead failure ; they had been before. The air was very still, yet not a sound could be heard. It was very hot, with a slight haze in the air which the sun shone through with a dazzling shimmer infinitely more unpleasant to the eyes than the

glare of an ordinary clear day. Mr. Moore retired to the cabin very soon ; colored spectacles, a broad-brimmed hat, and a morocco shade like a small awning could not protect his weak eyes. The conduct of the whistles seemed a most unreasonable proceeding. The professor tied himself into a hard knot mentally over his observations, and expressed it physically by sitting on a camp-stool on the open deck with the thermometer marking ninety in the shade. Miss Moore went quietly behind him and held her umbrella so as to overshadow him. The professor manifested an unconscious appreciation, by taking an easier attitude, and then a less anxious look. Next he became aware of the friendly mediation ; but she would not let him move.

“ If you are comfortable, pray sit still and let me think I am of some use in these scientific proceedings—or that my umbrella is.”

The gentleman gracefully yielded, and took her as well as Hubert into his scientific confidence.

“ Theoretically this was to have been a very easy thing,” said he ; “ the wind or the air was to bring us the sounds, and we were to notice how far out we had to go before we lost them. Practically we shall have to sit at the mouth of the siren to hear her remarks about shoals and sands.”

“ Doesn’t the wind carry sounds ? ” said Miss Moore.

“ Apparently not in these regions. Yesterday the wind was from the land toward us, and not a note did we hear of all the howling that you said at supper had been terrific.”

“ Very unreasonable—on this coast, too, where such wild winds blow and where they play such pranks ! ”

“ Women have imagination ; let yours pierce the distance between us and the shore ; tell us what it is in this invisible, impermeable air that shuts off the sounds of those great whistles as if it were a wall.”

“ Reason and previous events are not of any use in this case ? ”

“ Not the slightest. There are only space and the facts to go upon. This is a moment for a scientific imagination.”

Miss Moore looked about her with a smile,—caught Hubert’s glance in which he had allowed much adoration to appear, trusting to her absorption with the professor,—colored a little at its fervor, and then said, “ I know it is this odd little fog—this haziness. It breaks up sound just as ground glass breaks light. Each little particle of fog gets a bit of sound and holds it.”

"It must be an ear-fog," said the professor, smiling indulgently ; "it is scarcely visible to the eye."

"You must put it down among your notes, or I shall be hurt—the latitude and longitude, and then the profound observation—a ground-glass atmosphere and an ear-fog—could not hear a sound."

The professor did this with the utmost solemnity, and then, relinquishing his books and his looks, showed a capacity for matronizing a party of young persons, consisting of two, by plunging into a technical conversation with the captain upon the merits of fish as a diet. Mr. Moore did not think well of his matronly powers when he crept on deck an hour later and brought his glasses and his awning to bear upon the scene. Hubert and Helena had made great progress toward friendship, and the steamer was yet far from land.

The trip, in its scientific failure, was like many others that they had during the next week. With a quiet sea and scarcely any wind, they could not catch a sound even of the largest whistle that at other times could be heard for miles. Sometimes they could hear its eldritch screeching perfectly, when they were far to windward and it seemed as if no sound could possibly be heard against such a wind as was blowing. Or they would be inshore and hear nothing, and on going a mile or two farther out would hear them perfectly. The professor in a sort of desperation took his notes every day, saying, "After we have had contradictory things enough, we shall begin to see the law that governs them."

After a week of these acoustic inconsistencies, they started on a day in which everything seemed to promise success. The sky was clear, the sun bright and hot, a gentle breeze blew from the shore toward them—a "lady's wind," sailors would call it. The boat steamed out for two or three miles and then lay to. At the concerted moment every ear was pricked up, but nobody caught a sound ; they listened till long past the time appointed—it was unbelievable. But there was only the lap of little waves upon the steamer's quarter, and a rippling in the water a few yards off, where two strong currents met.

The sailors and the captain, as much interested as the professor, broke out in astonished exclamations.

"Professor, I have always noticed one thing was queer hereabouts," said the captain, "and that is, whenever I was beating up

toward the Point in a snow-storm,—for you know that's about as bad as fog for sailors,—that with the wind comin' dead east I could hear the bells ringin' in Shelbyville, and that is due west. Dunno' but 'twas 'lectricity, but that's the fact."

The professor listened and recorded with a look of impatient patience and of stern resolve that there was no fact, however small, but should have its chance.

Hubert, full of sympathy, made a movement to speak now. The professor turned upon him a little shortly, as if he almost expected him to say he had heard. Hubert hesitated a little, but not from suspicion of the real thought in the mind of his friend.

"I think Miss Moore ——"

"Oh!" The professor's lips shaped the exclamation without any sound, and the ghost of a smile quivered at the corners of his mouth.

Hubert saw the word and the look, but went bravely on.

"Miss Moore had hold of the right idea, although she had not training enough in such matters to follow it out. I think the atmosphere must be homogeneous to convey sound. You know at a certain waterfall in South America the sound is heard better in the daytime than at night. They accounted for it by the sun-heated rocks of the plain sending up columns of invisible steam as they cooled off at night. Acoustic transparency, I should call it, is necessary to convey sound—not merely optic transparency."

There was meat in this idea, and the professor chewed it. That "odd little fog"—could it have made all the trouble? Could there be an acoustic fog?

The steamer kept on her course, and presently they overhauled a little boat dancing gayly along over the water. It was Miss Moore with her father. They exchanged handkerchief-signals of greeting. The professor, rousing from his reverie, shouted an invitation to come on board and dine. He could not be heard, for the wind was rising, neither could they catch Mr. Moore's attempt at an answer; but Miss Helena called in clear notes with her hand to her mouth, sailor fashion, a merry challenge to race with them on the wind, and then they sailed on.

"Are they going farther out still in that little boat?" said Hubert to the skipper, with an uneasy look at the sky. The captain gave him a look of approval.

"You've got a pretty good weather-eye, if 'you be a landsman. They ought to be puttin' toward shore soon. We're goin' to have a regular Tennant Point blow. That kind of sky means mischief,"

He pointed to the quarter from which the wind was blowing. Against the blue which had been so clear, small white clouds, like feathers from the breasts of swans, were whirling up, and the sun began to have a look of shining through a haze, although it was still bright and hot.

"Them feathers, the sailors say, blows ahead of the storm—stripped off'n old Mother Carey's chickens, I guess."

From canoe to brig, anything built to sail is full of sensitiveness to breath of wind or sway of wave; it makes them the things of life they always seem. Hubert looked at the little craft now about a mile from them. The wind tugged at the sail in a warning way, and it responded with thrills and shakes to which the careless boatman paid no attention.

The professor still sat below in the cabin, with his brow in a tangle over his notes, and the steamer kept on her way.

The captain grew more and more uneasy, and said to Hubert, "The professor hain't got his weather-eye so open as you. We're a-gettin' out to sea all the while, and that blow is comin'; them signs never failed yet. We ought to go about! It's a-brewin' over there."

Hubert's heart sank at the thought. Leave that little sail! He did not take the hint. Now the whirling feathers, white and playful, changed to dark, driving, snake-like wreaths; the sun vanished, and opposite him in the east a long, level black cloud rose, looming up faster and faster. The wind came with it, the haze thickened, and black waves with white crests began to curl on the weather side.

The captain spoke again: "If you don't want to say anything to the professor, I must. This craft can't live in no such wind as we'll have in ten minutes more."

"Must we turn back? Do you really think it worth while?" said Hubert desperately, trying to make him talk and so detain him. But the man of wind and weather had not lived all his life on a stormy coast to let the threads of a polite conversation entangle him.

He did not answer, but went abruptly to the cabin skylight thrown back to admit air, and bawled down, "Professor, will you give me orders to go about? The's a dust gittin' up to wind'ard, and we don't want to be in it."

"Certainly, certainly," replied the professor in a polite tone, and obviously without the slightest knowledge that there was any cause for uneasiness. The captain gave a grim little smile at the courteous tones, and muttered to Hubert, "You land-fellows don't know

much about actooal sea and sky, even when you're tryin' to help sailors and puzzlin' your heads off about sound-meejums."

Hubert watched with anguished eyes as the vessel turned about and headed for the shore. The haze was closing in fast around the little boat; she was struggling gallantly on under a rag of sail, enough to keep her trim, and rose over the waves like a wild duck breasting the rollers; but how long could she do so in the wilder struggle that was coming! Could it be that the captain thought there was no danger except for themselves, that he turned so coolly and left her there?

The professor came up and stood by Hubert's side, holding on to a rope, his spectacles dimmed with the spray flying from the whitecaps that foamed in their lee.

"Is that a fisher-boat?" said he, noticing the faint white spot of sail yet to be seen through the thickening mist.

"That is Mr. Moore and his daughter with an unskilled boatman."

The cold, monotonous voice was Hubert's usual tone, but he stepped forward as he spoke and the professor saw his face. He had never seen its high calm disturbed before; now it was distorted with an agonized gaze that would fain penetrate that heavy mist and could not.

Suddenly filled with a sense of the impending danger, the professor made his way to the captain over the wet deck, which at one moment rose like a hill so that he climbed, and the next was the side of a slippery descent so that he had much ado not to be carried into the scuppers.

"Will that boat live through the gale?" he panted in the ear of the captain.

"She may." He cleared his throat. "I've heard tell of boats like her weathering a blow like this; I never see one. They come ashore stove in."

"And the people in the boat?"

"They come mostly as bodies, when the under-tow lets them come at all," replied the man of the sea.

At this moment they heard Hubert's voice call in its level tones through the roar of the wind and the waves; it seemed to pierce, and not override:

"Professor Bayne, order the captain to go about and find that little boat."

The passionless tones were effective where angry or excited ones would have seemed impertinent from a young man to two superior officers. The necessary command clove the air from the captain's mouth before the professor had time to even look the assent he felt. The skipper spit a mighty torrent of tobacco to leeward and chuckled :

" I thought I should not have much trouble with him ; and the young fellow has had his feelin's ever since the boat hove in sight."

The steamer with her change of course began to roll and pitch furiously like the old tub she was, and everybody got a thorough wetting ; but she made progress, though too slowly for the anxiety of those on board. The mist closed down, a blinding veil, and they could only guess where the little boat might be from the way she was heading when last seen. So for half an hour they cruised about, the frail little steamer meeting the force of the waves that shook her as if they would crush her, and poured hills of green water over her struggling bows.

A look of doubt came over the face of the captain, reflected in that of the professor. The latter turned to Hubert, who had suddenly taken an expression that was not joy nor yet despair.

" Can you make out where they are, Hubert ?"

" Will the captain believe me ?"

The captain heard the question and cast him a scornful glance.

" I reckon you aint a-goin' to lie about her just now."

" I heard the voice of Miss Moore a moment ago from that direction," and he pointed to leeward.

" Port ! port hard—steady, now." The spokes whirled hard at first, as if she knew what she must face and dreaded it ; then more quickly as she answered the demand of her helm. The movement brought her fully into the force of the sea, and she quivered and groaned at the stress brought upon her ; but she bore it, and in a moment more they sighted the boat on its side, drifting, the mast and sail serving to keep her afloat. Tangled in with the ropes and the fragment of her jib, they saw three heads.

" With a will now, men !" roared the captain, " and—somebody hold that youngster," he added, jumping forward himself to catch Hubert.

" She'll last," he cried, as Hubert turned a white face and blazing eyes upon him, and gave a wrench at his captor's arms that tried even those weather-seasoned muscles.

"That girl is game. She'll be aboard in a minute; and job enough, without your jumpin' over to be hauled in too."

Hubert saw his meaning, gave up the intention, and flew among the men, helping coolly, but with the energy of a madman.

A rope with a running bowline whirled from the vessel's deck and fell, well thrown, with its loop lying open close at the side of Miss Moore. She was as game as the captain prophesied; with that wild sea tearing at her and breaking over her, she contrived to slip the rope over her head and under her arms.

"Steady, now—slowly—no jerk at first."

It was again Hubert's smooth, quiet tones piercing the tumult and usurping the captain's privilege. The latter heeded it not. The caution was what the men needed, no matter from whom it came, to avert a very real danger—that the first strong pull might do her some bodily injury. She rose slowly and then faster, the waves reaching for her and rushing after her to the moment when the captain caught her in his arms and set her down, shivering, dripping, but unhurt, on the deck. The professor unloosed the rope, and Hubert, who had vanished with lightning speed, reappeared, bearing all the overcoats of the party; she was swathed in them and taken below. Mr. Moore and the boatman were both brought aboard in the same way, and then a new danger pressed upon them.

A man came up and reported to the captain, "We are leaking badly, sir."

"I s'pose so by this time. Tell 'em to pile on coal and keep up the fires; she must not lose her headway."

Ten minutes more, and it was again reported, "Water's gainin', sir."

There also arose a loud, thumping noise from below, as of heavy bodies pounding the vessel's sides. It had an ominous sound; the captain's face became more anxious, and he went to his cabin and came out again, buttoning his coat tightly across his breast. Beckoning to Hubert, he drew him aside and said in a whisper, "I may want you in a few minutes. Follow me. Stand by to catch a pistol if I heave it to you, and back me up in whatever I do."

He moved toward the companionway which led down to the engine-room, and stood in a quiet attitude glancing once over his shoulder to see if Hubert were near. They stood there several minutes in the steady roar of the wind and thunder of the waves, which yet did not drown those heavy, thumping sounds.

Then there was a burst of excited, frightened voices from the fire-room. The captain turned, and in two strides was half-way down the ladder, Hubert following closely. The firemen and engineer came rushing toward them.

"We're sinking! the boats, the boats!"

The wild energy of men running for their lives was in their faces, and in their panic they had lost all self-command.

"Stop!" roared the captain. They did not heed, but pressed on. "Stop!" he cried once more, and they began to feel the voice of command, and instinctively paused, huddled around the foot of the ladder, but desperate, and only held for a moment by his tones. As they paused, the hiss of water upon fire could be heard, and then the knocking rose again, louder, more furious than before. The heavy plates of iron which paved the engine-room were loosened from their bolts by the rocking of the vessel, and they clashed and ground together with every plunge the steamer gave. The sounds roused the men again, and in another second they would have swarmed over him up the ladder.

"Not a step farther!" and this time a pistol gleamed in the captain's hand, the hammer lying back on its rest.

"If I miss, the chap behind me takes him," and he handed to Hubert, without turning his head or averting his stern eyes, the other pistol, also cocked. The movement had a persuasive effect.

"The water is comin' in to the fires," called out one of the men.

"I know it. Get back and keep it out."

As he spoke he gestured expressively with the shining barrel.

"It's them plates pitchin' round. They'll break a man's legs."

"Break 'em, then. Not another word. Back to your work."

They went. The authority—the pistol—brought them to their senses, and as they turned the captain sent after them a conciliating word to hearten them up in the desperate alternative.

"It's our only chance; we've no boats that would hold together five minutes in this sea. What's a broken leg to all our lives?"

It showed the sound sense that justified the captain's sternness.

"Our only hope is to get inside the breakwater," said the captain to Hubert as they turned to go up the ladder.

"Yes," said Hubert, in his cold, even tones, no breath of the peril they had just passed through appearing. "I can hear the waves tearing against it on the outside. Inside it is as smooth as a lake."

The captain looked at him a moment and half recoiled, and then said, "I've lost my bearin's a little in this fog. If you *can* hear, how far off are we?"

"I think you would call it two miles."

The captain felt a strong disposition to withdraw from him, but resisted it and kept Hubert with him near the ladder in case of another outbreak.

The steamer meanwhile labored heavily, but still kept her headway, and they began to creep nearer the breakwater.

At last, after endless ages, as it seemed, they gained the inside. Then, with a cheer, the firemen rushed on deck, some of them limping and badly bruised, but nobody seriously hurt; the hatches were fastened down and the sails hoisted.

Then the captain, feeling that he was safe, raised his pistol to let the hammer gently down. As he was doing this, Hubert leaned a little forward to look past him at the danger they had escaped. The captain was not quite careful enough in his manipulations; the hammer went suddenly down and the charge exploded. Hubert gave a wild scream, threw his hands to his head, and fell on the deck. The horrified captain knelt beside the prostrate figure, the professor joined him, and Miss Moore would also have gone forward, but was restrained by her father.

"It's no place for a woman," said he severely.

They tried all the usual means of restoration, but in vain, and the captain began to tremble a little, and raised appealing eyes to the professor.

"He ain't a coward to think he's shot when he ain't. He knew quick as lightning what he'd got to do with the men if I failed. His head was close to the butt of the pistol, but not to the barrel. Professor, what is to be done?"

The poor professor could only shake his head. There was no sham about that set, white face with the look of agony molded into the features; his heart beat very faintly, and there was a thread of pulse, but only a thread, and those were the only signs of life.

When they landed, Hubert was carried to his room. During the night his condition changed a little. They could see that he began to breathe faintly, and once there was a quick, convulsive movement of his whole body, during which he raised his arms and laid his hands on his ears. The tortured look on the face remained as at first.

The professor sat by him through the night, and in the dim twilight of early morning heard a low knock at the door. He opened it and saw Miss Moore in traveling-dress and hat, her eyes red with recent weeping, and her father in the background jealously watchful.

She spoke in a low tone, still it had the wonderfully resonant, bell-like quality often noticeable in the voice of a soprano singer—a quality which will make it penetrate farther at the same pitch than an ordinary voice.

“How is he now?”

The professor whispered the change.

“We are going, as you see, early. I had—to—to ask about him before we went.”

“It would have been heartless to do any less,” said the professor, a little severely. “If he had not in some mysterious way heard you, or seen you, or whatever it was, we should not have found you until much later—too late, probably.”

She shivered a little in the raw air just as she had when they pulled her in from the devouring waters.

“He must have heard my scream when the boat capsized. Will he live, Professor Bayne?”

“I do not know. We cannot tell. The doctor says it is not a cataleptic fit or paralysis. His mother and Doctor Laurens have been sent for.”

Her eyes sought his, and in the lessening twilight her wavering resolution drew courage from them, spectacled though they were.

“I will not go,” said she, and turning to her father, repeated the words, taking off her gloves as she spoke. She went down stairs and out to her room. Mr. Moore followed her into the apartment, shut the door, and faced her, white with anger.

“You love him—you love that young fellow!” He knew that his anger would harden her resolution, but he could not restrain it.

She only looked at him and repeated, “I will not go,” in a tone that had no yielding, although there was a great weariness in it as if there had been a struggle—either with herself or her father.

A WEEK later Hubert lay on a bamboo lounging-chair in the shadow of the lighthouse tower. His face was pale and thin, and below the eyes were bluish lines as if he had been ill. Helena Moore sat by him, and he held her hand.

"Your voice, my darling," he was saying, "as you spoke to the professor in the gray of the morning, was the first sound I could endure. Up to that moment I had been in terrible tortures that I cannot express, they were so exquisite. All the sounds of life were pouring in upon me—a fearful multitude;" an expression of pain at the memory came upon his face. "Before that I had lived in silence, except those strange, quivering shocks at times which made me say *I heard*. I know now it was not hearing—not really. Sometimes when I have been alone in the observatory, I have thought I knew what it meant when it says 'the morning stars sang together.'"

Helena saw the old look begin to come on his face—the look her father objected to, and which had not been there of late. She spoke a little quickly, "Doctor Laurens has called it a 'sympathetic hearing,'" and, recalled from those recollections by her, he raised her hand and kissed it.

"I am glad it was my voice you could bear first——"

"It stole into my consciousness, sweet and clear and soft. The noise of the world is terrible. I was certain that during those first awful hours I heard the roar and rush of our planet in space and the creaking as it turned on its axis."

She smiled, and then there was silence. They did not seem to feel that dire necessity for filling every moment with "words, words, words!"

The sky was a clear, remote blue; high up in the azure floated two or three great white piled clouds, as if Alpine mountain-tops had been cut loose and were drifting leisurely about. A brisk wind bent the long, sparse, steel-pointed spikes of beach grass, and made them draw semicircles in the sand as if they longed to give lessons in geometry. The wind brought the sound of voices—Mrs. Richmond and Mr. Moore speaking together at first, then another, clear and loud, as if from a habit of hailing the mast-head.

"They say he can hear now just like the rest of us, an' 'twas my careless handlin' the pistol done it."

"Yes, captain," said Mr. Moore, "he's all right; the doctor has some theory about it, I believe. But the thing which pleases me most is to have him just like other men. I hate a man that is different from other people."

The skipper must have nodded sympathetically, for he made no

audible answer ; and the doctor who seemed to have been turning the leaves of a note book, said :

"This is the note I have made on the subject. If we could have dissected him before the incident of the captain's pistol, I should have more facts to sustain me."

"Dissect him !" said Mrs. Richmond.

"Yes ; there is more to be learned with a good knife——"

"Oh-h ! Ah-h ! Ugh-h !" The three groans were given by the audience immediately around the doctor. He turned calmly to his little book.

"Listen," said Helena, "they are talking about you."

He turned toward the direction of the sounds as naturally as any one would, but his ear had not been long enough under training, and he involuntarily cast an imploring glance at Helena. She understood, and repeated the words without a sound. Her lips filled and made perfect whatever sounds were not fully understood by him.

"I have a theory that, probably, most of the delicate 'cords of Corti,' as we call them, were paralyzed at his birth. This paralysis or pressure or whatever it may have been, that prevented the function of the cords ordinarily in operation, tuned up others not ordinarily brought into play, so as to make them respond to vibrations which lie far beyond the range of human beings. It is a fact that certain animals can hear sounds inaudible to man, and this difference is due to the physical mechanism of the ear. The world as it comes to us through the senses of sight and hearing is very circumscribed. No doubt there is color and there is music to which we are blind and deaf. This abnormal state brought Hubert into a higher sphere of sound by increasing the tension of some of the vibratory cords, and, when there was some emotion of the mind connected with it, carried his capacity to a most astonishing extent. When the pressure on these cords was relieved, when the sudden shock of this explosion tore up the adhesions, whatever they were, the tension was reduced to the ordinary state, and those cords which were before rigid and paralyzed began to take up and convey to the brain all the sounds of life. The leap of those paralyzed cords into full activity, letting into the silence of his brain the rush and roar of the myriad sounds of life, must have been, evidently was, an unspeakable agony. He may thank that splendid physique, that perfect physical health of his, that he did not have brain fever. But he was strong

enough to bear it; with his return to the ordinary range of sound, he has lost his extra-human faculty of hearing and become like one of us——”

“And finds it interesting to hear himself discussed at three rods,” broke in a full, rich voice. Expression had come to his tones at once. His words brought the whole party upon them with a burst of delighted exclamation.

“At least, if I did not understand it all, I shall with a little more experience and teaching;” and he cast a mischievous glance at Helena, who did not betray him.

SOCIETY FIBS, OR THE STORY OF A WHITE LIE.

BY ROSE PORTER.

“To be true is to hate every form of falsehood.”—F. W. ROBERTSON.

[*New York Observer.*]

I.

PERHAPS there is no pleasanter town than Greenport on the New England Coast. The village, nestling in a long narrow valley flanked by wooded hills, looks down upon the sea. The houses on the principal street are all much alike, so far as symmetrical doors and windows can make them, save Miss Raymond's. It is a pretty house inside and out, sunny and snug in winter, and cool and shady in summer. Its pointed roof, high chimneys and mullioned windows have a picturesque appearance though without any pretension to architectural effect.

Now in mid-spring it was cool enough toward night-fall for a bright fire in the luxurious library. Two ladies sat at the study table. A glance defined their social position. Wealth and refinement were accentuated by every detail of their apparel.

They were obviously relatives, by strong family likeness, yet with individual difference. Both were tall, fair, and essentially well-bred. Miss Raymond, or Miss Margaret, as I like better to call her, was even more than courteous. She possessed a sweet graciousness of manner that proclaimed a kindly heart, rich in

sympathy and warm healthful affection. This quick sensibility shone in the clear depths of her hazel eyes, and imparted a winning charm to her words. In age she belonged to the generation of women, rapidly ageing now, who were in the dawn of love, youth and beauty, at that fateful period of our country's history we remember as "War time."

The hour I introduce you to Miss Margaret she was sitting, as I said, by the study table, a volume of outlines open before her, and sheets of sketching paper, some traced with fair copies of her exquisite models, and others with her own scarcely less lovely ideals. Her companion, Maud Hoffman, a girl of eighteen, came near to being very beautiful. Her profile was almost Grecian, her eyes large and dark, and her fair hair grew in wavy abundance. Ordinarily Maud was without much color, but when interested or excited a bright glow came into her cheeks, and kindled a light in her eyes, and played about her mouth, which was beautiful in form and sweet in expression. These signs of animation were very apparent, as with an air of impatience, she closed the book she had vainly tried to read. For a moment she stood by the window, looking out at the sea, and then pushed a crimson covered hassock in front of the fire and sat down, ostensibly to watch the cheery blaze, which gave forth the radiant hues of deep red, blue, violet, yellow and weird sea greens, that ever lurk in driftwood fires. The firelight emphasized her unconscious grace of attitude. Her elbow rested on her knee, her chin supported in the hollow of her uplifted hand, while her long dark lashes showed delicately over her downcast eyes, as she pushed the hair back from her broad, low forehead.

Miss Margaret's heart was full of tenderness as she earnestly looked at the fair young girl. She had noticed earlier in the day the look in Maud's tell-tale eyes that conveyed, unaware, the hint of some special regret, while her mouth had been more firmly set than its wont.

But Miss Margaret had not appeared to observe these indications of annoyance. Nevertheless, they determined her to speak of a grief of her own concerning which she had been silent for years. They also led her to do her part, as an older woman should, toward making the way easy for the girl to speak of her trouble if she wanted sympathy or counsel. This was less difficult from the fact that, unbeknown to Maud, Miss Margaret knew the secret of

the trouble. She knew that it was due to what Maud was wont to lightly call "a society fib, a white lie, made justifiable by social usage."

Miss Margaret had often remonstrated against the fallacy of the fashionable code, which maintains, that politeness, and the making of others feel at ease, warrants the use of statements at variance with truth; but until now it had not occurred to her to enforce her arguments by the recital of how, in her own experience, the false use of three brief words had caused irretrievable and life-long sorrow.

II.

The light in the room was fading into twilight when Miss Margaret began her tale. Her voice was sweet, soft and low, yet tremulous, and her manner gentle and composed as she broke the silence saying:

"Listen Maud, and I will tell you a story of my youth." And without further preface she went on: "I had known Ralph Gordon fully two years before the news from Fort Sumter flashed through our land, kindling into action thousands of brave men and timid women, who were strong to suffer with our suffering land. Until that hour we had never thought a shadow could come between us and the sunshine of our joy. We were such young things, so light-hearted.

"The world was boundless, for we did not know,
And life a poem, for we had not sung."

As she uttered these words the light in Miss Margaret's eyes grew soft and tender. After a brief pause she continued: "Ralph Gordon was among the early volunteers. He was straightway appointed Captain, and his regiment was speedily ordered to report at Baltimore.

It was a Monday morning when they left Greenport. On the next day they were to start for the South. I was to meet Ralph—thus we planned—on Tuesday at noontime, for a farewell word at my grandfather's in Boston. Feeling sure of this farewell meeting we parted without a spoken word of promise—it was not needed, we well knew one another's heart—and yet—and yet—if Ralph Gordon had told me of his love—oh child what a comfort it would have been to me, but I missed that crowning joy, because—"

and for a moment Miss Margaret broke down completely, as she sobbed out, "because of what you call a society fib."

As Maud looked up into her Aunt's dark eyes through the mist in her own, Miss Margaret drew the girl close to her, and bent over and warmly kissed the upturned face. When she again spoke her voice sounded strange and far-away, but not again did she lose her self-control, not even when she said: "Just before Ralph bade me good-night, though we parted without a word of plighted troth, he put upon my arm a circlet of gold, starred with a gem: I have worn it ever since, and—I think no one will break the clasp when I am dead." And with a touch tender as a caress, Miss Margaret's finger rested on the old-fashioned keepsake, the only ornament she ever wore. Then she became silent for a while.

Looking at her, Maud wondered, had she forgotten the present, was she living in the past, or in the future, which?

Presently she resumed her narrative, saying: "When I reached Boston the streets were crowded. The air palpitated with the beat of drums and martial music. Flags and streamers of red, white and blue, floated from public buildings and private residences. The entire city was attuned to war. Regiments tramped up one street and down another, at every corner progress was impeded. When at last the carriage stopped, the clock on a neighboring church tower pointed to within five minutes of the hour Ralph Gordon had named as the only time he would be free to come for the farewell. Grandfather met me on the doorstep. He was hurrying away to address a militia regiment I had just seen entering the Common. Nevertheless he lingered to reply to my eager question by a cheery assurance that I had arrived in time. At the words my heart beat high with a rush of thankfulness. I sped through the hall, up the wide staircase, to grandmother's morning-room. I remember every detail even now, I can recall the sound of old Hannibal's greeting words and his repeated 'Powerful glad to see de young Misses, powerful glad.'

"The words followed me like an echo, but alas, they failed to waken a warning memory until too late. I had but crossed the threshold of my grandmother's room," Miss Margaret continued, "when I heard the hall door shut violently, and a second later the quick beat of a horse's hoofs galloping swiftly away. Instinctively I knew what had happened. With a wild cry I flew downstairs and out into the street. I was just in time to catch sight of a manly

figure, and then horse and rider were hidden and lost in the crowd." Miss Margaret's voice was mournful as a cry, and yet she was very calm as she added: "We never met again—but we will—oh, yes, I know we will—I believe in the Resurrection."

Again there was silence in the room, only broken by the sing-song hum of the smouldering driftwood fire and the distant murmur of the sea waves.

When at last Maud spoke, her voice trembled with emotion as she asked softly: "Tell me how did it all happen?"

Margaret Raymond was not considered by her friends a demonstrative woman, but she kissed Maud's fair brow for the second time that evening as she replied: "The explanation is simple. It was my own fault; during a former visit at grandfather's I had striven to overcome Hannibal's righteous repugnance against telling what I assured him was only 'a harmless white lie.' At last I persuaded him to accept the formula 'not at home' as a polite manner of refusing admittance to morning callers. But while Hannibal had yielded in obedience to my wish, he never reported the false use of the words without adding: 'Pears like de truth is de better way.' How much better, child, I learned that day!—Hannibal had never seen Ralph Gordon, he was a morning caller—the old serving-man thought he was doing me a service, when, according to my false training, he said: 'Not at home,' even though a few moments before, he had seen me enter the house.

"Ralph, of course, never thought that I, Margaret Raymond, his ideal maiden, would teach a servant to tell a lie, to save myself from interruption, and because it was considered a less formal refusal than a chilling 'Beg to be excused.' Hence Ralph understood Hannibal's words to mean that I had not arrived. He could not wait; as it was, he only reached the station in time to spring from his horse on to the train already moving slowly out of the depot."

For a moment Miss Margaret seemed to forget Maud's presence, and as though thinking aloud, she murmured, "I wish the jewel in my bracelet would not gleam as I tell the story; it shines like a tear never wiped away." This forgetfulness of Maud was but brief for Miss Margaret spoke again calm and low: "Time sped on," she said, "we were within a week of Ralph's furlough. I counted the hours, the minutes. The week was prefaced by a September Sabbath, a day beautiful as a dream. I remember it all so well; the air was keen and sunny; the sea blue and rippling; the wooded hillsides

touched with a hint of autumn glory, I could not tell why, but Ralph seemed so near that morning. I felt his dear presence as one feels the nearness of a friend expected the next hour. Was he near? Do earthly miles separate hearts that love?"

Not waiting for a reply, Miss Margaret continued: "A blank comes now, it was all beyond words. Afterwards, long afterwards, I heard the detailed history of that day on Maryland Heights. Years followed, the war ended, they said peace reigned. But there was no peace in my heart. I was so slow in learning submission. I seemed to spell the lesson backward; I seemed to forget that I never could learn it till faith and patience met, and there is only one place where they can meet, and that is within the shadow of the Cross. When I sought that refuge I found life held something better even than happiness—dear and beautiful as happiness is—and since then, it has been blessedness.

"Later there came a stranger to Greenport. He was a soldier, the empty coat-sleeve told that. He asked for me, and he was pointed to my home. 'I have a message' he said: 'He bade me,'—and I knew the stranger meant by he, my Ralph—'bring this—I found it in the bullet-pierced pocket of his coat; it rested on his heart.' And the stranger handed me—oh—it was nothing, just a powder-blackened torn thing, a picture of myself. But—it had rested on Ralph Gordon's heart."

III.

Twilight had deepened while Miss Margaret told her story. She had hardly uttered the last words when the library door opened, the maid entered with candles and announced, "Mr. Foster," and life's everydayness asserted itself. It is wont to be thus, even amid the hours of deepest sorrow some voice calls us back into the daily routine of life. Some light must be lit—some fire stirred. Well,—it is better so.

But, before the visitor had time to enter Miss Margaret softly whispered: "Child, remember, *be true*, true in word, true in deed, true in thought."

And then, after a cordial greeting to James Foster Miss Margaret left the room, and he advanced toward Maud, who met him with outstretched hands, bowed head, tear dimmed eyes, and earnest voice, saying: "James forgive me, it was false. I told you a society fib."

What followed Miss Margaret did not hear. But later in the evening as she stood by the window in her dressing-room, looking out at the sea sparkling in the silvery moonlight, and up into the calm blue of the star-lit sky, a quick, light step crossed the room, warm arms were impulsively thrown around her, and Maud with a face shining with a new light and joy exclaimed: "I am so happy, but I cannot bear to be so glad when I think of you, dear."

If there were tears in Miss Margaret's eyes she smiled too, as she listened to Maud's story, for Margaret Raymond had long ago learned that Christ's love can make all life one great duty, and that however dark its woof, because of that divine love, it is shot through a web of brightness.

A WINTER SONG.

BY JESSICA WOLCOTT ALLEN.

[*Boston Commonwealth, 1889.*]

When Winter treads his weary round
 And cold congeals the air—
 When snow lies deep upon the ground
 And woods wave bleak and bare—

The winds in angry warfare meet,
 And clouds obscure the sun;
 Missing, too, their vital heat
 The streams forget to run.

Say, is it best, my dearest friend,
 Of heart so true and pure,
 Cowering beneath the blast to bend,
 Or manfully endure?

Oh, through the Winter's dreariest gloom
 A cheerful trust maintain,
 And heaven will smile and woodlands bloom
 And Spring come back again.

THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

BY CATHERINE CARRINGTON.

[*Atlantic Monthly.*]

MISS LYDIA BENNETT was one of the most prominent and influential citizens of the little town of Greenville.

There was not a man in the place who was possessed of such decided and energetic character, such positive opinions, or such a firm and unyielding will; and the supremacy she exercised in social affairs was only that accorded to all strong and resolute natures. She had experienced religion in her youth by an indisputably correct process, and had at once joined the church, of which she became, by force of character, the leading spirit. Her orthodoxy was unbounded, her knowledge of theology and dogma precise and unquestionable, and her learning in the Scriptures such as is gained only by life-long and diligent study. In the narrow but intense life of a retired New England village, where the church is the centre of social activity, religious thought has great prominence; and Miss Lydia Bennett's religion was the mainspring of her character, the ruling power of her life.

The most vital and essential part of this religion, that which lay nearest her heart and awoke her strongest feeling, was a bitter and vindictive hatred of one of her neighbors,—a man who was, nominally at least, a brother Christian, and who had never injured her personally by word or deed. The last fact shielded her from all misgiving. She might have doubted the sanctity of a resentment awakened by her private wrongs, but she gloried in a righteous indignation against an enemy of God's church.

The object of all this animosity was the Rev. Joseph Eliot, a retired clergyman, who for many years had made his home in Greenville. He had come to the people as their pastor long ago, and Miss Lydia, and her sister, Miss Phebe Bennett, had been among his warmest supporters. His life was beneficent and his power increasing, when his bark struck that worst of snags in the current of a clergyman's life, a quarrel in the choir. It originated in a trifle, and therefore soon assumed serious proportions. The members of the church took sides in the matter, naturally dividing according to their social sympathy and family ties, rather than with

reference to the merits of the case, and in the inevitable gravitating of opinions it chanced that the Rev. Joseph Eliot found himself viewing the matter in another light from that in which it was regarded by Miss Lydia Bennett, and he even refused to carry into execution some arbitrary measures adopted by the church at Miss Bennett's instigation. She took the liveliest personal interest in the matter; and, infuriated by Mr. Eliot's undaunted opposition, determined to make an example of this minister who dared to thwart her own will and that of an independent church.

It was easy to excite public opinion against him, aided by those who feed eagerly upon the faults of the clergy; and by instituting diligent inquiry in every place where he had hitherto lived she had soon in lively circulation a fine crop of evil reports. Mr. Eliot, pursued with relentless fury and deserted by all save a few faithful friends, was compelled to ask for a dismission; when, instead of flying before his enemies, he decided to remain in the place. His health, always delicate, had been so undermined by the recent excitement that he could not undertake another charge; and perhaps to a spirited man it seemed cowardly to run away from slander, and a better course to stay and live it down.

And now Miss Lydia Bennett began against this man a system of persecution which, if related in detail, would be scouted as incredible. His actions were watched, his words misrepresented, and his motives assailed, until his best deeds were made to tell against him; and in spite of his pure and blameless life he was shunned with suspicion and dislike by a large share of the community. It seemed to her that his continued presence among them was a deliberate insult to herself and to the church he had defied; and that in driving him out she was obeying God, as the Jews obeyed him in exterminating the inhabitants of the land of Canaan. She led her Sunday-school class through rivers of blood and scenes of slaughter, having Joseph Eliot ever before her mind as the modern representative of the enemies of Israel in whose destruction she gloried; and she loved the savage denunciations of the Psalmist against the foes of God, being confirmed in the righteousness of feelings that were so exactly voiced by words of holy writ.

It was undeniable that Mr. Eliot's presence was often a source of serious annoyance to the pious folk of Greenville. When a new minister came to the place, and, finding this reverend brother

in his congregation, naturally warmed to him with fraternal affection, and extended the ordinary clerical courtesies, the state of affairs was cautiously explained to him and his own line of conduct plainly indicated. Some men of spirit refused to alter their course of action because of a ridiculous church quarrel that they had no share in, or a few old slanders falling to pieces with decay; others were timid, politic, or prejudiced, and trimmed their sails to accommodate public feeling; but no minister ever stayed long among them. Some of the "world's people" shook their heads, and said "they'd never have a revival or a settled minister till all those that had a hand in dismissin' Mr. Eliot was dead." Others laughed when the subject of personal religion was urged upon them, and retorted that "they'd rather stay outside, where there wa'n't so much quarrelin'," or that "a church that was too good for Mr. Eliot was too good for them." The faithful souls who prayed for the prosperity of Zion seemed to pray in vain, and few recruits were gathered in to fill the vacant places.

As the years passed on, however, public opinion gradually underwent a change. A new generation was growing up, outside the church; strangers moved in, who cared nothing for old grudges, and recognized the clear radiance of Mr. Eliot's Christian light. Old enmities died out, and the number of his friends increased. But Miss Lydia Bennett's consistent hatred never faltered, being cherished even more tenderly as others grew careless or lukewarm. The magnanimity that lifted him above her worst attacks and the calm forbearance that never sought revenge she interpreted as a hardened indifference; while his happiness and prosperity in his private life reminded her of the "wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay-tree." It was only when, like David, she went into the sanctuary and considered the slippery places upon which he stood that she was able to endure the spectacle.

But time goes on, and everything is short that it can measure. Joseph Eliot's life had been a long one, as men reckon life; his threescore years and ten had passed; but the end came. A neighbor going by Miss Bennett's door, one morning, paused to tell the news that Mr. Eliot was very sick. Her curiosity was awakened; she inquired the particulars of his illness, and after her neighbor departed wondered with her sister if they had sent for any of the children. The next morning, as she was washing dishes in the

kitchen, a stroke of the church bell came upon her with a sudden shock, and her heart beat a little faster as she turned to meet her sister who was coming in from the post-office.

"It is Mr. Eliot," said Miss Phebe. "He died last night."

Miss Lydia wiped her hands upon her apron and sat down by the window, unnerved by the news. The door was suddenly shut in the face of her active and living hatred, and as it turned away, baffled and unsatisfied, she saw its face. There are delicate spiritual premonitions and perceptions that are beyond analysis; and by some intuition her soul discerned upon its far horizon the shadow of a fear—a dim foreboding of something as yet unknown and far away—that was drawing near to alarm her.

A neighbor dropped in; she listened to the talk that always follows death,—speculations as to the funeral and the future plans of the survivors. She took part in the conversation with the surface current of her thought, but there was a deeper consciousness that was silent, uneasy, and almost afraid. She went about her duties softly, and alone at night, when she put out her candle, the darkness was like a presence in the room. She lay awake a long time, her eyes wide open, her mind unnaturally active, and her memory busy with the past, dragging forth from the dark corners of forgetfulness the scenes and incidents of years gone by, until fancy began to mingle with recollection, her consciousness grew misty, and she passed to the more vivid and intense life of dreams.

When she awoke in the morning her presentiment had drawn nearer, and though she turned away and closed her mental vision it was too late; she knew what it was. It was a shadowy misgiving of herself,—concerning what, she would not think.

Her sister spoke of the coming funeral. "I suppose we ought to go, for the speech of people," she said. "There'll be folks from out of town, and they'll think it's queer if we are not there, living so near the church."

Miss Lydia shrank from going, but she would not admit to herself that she was afraid or ashamed to be present. She found her doubt there awaiting her, and as she grew defiant it grew more bold. She was swayed by the influences of the place and hour; the lifeless form of the one she had so relentlessly pursued seemed silently to reproach her, and her doubt spoke plainly:—

"Have I been just in my past judgment of this man? Is it not possible I have been mistaken?"

She glanced uneasily at the weeping relatives, and saw herself in the unwonted light of another's estimation. She had always been a law unto herself, careless of all other opinion; but now she saw how she must appear to this grief stricken widow, against whom she had never been able to bring a worse accusation than that she "sympathized with her husband." She felt the altered public mood, and that there were some present who looked at her with curiosity or condemnation.

But Miss Lydia's spirit was not one to cower long in self-reproach. She turned aside these feelings with confident self-justification, and stared boldly about the assembled congregation, recalling all the just cause she had had for her enmity and sneering inwardly at the tribute paid the dead. Her mind turned with relief from the subject when all was over, and gladly she hurried home.

"Well," said her sister placidly, as they were taking off their bonnets, "it does seem strange how different you feel when folks are gone. We are imperfect creatures, and I am afraid in some things we was most too hard on Mr. Eliot."

While Miss Phebe Bennett's shallow experience thus found complete and calm expression, it stirred painful depths in Miss Lydia's soul to hear her own misgiving shaped in words; and her doubt grew so persistent that at last she turned and faced it.

"What if I did!" she retorted, "I'm not perfect; but I have done, right along, what I believed to be my duty. You can't think so hard of folks when they are gone."

This was a dangerous admission to make, but in the line of her convictions she was honest, and she would not take it back. Her inward accuser at once took up the new position she had accorded as a vantage-ground for renewed demands, while she began to feel a gentle but gradually increasing spiritual pressure, a constraint upon her inclination, a vague impulse of duty, a whispered "Ought I?" It was as if there stood beside her someone waiting, who though often ignored and forgotten, was always there, and now and then touched her, asking to be heard, while whispering voices filled her ears, and her trouble grew upon her, until she gradually became conscious of a distinct suggestion that if she had done a wrong to Joseph Eliot it had been deep and terrible,—a wrong that demanded all the expiation in her power, and an acknowledgment of error as public as had been her accusations, even to making

a formal confession of her sin before the church and people of her native town.

She prepared herself by earnest prayer for guidance, and receiving the suggestion freely endeavored to look at the matter calmly by the light of reason and judgment. A careful self-examination only confirmed the decision she had originally made,—that the demand was monstrous and unreasonable, and that the voice within her was not the voice of God. The shock of Mr. Eliot's death had awakened an over-sensitive conscience; and in her morbid brooding over the matter she had mistaken the unhealthy action of a mind unnaturally excited for the promptings of duty. Whatever mistakes she had made in the past, in the main purpose of her life she had sought the glory of God and the honor of his name; and to make a confession like the one suggested would be essentially insincere, would do herself a worse wrong than she had done to Joseph Eliot, and inflict grave injury upon the cause of Christ, of which she had so long been the leading representative. Her intellectual conviction was without the shadow of misgiving; and, with a longing to be delivered from her mental oppression she laid her arms upon the table by which she sat and bowed her head upon them, as her custom was, in prayer; but her soul was silent. She could not pray. After a while she raised her head and took her Bible.

"Perhaps he chooses to speak to me by his word," she thought, as she turned the leaves of the book looking for some appropriate message. Her attention was first arrested by these verses:—

"Thou hast neither part nor lot in this matter; for thy heart is not right in the sight of God. Repent, therefore, of this thy wickedness, and pray God if perhaps the thought of thine heart may be forgiven thee. For I perceive that thou art in the gall of bitterness and in the bond of iniquity."

"Peter's words to Simon Magus," she thought, maintaining her calmness by an effort. "In my excited state of feeling they naturally seem to have undue significance."

She turned back a few leaves, and looked again:—

*"Why hath Satan filled thine heart to lie to the Holy Ghost?
 . . . Thou hast not lied unto men, but unto God."*

She closed her Bible and resolutely laid it from her.

"My nerves are overwrought," she said. "I must divert my mind by natural and healthy interests."

It was just at twilight ; she went out and proposed to her sister that they should spend the evening at a neighbor's house, and during the days that followed she went much into active business and society. But she found it impossible to shake off the oppression that was upon her spirit ; the same suggestion of duty haunted her ; and reason, judgment, and intellectual conviction availed no more against it than a sponge avails to wipe out a shadow. She grew reluctant to read her Bible ; there were verses there that she did not like to see ; and she at last gave up her daily reading, saying that for the present it had perhaps ceased to be profitable. But she could not escape the living word written in her memory, which seemed quickened to intense activity. Her prayers were sometimes constrained and formal ; and sometimes she cast herself upon the Lord with strong cries for deliverance.

"Why dost thou leave me to such doubt and disquietude?" she pleaded. "I have sought my duty carefully with tears. Leave me not in darkness ; let thy light shine."

"If, therefore, thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light," suggested memory.

"Lord, help me!" she cried. "Deliver me from this horrible pit and miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and my lips shall praise thee."

"Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?" was her answer.

She went over the ground again and again, calling common sense and reason to her aid. She told herself she was the victim of a strange delusion, and that by patient waiting she would yet recover mental health. But her facility in the Scriptures met her at every turn, and some text arose and tripped up every step she took.

"It is monstrous, impossible," she urged. "I could not do it if I would."

"If ye have faith as a grain of mustard-seed, ye shall say to this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place, and it shall remove ; and nothing shall be impossible to you."

"Oh, for patience !" she cried. "I will withdraw my mind from this subject, and it will yet leave me."

"Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed to the day of redemption."

"It is not the Spirit of God," she answered. "My faith is tried, like that of Job, and Satan is allowed—" She went no further.

"Whoso blasphemeth against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world nor in the world to come. . . . Because they said, He hath an unclean spirit."

Miss Lydia's mental trouble began to wear upon her health. Everyone was noticing her worn and haggard face ; and a visit of a few weeks among her relatives gave her but temporary relief. Spring came, with its warm, soft air, and its depressing languor. She was an old woman, and now she began to feel about her some vague premonition of a change. Grave symptoms of disease hereditary in the family declared themselves. One by one she gave up her active duties, and sat in her cushioned chair. The old family doctor was called in ; he gave her illness a Latin name, mixed some medicine in a teacup, promised a speedy recovery, and went away and left her with her trouble. Her mind was held relentlessly upon the subject from which her whole being shrank ; and though as physical strength failed her she had less power of resistance, still her will was fixed and resolute as ever that she would not yield.

Upon his second visit the old doctor found his patient confined to her bed ; friends shook their heads sadly over this downward step, but Miss Lydia felt an intense relief that now, at least, a physical impossibility stood in the way of the suggestion that ever haunted her.

One evening as she lay alone in the twilight, listening to the soft voices of the summer evening, there gradually closed about her the conviction that for her the end of life was near. Death seemed to approach and forewarn her, and her soul recognized his face. What if, after all, this had been the voice of God within her that she had refused and disobeyed ? What if her eternal destiny were indeed imperiled, and now it was too late. The things of this life shriveled to nothingness as she drew near the eternal verities. Outside the window, just across the street, the church-bell began to ring ; and Miss Lydia grew faint with fear, as her inward conflict began anew. Was it, then, too late ? The church prayer meeting was assembling, close at hand. A remnant of physical strength was still her own. Might she not even now obey the impulse within her, and be at peace ? She felt her spirit wooed by strong persuasion, and the voices about her were melting with entreaty.

She turned her face upon the pillow ; the slow and painful tears forced themselves through the unused channels, and she gave up. The feeble notes of a wailing hymn rose and fell upon the air ; the

exercises had begun. Ten minutes later Deacon Tryon was addressing the meeting. The candles flared in the dim twilight of the echoing room, and the little handful of brethren sat drowsily listening to the same old story. Deacon Tryon felt himself to be a great sinner. He was conscious he had not walked worthily before them, and he asked their prayers——

He paused ; his hearers roused themselves, and turned to follow the direction of his startled glance.

Miss Lydia Bennett stood in the doorway, her clothes flung hastily about her, and her face like one struck with death. She came slowly up the aisle, and when she feebly spoke all held their breath to listen.

"I have sinned against Heaven," she began, "I am verily guilty concerning my brother. I have slandered a good man and done him wrong. I have resisted the Spirit when he moved me to confess my sin. I am not worthy——"

Her voice faltered, and she wavered and seemed about to fall. A young man sprang from the back seat and caught her in his arms; and the meeting broke up in confusion as they carried her home again.

Miss Lydia Bennett's strange appearance at the Thursday evening meeting was the talk of Greenville for weeks after. The public verdict was unanimous that she "must have been out of her head with the fever"; and if there were some who did not wonder at the form of her delirium they held their peace.

"She never spoke much after it," Miss Phebe used to say. "The doctor said it hastened her end, of course. She just lay quiet, with her eyes shut, seeming kind of happy and smiling to herself; but she wouldn't take medicine, nor seem to notice anything. Once I asked her if she felt she was prepared, and she whispered something that sounded like 'So happy.' The night she died I was sittin' by the bed, and she opened her eyes, and says she, quite clear, 'Good-by, Phebe. God is here—right here;' and then she never spoke again, and before morning she was gone."

THE DIFFERENCE.

BY ELLEN V. TALBOT.

[*Advocate and Guardian.*]

Two babes were born in the self-same town
 On the very same bright day ;
 They laughed and cried in their mother's arms
 In the very self-same way.
 And both were as pure and as innocent
 As falling flakes of snow,
 But one of them lived in the terraced house,
 And one in the street below.

Two children played in the self-same town,
 And the children both were fair,
 But one had her curls brushed smooth and round,
 The other had tangled hair.
 Both of the children grew apace,
 As all our children grow,
 But one of them lived in the terraced house,
 And one in the street below.

Two maidens wrought in the self-same town,
 And one was wedded and loved,
 The other saw through the curtain's part,
 The world where her sister moved.
 And one was smiling, a happy bride,
 The other knew care and woe,
 For one of them lived in the terraced house,
 And one in the street below.

Two women lay dead in the self-same town,
 And one had tender care,
 The other was left to die alone,
 On her pallet so thin and bare.
 One had many to mourn her loss,
 For the other few tears would flow,
 For one had lived in the terraced house,
 And one in the street below.

If Jesus, who died for rich and poor,
 In wonderful, holy love,
 Took both of the sisters in His arms,
 And carried them up above ;
 Then all the difference vanished at last,
 For in heaven none would know
 Which of them lived in the terraced house,
 And which in the street below.

THREE DAYS OF TERROR.

BY ELLEN LARNED.

[*Harper's Magazine*, 1869.]

ON the 10th of July, 1863, my mother and myself arrived in the city of New York. We had set out on a grand tour of visitation. After vegetating year after year in a New England village, we had sallied forth in genuine country fashion to hunt up our kinsfolk in various parts of the land. We were in no hurry. We had the whole summer before us. We wished to avoid crowds, noise, and excitement, to stop whenever we pleased, as long as we chose, and have a slow, old-fashioned, sociable, sensible journey. Thus far our tranquil visions had been more than realized. For three weeks we had been loitering placidly along our way, and nothing had occurred to mar our tranquility. We hoped now to spend a few days quietly with brother J., call on various friends and relatives, visit Central Park and a lion or so, shop a little, and move onward at our leisure.

But man proposes and fate *disposes*, and nothing in New York turned out as we expected. Instead of visiting our friends and meandering leisurely about the city, we were caught in a mob and penned up in our first stopping place. From the first moment of our arrival everything went wrong. J. did not meet us at the boat as he had promised, and we had to find our way without him in a drizzling rain. The streets were dark, dirty, and crowded with ill-looking people. The whole city was enveloped in a fog and gloom. The home regiments had gone to drive the rebels from Pennsylvania, and many hearts were trembling. The household which received us had its full share of anxiety. Its youngest member, a youth of seventeen, had gone with the volunteers, and other friends were in the Army of the Potomac. The disappointing brother, too, was employed on a sad mission, helping a friend to Gettysburg to find the body of a slain brother; so that within doors we found it as dismal as without, and our first impressions of the great city were anything but cheering.

Our prospect was limited to two rows of brick houses and a broad expanse of house-roofs from our room in the upper story. "Nobody was in town," but the streets were jammed with carts

and children, and the noise and clatter were incessant and deafening. The weather continued most oppressive. Low, dingy clouds possessed the sky, and not a breath of fresh air was attainable. I thought New York a most detestable summer residence, and resolved to leave it as soon as possible.

On the third morning of our sojourn, however, the sky brightened. The sun attempted to shine, and the papers brought good tidings. Lee was retreating, Meade pursuing, the Potomac rising, and our spirits rose with it. At breakfast Central Park was moved and carried by acclamation; but soon some pattering rain-drops brought out an opposition, which induced us to defer our jaunt till settled weather. So we scattered in various directions—J. down town, and I to Broadway. But even there I could see nothing attractive. Everything looked hot, glaring, and artificial, and everybody looked shabby, jaded, and care-worn. An over-worked horse dropped dead in the street before me, and I was glad to take refuge for a time in the Astor Library.

Returning thence at mid-day I first saw signs of disturbance. A squad of policemen passed before me into Third avenue, clerks were looking eagerly from the doors, and men whispering in knots all up and down the street; but I was too much a stranger to be certain that these appearances were unusual, though they annoyed me so much that I crossed at once to Second avenue, along which I pursued my way peacefully, and once at home thought no more of it. We were indulging ourselves in siestas after our noonday lunch, when a great roaring suddenly burst upon our ears—a howling as of thousands of wild Indians let loose at once; and before we could look out or collect our thoughts at all the cry arose from every quarter, "The mob! the mob!" "The Irish have risen to resist the draft!"

In a second my head was out the window, and I saw it with my own eyes. We were on a cross street between First and Second avenues. First avenue was crowded as far as we could see it with thousands of infuriated creatures, yelling, screaming, and swearing in the most frantic manner; while crowds of women, equally ferocious, were leaning from every door and window, swinging aprons and handkerchiefs, and cheering and urging them onward. The rush and roar grew every moment more terrific. Up came fresh hordes faster and more furious; bareheaded men, with red, swollen faces, brandishing sticks and clubs, or carrying heavy poles and

beams; and boys, women, and children hurrying on and joining with them in this mad chase up the avenue like a company of raging fiends. In the hurry and tumult it was impossible to distinguish individuals, but all seemed possessed alike with savage hate and fury. The most dreadful rumors flew through the street, and we heard from various sources the events of the morning. The draft had been resisted, buildings burned, twenty policemen killed, and the remainder utterly routed and discomfited; the soldiers were absent, and the mob triumphant and increasing in numbers and violence every moment.

Our neighborhood was in the greatest excitement. The whole population turned out at once, gazing with terror and consternation on the living stream passing before them, surging in countless numbers through the avenue, and hurrying up-town to join those already in action. Fresh yells and shouts announced the union of forces, and bursting flames their accelerated strength and fury. The armory on Twenty-second street was broken open, sacked, and fired, and the smoke and flames rolled up directly behind us.

With breathless interest we watched their rapid progress till diverted by a new terror. Our own household had been invaded. My brother's wife was gone; no one knew whither. Above and below we looked in vain for her. We could only learn that a note had been brought to her just before her disappearance. What could have happened? At such times imagination is swift and mystery unsupportable. We were falling into a terrible panic, and devising all manner of desperate expedients, when the wanderer appeared, looking very heroic, accompanied by J., all bloody and wounded. He had been attacked by the mob while passing a little too near them, knocked down, terribly beaten, and robbed of watch and pocketbook. Reality for once had outstripped imagination. For a time all our attention was absorbed in him. The wounds, though numerous, were happily not of a dangerous character. The gang which attacked him, attracted by his little tri-colored badge of loyalty, were fortunately only armed with light fence pickets; so that, though weak from loss of blood, and badly cut and bruised in head, limbs, and body, no serious consequences seemed likely to result from his injuries.

Outdoors, meanwhile, all was clamor and tumult. Bells were tolling in every quarter. The rioters were still howling in Twenty-second street, and driving the firemen from the burning

armory. The building fell and the flames sunk, and then darkness came all at once and shut out everything. We gather gloomily around my brother in the back parlor. An evening paper was procured, but brought no comfort. It only showed more clearly the nature and extent of this fearful outbreak. It only told us that the whole city was as helpless and anxious as ourselves. Many were in far greater danger, for obscurity is sometimes safety ; but the black, lowering night, and the disabled condition of our only male protector, oppressed us heavily. Our neighborhood was all alive. Men tramped incessantly through the street, and women chatted and scolded in the windows ; children cried and cats squalled ; a crazy man in the rear raved fiercely for Jeff Davis and the Southern Confederacy ; but over every other sound every few moments the bell rang out the alarm of some new fire. Some were very near ; some at a distance. We would start and count the district, and tremble for the *Tribune* or the Arsenal.

Thus passed the eve, till at last we separated and tried to compose ourselves to rest ; but who could sleep with such terrors around them ? That fiery mass of frenzied creatures which had passed so near us in the afternoon was raging somewhere in the city, and that frightful roar and rush might any moment burst again upon our ears. They might sweep through our street and scatter every thing before them. Fires kindled by them illumined many parts of the city.

As the clock struck twelve a great shout startled me, and a light flamed right up before me. A huge bonfire had been kindled in the middle of the street not far below us. Wild forms were dancing about it, and piling on fresh fuel. Great logs and beams and other combustibles were dragged up and heaped upon it. Sleep, now, was of course impossible. From a seat in an upper window I saw it rise and fall, flame up and fade. Was it a plaything or a signal ? In either case I dared not leave it. A gang of noisy boys gathered around it. "Bring out Horace Greeley !" once was called. At last, after two hours' watching and wondering, a heavy shower put out the fires and drove the rioters homeward. Dark figures slunk to darker lanes and hovels, and rest and quiet fell on the distracted city.

At break of day it roused again. Another cloudy, foggy, warm, oppressive morning. Very early I resumed my post of observation. A black, charred mound loomed up below, and cinders, smoke, and

soot filled the air and encrusted every object. Rough-looking men were already astir. A car passed down the avenue crowded inside and out; another passed; another, and no more. No rattling carts were heard, no shrieking milkmen. All ordinary sights and sounds were missing. Soon hordes of ragged children attacked the heap of rubbish in the street. Little fair-haired girls and toddling boys bore off great armfuls of sticks and brands. Meanwhile the larger children, great boys, grown women, had hurried off to the smoking ruins in Twenty-second street, and returned laden with spoils. Charred beams, baskets of coal, iron rails, muskets, and market-barrels were carried by in vast quantities. The "dangerous classes" were evidently wide awake.

Our household meanwhile bestirred itself slowly. J. had rested little, but was free from fever or any alarming symptoms. Much time was spent in dressing his wounds, and some in preparing breakfast. There was no milk, no ice to be had, and meat and bread were on the wane; and so I ventured out with my sister H. for supplies. We found our street full of people, excitement, and rumors. Men and boys ran past us with muskets in their hands. We heard that a fight was in progress above Twenty-second street. The mob had seized a gun-factory and many muskets; but the police had driven them off and taken back part of their plunder. It was cheering to find that the police were still alive. Second avenue was densely thronged, but no cars were running. A great crowd surrounded the ruins of the Armory and blackened the Twenty-second street crossing. Men talked in low, excited tones, and seemed afraid of each other. The stores were mostly closed and business suspended. With difficulty we procured supplies of provisions and a newspaper; but percussion caps and ammunition were stoutly denied us. No one dared to admit that they kept any such articles lest the rioters should take them away by force. A friendly bookseller at last supplied us. He had been out in disguise, he said, and heard the rioters boasting among themselves. One said he had made a hundred dollars already, and now he had arms and meant to use them. All the shops on the avenue had been threatened. The mob were gathering in great force in our vicinity, and things looked every moment more threatening; so we hurried home as fast as possible, and I took my post again at the window.

New and strange sights met my eyes. Such multitudes of people everywhere; filling street and sidewalks, crowding all the

doors and windows, the balconies and roofs of the houses. Many were merely spectators; some not far distant were *actors*. In the First avenue the crowd was now very dense and clamorous. The liquor store on the corner was thronged with villainous-looking customers, and the women who had welcomed the mob on their first appearance were again talking loudly as if urging them on to action. "Die at *home!*" was the favorite watchword which often reached our ears. Everything indicated that a collision was approaching. We caught, after a time, a glimpse of soldiers, and heard the welcome rattle of musketry, distant at first, then nearer and nearer. The soldiers marched to and through Twenty-second street and turned down First avenue. The mob yelled and howled and stood their ground. Women from the roofs threw stones and brickbats upon the soldiers. Then came the volleys; the balls leaped out and the mob gave way at once and fled in every direction. A great crowd rushed through our street, hiding in every nook and corner. We closed doors and blinds, but still peeped out of the windows. The soldiers marched slowly back up the avenue, firing along the way; crossed over into Second avenue, marched down opposite our street and fired again. Again the mob scattered, and scampered in droves through the street. Yet another volley, and balls came tearing down the centre of our street right before us, dashing along the pavements and carrying off frames from the trees. A boy on the sidewalk opposite was struck; he fell in a pool of blood, and was carried away to die. The streets were now cleared, the crowds had vanished, the soldiers withdrew, and the mob was quelled. For two hours peace and quiet prevailed. Our neighbors retired to their several abodes. We took dinner by gaslight with closed blinds, and flattered ourselves that the worst was over.

But as night came on the sun came out, and men crawled out into sight again. A stranger on horseback rode slowly up the street. Crowds quickly gathered around him. Swarms rushed out of the old liquor store and from all the neighboring alleys, and greeted him with shouts and cheers. We saw him waving his hat and haranguing the multitude, and heard their storm of response, but could catch no words. Great bustle and preparation followed. Women were foremost among them, inciting and helping. The rider slunk off eastward as he came, while men formed in bands and marched off down the avenue. A squad of lads, decently clad and armed, marched down our street and joined

those on the corner, were received with loud cheers, and sent on after the others.

The sun set clear, and a beautiful night came on; a radiant midsummer night, but darker to us than the preceding. Dark skies seemed more in harmony with the scenes around us, and the contrast only deepened the gloom. The papers brought no encouragement. Fearful deeds of atrocity were recorded. The mob were increasing in power and audacity, and the city was still paralyzed and panic-struck. The small military force available could only protect a few important positions, leaving the greater part defenceless. Our inflammable neighborhood was wholly at the mercy of the mob. Again with heavy hearts we assembled in the back parlor and discussed probabilities and contingencies. Our position on the very edge of one of the worst of the "infected districts," had in it, after all, one element of security; the mob could not touch us without endangering some of their friends. The incessant din and clamor without were little calculated to strengthen our courage. The warm, bright night set every evil thing in motion, and man and beast conspired to fill the air with all manner of hideous and discordant sounds. The tramping, scolding, screaming, squalling, and raving of the preceding night were repeated and intensified. Cats and dogs squalled and howled, bells rang incessantly, and mingled with all these sounds came at intervals the most mournful of all, the long-drawn, piercing wails of Irish women bemoaning their dead.

Worn out with listening we resolved at last to try to rest. I made up a bundle, put my clothes in running order, read the most comforting Psalms I could find, and laid myself down to sleep. Scarcely had my head touched the pillow when a new alarm of fire sounded. Lights streamed through the door of my room and illumined the houses opposite. "Another fire in Twenty-second street!" was the cry. The police station had been set on fire, and volumes of smoke and flame were rising again very near us. From the rear windows we saw it all with the utmost distinctness; heard the roaring and crackling, and felt the heat of the flames. Soon they wrapped the house and caught the adjacent fire tower, whose bell was clamoring even now for aid. The mob yelled with delight, and drove off the eager firemen. The flames soon wreathed the tower and rose in majestic columns. The whole neighborhood was flooded with light. Thousands of spectators gazed upon the

scene, crowning the housetops as with statues of living fire. The blazing turret shook and reeled, beams snapped and parted, and the bell plunged heavily downward, "tolling the death-knell of its own decease"; but its dying notes were lost in the triumphant shouts of the mob maddened by their success. We heard them hurrying on to the gas works, leaving the waning fires at last to the firemen. We could hear them pounding and shaking the gates, swearing at their inability to force them, and then rushing off again for some easier prey.

The fires were now quite subdued, and we ventured to return to our several rooms. It was past midnight, but the city was still wide awake. The streets were thronged, and the opposite houses were all open and brilliantly lighted. They belonged to the better class of tenement houses; and their occupants, though not themselves rioters, so far sympathized with them as evidently to feel no fear of them. Many were chatting at this time about the doors and windows with a careless merriment which I could not but envy. I gave a parting look up and down the street, and again sought my pillow. The tramping in the street gradually subsided, the din and discord slowly died away, and a slight stupor was stealing gently over me, when a sudden rush and scream brought me again in an instant to my window. There was a spring and a chase, and then such piercing, thrilling cries as words cannot describe. I could see nothing. Not a person was in sight; but from the vicinity of that wretched liquor store I distinctly heard dreadful cries, and caught these broken words: "Oh, brothers! brothers! Save me! save me!"

The sounds thrilled through the opposite and nearer houses. Lights quivered and wavered, and doors were shut hastily. The cries and groans continued. There were confused sounds as of dragging and lifting, and then silence. A mist had veiled the stars, and darkness fallen upon the street. Our noisy neighbors were struck dumb. Every door and window was closed, and every light extinguished. I trembled from head to foot, and could scarcely grope my way to the back chamber. Part of our household were still watching there, more bells were tolling, and three new fires were raging. Destruction and death were on every side.

Again I returned to my old position in the window, and peered out into the darkness. All things looked ghostly and ghastly. The houses opposite were dissolved in mist. I seemed to see through them far down into the heart of the city, and heard in the distance the roar as of great multitudes in commotion. What was passing

I could not tell, but anything and everything seemed possible at this hour. Would the night ever end, or anything be left should morning come? Once only the welcome report of musketry reached my ears. At last the glimmering of dawn appeared. The mist dissolved; the wandering houses came back to position; the street resumed its old familiar look, and men and boys their ceaseless tramp, tramp, tramp.

One of these men stopped across the way, and said, in a low, scared tone to some one in the house: "They hung a Massachusetts — over there last night." One word was lost to me—what it was I can only conjecture; but whether citizen, soldier, or negro, I do not doubt that some poor fellow very near us met the fate of so many others in those days of terror; and though his name and story may never be known on earth, his cries for help will surely rise up in judgment against his murderers.

But another day had come, Wednesday, July 15th. A long, bright, blazing midsummer day was before us. There was little change in the aspect of affairs without. The city was not all burned down, we found. The newspapers were still alive, and insisting that more troops were on hand and the mob checked; but we saw no signs of it. The morning indeed passed more quietly. The rioters were resting from the labors of the night; but business was not resumed, and swarms of idle men still hung about the streets and stores. No cars were running in the avenues, no carts in the streets. No milkman came, and no meatmen, and not a soldier or policeman showed his head.

The day dragged on heavily. There was little to be seen, and nothing to be done but write letters that could not be sent, and wonder at our situation. Little had we thought that our quiet pilgrimage would lead us to such turbulent and tempestuous scenes. All our plans had been brought to nought. Visiting, shopping, sight-seeing, were not even to be considered. All ordinary pursuits and pleasures had ceased, social intercourse was given up, and nothing remained but chaos and confusion. We heard but the vaguest reports of the doings of the city, and still less of the outer world. The war at the door drowned the battle afar off.

It was most humiliating, it was almost incredible, that such a state of things should exist in the heart of a civilized and Christian community. "Was this your joyous city, whose merchants were princes, whose traffickers were among the honorable of the earth?"

Could it be that this great city, the pride and boast of the nation, was trampled down and held under the feet of these mad rioters? She seemed utterly prostrate and helpless. Her vast treasures, her immense storehouses, her long lines of palaces, her great multitudes of citizens, were bound and offered up for sacrifice. The whole nation was trembling and terror struck. No one could see when and where it would terminate.

Flight seemed the only refuge. Could not we, wearied travelers, at least steal away to some green nook and be at rest? We discussed plans and dismissed them. Nothing seemed feasible. There were no cars and no carriages, and no one to help us to them. J., though improving, was still unable to go out, and we were unwilling to leave him and his family in such circumstances. We were bound, hand and foot, in this miserable neighborhood, unable to stir out of doors, and with the prospect of another night of horrors.

The day, though quieter than the preceding, was far more irksome. The brick walls and glaring streets, the heat, confusion, and confinement were intolerably wearisome. The sun blazed more and more fiercely. The stillness was oppressive and ominous. It seemed the calm before a storm. Already clouds were gathering in the horizon. As night approached we heard drums beating, and gangs of rioters marched up their favorite avenue. The whole population bestirred itself at once. Men, women, and children rushed out cheering and clamoring, some hurrying on with the crowd, some hanging around the corner. Many soon returned, laden with spoil—bedding, clothing, and furniture. The crowd increased rapidly in the street and around the liquor store. Great excitement prevailed. There was loud talking with fierce gestures. Some ran thither with firearms, some with poles and boards. Then some one shouted, "They are coming!" and a small band of soldiers appeared marching up our street. The mob seemed to swell into vast dimensions, and densely filled the whole street before them. Hundreds hurried out on the housetops, tore up brickbats, and hurled them with savage howls at the approaching soldiers. Shots were fired from secret ambushes, and soldiers fell before they had fired. Then they charged bravely into the mob, but their force was wholly inadequate. One small howitzer and a company of extemporized militia could do little against those raging thousands. A fierce conflict raged before our eyes. With

breathless interest we watched them from door and windows. We feared the soldiers would be swallowed up and annihilated. Some now appeared in sight with a wounded officer and several wounded men, looking from side to side for shelter. Their eyes met ours with mute appeal. There was no time to be lost; the mob might any moment be upon them. There was a moment's consultation, a hasty reference to J., an unhesitating response: "Yes, by all means;" we beckoned them in, and in they came. Doors and windows were at once closed, and the house became a hospital, and seemed filled with armed men. The wounded men were carried into my brother's room; the Colonel was laid on the bed, and the others propped up with pillows. There were a few moments of great commotion and confusion. We flew for fans, ice water, and bandages. Some of the soldiers went out into the fight again, and some remained with the wounded. A surgeon, who had volunteered as a private under his old commander, dressed the wounds of the sufferers. The Colonel was severely wounded in the thigh by a slug made of a piece of lead pipe, producing a compound fracture. The wounds of two others, though less dangerous, were severe and painful.

Twilight was now upon us, and night rapidly approaching. The soldiers had been forced to retreat, leaving the mob in great force and fury. We heard them shouting and raving on the corner, and knew that we were in great danger. Already they were clamoring for the wounded soldiers who had escaped them. We thought of Colonel O'Brien's fate, and could not suppress the thought that our own house might be made the scene of a like tragedy. Could we defend ourselves if attacked? A hurried consultation was held. We had arms and ammunition, and, including J. and the slightly wounded soldiers, half a dozen men able and willing to use them. But we could not "man our lines." We were open to attack at once from the front and rear, the roof, the front basement, and the balcony above it. We might, indeed, retreat to the upper stories, barricade the stairway, and hold it against all the assailants that could crowd into the hall. But if they chose to fire the house below we could not prevent it, and then there would be no escape either for our wounded or ourselves.

The Colonel promptly decided the question; resistance was hopeless, could not make the case worse, and must not be attempted. Not only so, but all signs of the presence of soldiers

must be removed. Arms, military apparel, and bloody clothing were accordingly concealed. The Colonel was conveyed to the cellar and placed on a mattress. The young soldier, next to him most severely wounded, was assisted up to the rear apartment on the upper floor and placed in charge of my mother and myself. The soldiers who had remained were then ordered to make their escape from the house as they best could, and to hasten to headquarters with an urgent request that a force might be sent to our relief. The surgeon was also requested to go, but would not listen to the suggestion. He had been regimental surgeon for two years under the Colonel, and insisted on remaining by his side, to take care of him, and to share his fate whatever it might be. He took his post, therefore, in the cellar, extemporizing as well as he could some scanty means of concealment for both from the boxes and bins which it contained. The remaining soldier, though severely wounded in the foot, could yet walk with pain and difficulty; and it was decided that, as soon as it should be safe or necessary, he should try the chances of escape through the scuttle and over the roofs of the adjoining buildings.

J., with his bandaged head and disabled arm, was liable to be taken for a wounded soldier, and his wife and her sister, Mrs. P. insisted that he also should betake himself to the roof. He could render no material assistance if he remained; on the other hand, his presence might precipitate a scene of violence which would not be offered to ladies alone. They did not feel that they were personally in danger—so far there was no report that the lawless violence of the rioters had been directed against women; and if he could get away he might be the means of bringing speedier relief. Very reluctantly he yielded to these considerations, and prepared to accompany the wounded soldier. The mother of the household took refuge in her room on the second floor. To her daughter-in-law, wife of an absent son, was assigned a post of observation at a front window. The two heroic women, H. and her sister, remained below to confront the mob.

Of all these arrangements, made mostly after we had assumed the charge assigned us, we at the time knew nothing. In utter darkness and desolation we sat above by the bedside of our young soldier, receiving his farewell messages for his mother and friends, and knowing not how soon he might be torn from us. There was no human power to help us in this extremity; we could only trust

in Him "who stilleth the madness of the people." The suspense was terrible. In the rear, as we stole an occasional look-out through our closed blinds, we could see men here and there climbing the fences; they might be rioters breaking in, or residents breaking out. All was confusion and uncertainty. We knew not friends from foes.

In front the demonstrations were still more alarming. The rioters had taken possession of the street, stationed a guard on both avenues, and were chasing up and down for the soldiers. Then they were seen searching from house to house; beginning, fortunately for us and ours, on the opposite side, proceeding toward Second avenue, then crossing the street and coming back gradually toward us. At last they reached the house next to ours. A few moments we waited in breathless silence. Then came a rush up the steps, and the bell rang violently. Not a sound was heard through the house. Again and yet again the bell rang, more and furiously. Heart throbbed, nerves quivered, but no one stirred. Then came knocks, blows, kicks, threats, attempts to force the door. Come in they must and would; nothing could stay them.

Having gained for the retreating party all the time she could, Mrs. P. at length unlocked the door, opened it, passed out, and closing it behind her, stood face to face with the mob, which crowded the steps and swarmed on the sidewalk and the adjacent street. What could she do? She knew that they would come in, that they would search the house, that they would find the men; but she was determined not to give them up without an effort to save them. Possibly, in parleying with them, she might at least calm somewhat the fury of the passion that swayed that howling mob; possibly in that brutal and maddened throng there might be a few with human hearts in their bosoms to which she might find a way, win them to her side, and enlist their aid in saving the lives of the intended victims. That was her only hope.

"What do you want?" she asked, while the air was yet ringing with the cry that came up from the crowd, "The soldiers! the soldiers?" "Bring out the soldiers!" One who stood near and seemed to be a leader, replied, "There were two soldiers went into this house, and we must have them. You must give them up."

"There *were* two that came in, but went out again. They are not here now."

She spoke in a low but perfectly clear and steady voice, that compelled attention, and the crowd hushed its ravings to catch her words.

"Let us see; if they are not here we will not harm you; but we must search the house."

"We cannot let you in; there are only women here—some that are old and feeble, and the sight of such a crowd will frighten them to death."

"They shall not all come in," was the reply; and after some further parley it was agreed that half a dozen only should enter and make the search. The leader gave his orders, the door was opened, and the men detailed came in; but before it could be closed the mob surged up, pressed in, and filled the hall. Many of them were armed with the stolen carbines.

"Light the gas!" was the cry.

"My sister has gone for a light."

It came, and the parley was renewed. The leader again demanded the soldiers; insisted that they were there, and said it would be better for themselves if they would give them up. She persisted in the statement she had made.

"She is fooling us, and using up the time while they are getting away by the roof!" cried one, and pressing forward with his musket pointed at her, endeavored to pass her. Very deliberately she took hold of the muzzle and turned it aside, saying, "Don't do that. You know I am a woman and it might frighten me."

The leader returned to the charge. "We know the men are here, and if you give them up to us you shall not be harmed. But if you do not and we find them, you know what a mob is. I cannot control them; your house will be burned over your heads, and I will not guarantee your lives for five minutes."

"You will not do that," was the reply. "We are not the kind of people whose houses you wish to burn. My only son works as you do, and perhaps in the same shop with some of you, for seventy cents a day."

She did not tell them that her amateur apprentice boy had left his place to go to Pennsylvania and fight their friends the rebels. A young man, whom she had noticed as one of the few of decent appearance, stepped to her side and whispered to her, advising her compliance with the demand, assuring her that the

men could not be controlled. The tone more than the words indicated to her that she had made one friend ; and she found another, in the same way, a moment later.

Meantime the leaders were consulting whether they should go first above or below, and decided on the latter. Stationing one man with a musket at the door, and one at the stairs, they proceeded, pioneered by H., first to the parlors and then to the basement, thoroughly examining both. Most fortunately the sentinels were the two young men in whom Mrs. P. felt she had found friends, and she was not slow to improve the opportunity to deepen the impression she had made. But now the crowd outside, thundering at the basement door, burst in the panels, and forcing it open, with terrible oaths and threats rushed in and filled the lower hall. Part joined the searching party, and some hurried up the first floor. One, crowding past the sentinel, was striding up the stairs. We heard his call to his comrades, "Come on up stairs !" and our hearts sank within us. But the sentinel's stern command, enforced by his leveled piece, brought him back.

The main party, having ransacked the basement rooms, now turned to the cellar. In a moment a loud shout announced that they had found a victim. The surgeon was dragged up, forced out at the lower door, and delivered over to the crowd outside. A blow from a bludgeon or musket felled him to the earth, inflicting a terrible wound on the head. "Hang him, hang him !" "To the post at the Twenty-second street corner !" were the cries as they hurried him off. The search within proceeded ; a moment more and they had found the Colonel. A new and fiercer shout was sent up. An order from a leader thrilled through the hall, "Come down here some of yees wid yer muskets !"

At the first cry from the cellar Mrs. P. sprung for the basement, intending to make her way at any hazard ; a sentinel stood at the head of the stairway ; a stalwart brute, reeking with filth and whiskey. He siezed her, with both arms about her waist, with a purpose of violence quite too evident. She struggled to free herself without raising an alarm, but in vain ; then a sudden and piercing shriek, which rung through the house, made him for an instant relax his hold, and, wrenching herself away, she hurried back and sought the protection of the friendly sentinel.

"He will not let me pass ; I must go down."

"You must not," he replied; "it is no place for you," And then he added, looking sternly at her, "You have deceived us. You said there was no one here, and there is."

"I would have done the same thing for you if you had been wounded. Look at me; do you not believe me?"

He did look, full in her eye, for an instant; then said: "Yes, I do believe it. You have done right, and I admire your spirit."

"But I must go down. Go with me."

"No; it is no place for you."

"Then go yourself and save his life."

And turning over his charge to the sentinel at the door, he did go. Meantime the searching party, having found the Colonel, proceeded to question him. He said he was a citizen, accidentally wounded, and had been obliged to seek refuge there.

"Why did you hide, if you are a citizen?"

Because, he said, he was afraid he should be taken for a soldier. They would not believe, but still he insisted on his statement. Then the muskets were sent for, and four pieces leveled at his head, as he lay prostrate and helpless.

"Fire, then, if you will, on a wounded man and a citizen. I shall die, any how, for my wound is a mortal one. But before you fire I wish you would send for a priest."

"What, are you a Catholic?"

"Yes."

This staggered them; and while they were hesitating the sentinel joined the group, and as soon as he looked on the Colonel exclaimed: "I know that man. I used to go to school with him. He is no soldier."

This turned the scale. The leaders were satisfied, and decided to let him go. But before leaving him they rifled his pockets; and here he narrowly escaped falling into renewed danger. While the parley was in progress his fingers had been busily occupied in quietly and coolly removing from his pocket a quantity of bullets which he had forgotten, and which, if they had been found, would certainly have betrayed him.

Those of the mob who had remained above, disappointed of their prey, with oaths and execrations protested against the action of their leaders, and sent the ruffian at the head of the stairway down to see if it was all right. But the positive statements of the friendly sentinel, which Mrs. P. had the satisfaction of hearing

him rehearse, as the two met in the lower hall, disarmed even his suspicions, and the rest could do no otherwise than acquiesce. So well satisfied, indeed, were the leaders, and, as it is not unreasonable to suppose, so impressed with the resolute bearing of the two ladies, that they volunteered to station a guard before the door to prevent the annoyance of any further search. As they had found the two men who had been reported to them as having entered the house, it did not seem to occur to them that there might be still others concealed; and so they took their departure, leaving the upper stories unvisited.

The surgeon in the meantime had been no less fortunate. In the crowd which hurried him off to death there happened to be one or two returned soldiers who had served in the same regiment with him, and when he came where it was light recognized him. They insisted on saving him, and, raising a party in their favor, finally prevailed, and having rescued him escorted him in safety to his home.

While these events were passing below our alarm and anxiety were beyond all expression. Our poor charge especially was in the greatest distress; ignorant of the fate of his Colonel and comrades, and apprehending every moment that he might himself be found and dragged out by the mob. Of course we knew but imperfectly at the time of it what was going on. We knew that the soldiers were in the house, and that men bent on their destruction were seeking for them. We heard the clamor without, the cry for "The soldiers!" the rush into the hall. Then we heard the calm, steady tone of the ladies, holding the mob in listening attention, and took courage. We heard the movement through the parlors and downward to the basement. Then came the irruption of the fierce crowd into the lower hall; and very soon loud cries from below told us that some one was found. It might be the surgeon, or the Colonel; it might be my brother, for we did not then know that he had effected his escape.

Again came up screams from below, ejaculations, loud words. Could it be that another was found? Again the heavy tramp of many men, this time moving upward and talking eagerly and rapidly. They paused in the hall; we dared not move or breathe; would they come up stairs? No! The door is opened, men pass out, it is closed after them, and all is silent. Have they gone for others to complete the search, or to murder those already carried out?

Venturing at last below, as the stillness continued, I learned how favorable a turn affairs had taken. But though relieved for the moment, we were still in great anxiety, and in not a little peril. No one knew certainly what had become of J. The Colonel was greatly in need of immediate surgical attendance, and removal from the damp, chilly cellar. Our poor young soldier, too, was suffering much, both in mind and body. He was a volunteer of a day's service only, and his first experience of civil war was very painful. The rioters might learn or suspect that they had been deceived, and return to the search. He could bear to be shot in open fight, but not to be so hunted down. Help seemed to him impossible. The whole military force in the city, he knew, was already detailed on special duty, and none could be spared for us. If the rioters should come again nothing could save him; any further attempt at concealment would be worse than useless, and flight in his condition was impossible. We tried our best to cheer him, and to wait in patience, trusting to Him who had thus far kept us in safety. The weary hours dragged heavily onward. My mother and myself still sat in the dark with our young soldier, while the other ladies attended to the Colonel in the cellar.

The continued absence of J. gave us now much uneasiness. What had become of him we could not conjecture. From time to time I looked out from my loophole in the front window. All was dark and desolate. Not a light in the opposite houses; not a person in sight but the men stationed before our house by the rioters. These marched back and forth in silence while a large body were carousing about the old liquor stand. "Come on," I heard one call, "and bring eight or ten with you!" They might come on again any moment, maddened with drink and disappointed vengeance. As time went on they grew more and more uproarious, singing, dancing, swearing and yelling.

Anxious and troubled, I wandered from front to rear, now leaning out of the window to catch every movement without, and carrying back reports to my still more anxious and troubled soldier.

It was now, we thought, past midnight. We had no hope of relief; no thought or expectation but of struggling on alone hour after hour of distress and darkness; but as I was listening in my window to some unusually threatening demonstrations from the mob, I heard the distinct clank of a horse's hoof on the pavement. Again and again it sounded, more and more distinctly; and then

a measured tread reached my ears, the steady, resolute tramp of a trained and disciplined body. No music was ever half so beautiful! It might, it must be, our soldiers! Off I flew to spread the good news through the household, and back again to the window to hear the tramp nearer and fuller and stronger, and see a long line of muskets gleam out from the darkness, and a stalwart body of men stop at our door. "Halt!" was cried; and I rushed down stairs headlong, unlocked the door without waiting for orders, and with tears of joy and gratitude which every one can imagine and nobody describe, welcomed a band of radiant soldiers and policemen, and in the midst of them all who should appear but my brother, pale and exhausted, who had gotten off the house-top in some mysterious way and brought this gallant company to our rescue.

There was no time for inquiries or felicitations. The wounded men were our first care. Our young soldier in his delight had hobbled to the stairway, and was borne down in triumph by his sympathizing comrades, while a larger company brought the Colonel from the cellar. A pitiful sight he was, all bleeding and ghastly, shivering with cold and suffering great pain. Both soldiers were placed carefully in the carriage brought for their conveyance, and then we ladies were requested to accompany them immediately. It was unsafe to remain in the house, soldiers could not be spared to protect it, and it was best for us to go at once to the Central Police Station.

There was no time for deliberation or preparation, with two wounded men waiting. My mother was stowed away in a corner of the carriage, the other mother of the household perched up with the driver, and the remainder straggled along with my brother in various stages of dilapidation—some without bonnets, and some without shawls, and some in the thinnest of muslins and slippers. My own clothes were locked up and the keys unattainable; so I snatched what I could and ran with the others. Our military escort soon brought us into subordination. While we had been preparing, one of the two companies had been fighting, and had utterly dispersed the mob on the corner; but this we had hardly noticed, so intently had we been occupied. They were now ready to resume their march. We were formed into column with the utmost formality and precision. One piece of artillery and one company of infantry preceded, and another of each

followed the carriage, marching slowly and majestically along the middle of the street ; while we ladies moved as slowly along the sidewalks, surrounded by officers, policemen, and newspaper reporters.

The change was so sudden, so unexpected, so magical, that it was difficult to believe that we were really in the body. We, who had been so lately in the depths of darkness and desolation, were now encompassed by armed bands eager to help and serve us. Dangers, seen and unseen, were still around us ; great fires illumined the southern sky ; house, furniture, and clothing were left behind us unprotected, but still we could only exult in the rescue of our hunted soldiers and our own blissful release from suspense and terror. With joyful hearts we followed our martial guard. This midnight flitting was full of romantic interest. The streets were silent and dark, lighted only by distant lurid flames. Slowly and solemnly the long, black procession moved onward down the broad avenue, through narrow and winding streets, stopping only from time to time for water for the wounded soldiers, or to scatter the foes lurking around us. Sometimes the skirmishers in advance charged out into the darkness, sometimes fired down the cross streets, but no serious interruption occurred ; and at last, after a weary march, the steady light of the Central Police Station gladdened our waiting eyes.

All now was life and animation. Well dressed citizens were hurrying to and fro. Stalwart soldiers lined the street and guarded the steps and entrance, through which we were conducted to an inner apartment, and with much state and ceremony presented to the chieftains of civic power. Three days' experience of anarchy had made us feel the blessedness of lawful restraint, and surely no body of men ever looked so beautiful as these executives of law and government. Such fresh, radiant, energetic, clear-headed, and strong-hearted leaders looked able to conquer all the rioters in the land. Everybody was wide awake, dispatches coming and going, messengers flying about in all directions.

We were received with great civility and offered every possible accommodation, but the best attainable were somewhat scanty. The two rooms had each a table, a writing desk, and a stack of arms, but no sofa or rocking chair, no chance for napping or lounging. We saw at once that it was no resting place for us, and after a brief council resolved to follow the fate of our Colonel ; and so,

leaving a spot which shines brightly in my remembrance, we continued our march to the St. Nicholas Hotel, obtained admittance, ascended four flights of stairs, parted with our kind and gentlemanly escort, and sat down to rest at half-past two Thursday morning.

Sleep was of course still impossible. The exciting scenes of the night, and the incessant roar and rumble of Broadway, kept all awake; and at four o'clock loud cheers brought us to the window to see the glorious returning "Seventh" marshaled before us, and with all our hearts and voices we joined in the welcome which greeted them. A brighter morning dawned upon the city; other regiments had arrived in the night, and we knew that it was now safe. Broadway was busy and noisy. Business was resumed, and the mob much subdued, though still rampant in our old neighborhood. A reconnoissance showed that it was still unsafe to venture there. We passed the morning comparing notes and considering what to do with ourselves. My only desire was to quit the city—to beat a retreat as soon as possible. Our quiet tour had been rudely interrupted, our plans and purposes brought to naught; we had suffered great fatigue and anxiety, and we were unwilling to stay a moment longer. It was humiliating to leave our luggage in the enemy's country; but what were clothes to rest and quiet? A place for our heads was of more consequence than *bonnets*! Our friends were compelled to stay, but we could go; and most happy were we, now that we were sure of their safety, to improve that privilege. And so, at three o'clock on Thursday afternoon, just three days from our first glimpse of the rioters, we shook the dust of New York from our slippers, and, trunkless and bonnetless, sped up North River.

THE MILLER OF DEE.

BY EVA L. OGDEN (MRS. D. LAMBERT).

[*St. Nicholas.*]

The moon was afloat,
Like a golden boat
On the sea-blue depths of the sky,
When the miller of Dee,
With his children three,
On his fat, red horse, rode by.

"Whither away, O miller of Dee?
Whither away so late?"
Asked the tollman old, with cough and sneeze,
As he passed the big toll-gate.

But the miller answered him never a word,
Never a word spake he.
He paid his toll, and he spurred his horse,
And rode on with his children three.

"He's afraid to tell!" quoth the old tollman,
"He's ashamed to tell!" quoth he.
"But I'll follow you up and find out where
You are going, O miller of Dee!"

The moon was afloat,
Like a golden boat
Nearing the shore of the sky,
When with cough and wheeze,
And hands on his knees,
The old tollman passed by.

"Whither away, O tollman old?
Whither away so fast?"
Cried the milkmaid who stood at the farmyard bars
When the tollman old crept past.

The tollman answered her never a word;
Never a word spake he.
Scant breath had he at the best to chase
After the miller of Dee.

"He won't tell where!"
Said the milkmaid fair,
"But I'll find out!" cried she.
And away from the farm,
With her pail on her arm,
She followed the miller of Dee.

The parson stood in his cap and gown,
Under the old oak tree.

"And whither away with your pail of milk,
My pretty milkmaid?" said he;
But she hurried on with her brimming pail,
And never a word spake she.

"She won't tell where!" the parson cried,
"It's my duty to know," said he.
And he followed the maid who followed the man
Who followed the miller of Dee.

After the parson, came his wife,
The sexton he came next.
After the sexton the constable came,
Troubled and sore perplex.
After the constable, two ragged boys,
To see what the fun would be;
And a little black dog, with only one eye,
Was the last of the nine who, with groan and sigh,
Followed the miller of Dee.

Night had anchored the moon,
Not a moment too soon,
Under the lee of the sky;
For the wind it blew,
And the rain fell, too,
And the river of Dee ran high.

He forded the river, he climbed the hill,
He and his children three;
But wherever he went they followed him still,
That wicked miller of Dee!

Just as the clock struck the hour of twelve,
The miller reached home again;
And when he dismounted and turned—behold!
Those who had followed him over the wold
Came up in the pouring rain.

Splashed and spattered from head to foot,
Muddy and wet and draggled,
Over the hill and up to the mill,
That wet company straggled.

They all stopped short; and then out spake
The parson, and thus spake he:
"What do you mean by your conduct to-night,
You wretched miller of Dee?"

"I went for a ride, a nice cool ride,
I and my children three;
For I took them along, as I always do,"
Answered the miller of Dee.

"But you, my friends, I would like to know,
Why you followed me all the way?"
They looked at each other—"We were out for a walk,
A nice cool walk!" said they.

ME AND BOB AND JIM.

BY ADA STEWART SHELTON.

[*The Churchman.*]

Yes, sir, we're sailors' children,
 We live there by the sea,
 And father went off with the fleet
 A month ago may be,
 And mother feels so badly
 To have him gone away
 If 'twasn't for us children here
 I think she'd cry all day.

You see there's me and Bobby,
 And then here's little Jim,
 He always hangs back 'cause he's 'fraid
 That folks will speak to him.
 He never knew his mother
 She died so long ago,
 And then his father too was lost
 In last year's awful blow.

And father said as long as
 He'd sailor's heart in him,
 There'd always surely be a place
 To shelter little Jim.
 He thinks he's ours for truly,
 And he laughs and acts so glad
 When father comes, you ought to see
 Him hug and call him "Dad."

But often in the summer
 We children like to go
 To where the little church-yard lies,
 The sailor's church, you know.
 His mother's there, so always
 We put some flowers from Jim,
 We want him to remember her
 'Cause she remembers him.

When father sailed he told us
 To watch for the new moon,
 For when it hung there in the west
 The fleet would be back soon.
 Last night we saw it shining
 As bright as bright could be,
 And mother says the "Lively Jane"
 Will soon get in from sea.

You see it's named for mother
 And father says, he'd "think

A boat that had a name like that
Would never want to sink."
We've come back here to get some flowers,
He loves the violets so,
The posies ain't of much account
Down by the sea, you know.

So if you'll come and see us—
The place ain't hard to find,
The little brown house by the rocks,
The cliff is just behind—
And if the "Lively Jane" is in
With father—you'll see him,
But any way you always can
Find me and Bob and Jim.

WAITING.

BY AGNES L. MITCHELL.

[*Youth's Companion.*]

A crocus slept under the snowdrift,—
Impatient was she.
She longed for the spring-time to call her
Once more to be free.
But the little bells chime, "Not time! not time!"
And the icicles hang on the tree.

The crocus dreamed still of the summer,
And pushed out her head,
But the snow fairies tucked her up warmly
To sleep in her bed.
And the little birds trill, "Lie still! lie still
And wait for the Spring's light tread!"

So the crocus her little head nodded,
And slept where she lay,
Till the sun warmed the earth all around her,
For soft-footed May.
And the little brooks sing, "'Tis Spring! 'tis Spring!"
So the crocus came out to stay!

PATTY RUTTER.

BY SARAH J. PRICHARD.

[*Christian Union.*]

PATTY RUTTER had fallen asleep with her bonnet on, and had been lying there, fast asleep, nobody knew just how long ; for, somehow—it happened so—there was nobody in particular to awaken her ; that is to say, no one had seemed to care though she had slept on all day and all night without ever waking up at all.

But then, there never had been another life *quite* like Patty Rutter's life. In the first place, it had a curious reason for beginning at all ; and nearly everything about it had been as unlike your life and my life as possible.

In her very baby-days, before she could walk or talk, she had been sent away to live with strangers, and no real, warm kiss of true love had ever fallen on her little lips.

It all came about in this way : Mrs. Sarah Rutter, a lady living in Philadelphia—exactly what relation she bore to Patty it is a little difficult to determine—decided to send the little one to live with a certain Mrs. Adams, at Quincy, in Massachusetts, and she particularly desired that she should go dressed in a style befitting an inhabitant of the proud city of Philadelphia.

Now, at that time Philadelphia was very much elated because of several things that had happened to her ; but the biggest pride of all was, that, once upon a time, the Continental Congress had met there, and—most wonderful thing—had made a Nation !

Well, to be sure ! that *was* something to be proud of ; though Patty didn't understand, a bit more than you do, what it meant. However, the glory of it all was talked about so much that she couldn't help knowing that, when this nation—with its fifty-six Fathers and thirteen Mothers—was born one day in July, 1776, at Philadelphia, all the city rang with a sweet jangle, and called to all the people, through the tongue of its Liberty Bell, to come up and greet the new comer with a great shout of welcome.

But that had been long ago, before Mrs. Sarah Rutter was grown up, or Patty Rutter began to be dressed for her trip to Quincy. As I wrote, Mrs. Rutter wished that Patty should go

dressed in a manner to do honor to the city of Philadelphia; therefore, she was not permitted to depart in her baby clothes, but her little figure was arrayed in a long, prim gown of soft drab silk, while a white kerchief of purest mull was crossed upon her breast; and, depending from her waist, like the fashion of to-day, were pin-cushion and watch. Upon her youthful head was a bonnet, crowned and brimmed in true Quaker fashion; and her infantile feet were securely tied within shapely slippers of kid. Thus equipped, Miss Patty was sent forth upon her journey.

Ah! that journey began a long time ago—fifty-eight—yes, fifty-nine—years have gone by, and Patty Rutter is quite an aged little lady now, as she lies asleep, with her bonnet on, in the Pennsylvania State House.

“It is time,” says somebody, “to close.”

No one seems to take notice that Patty Rutter does not get up and depart with the rest of the visitors—that she only stirs her eyelids and turns her head on the silken “quilt,” whereon she is lying.

The little woman who keeps house in the Hall, locks it up and goes away and there is little Patty Rutter, shut in for the night. As the key turns in the old-time lock, the Lady Rutter winks hard, and sits up.

“Well, I’ve been patient, anyhow, and Mrs. Samuel Adams herself couldn’t wish me to do more,” she said, with a comforting yawn and a delightful stretch, and then she began to stare in blank bewilderment!

“I *should* like to know what this all means,” she whispered, “and *where* I am. I’ve heard enough to-day to turn my head. How very queer folks are, and they talk such jargon nowadays. Centennial and Corliss Engine; Woman’s Pavilion and Memorial Hall; Main Building and the Trois Frères; Hydraulic Annex, railroads and what-nots.”

“I never heard of *such* things. I don’t think it is proper to speak of them, or the Adamses would have told me. No more intelligent folks in the land than the Adamses, and I guess *they* know what belongs to good society and polite conversation. I declare, I blushed so in my sleep that I was quite ashamed. I’ll get up and look about now. I’m sure this isn’t any one of the houses where *we* visit, or folks wouldn’t talk so.”

Patty Rutter straightened her bonnet on her head, smoothed down her robe of silken drab, adjusted her kerchief, looked at her

watch to learn how long she had been sleeping, and found, to her surprise, that it had run down. Right over her head hung two watches. "Why, how thoughtful folks are in this house," she exclaimed in a timid voice, reaching up and taking one of the two time-pieces in her hand. "Why, here's a name; let me see!" Reading slowly, she announced that the watch belonged to "William Wil-liams—worn when he signed the Declaration of Independence." "Ah!" she cried, with pathetic tone, "this watch is run down, too, at four minutes after five. I remember! *This* William Williams was one of the fifty-six Fathers. I guess I must be in Lebanon—he lived there, and his folks would have his watch, of course. Here's another," taking down a watch and reading: "Colonel John Trumbull. *Run down, too!* and at twenty-three minutes after six. *He* was the son of Brother Jonathan, Governor of one of the Mothers, when the Nation was born. Yes, yes, I must be in Lebanon! Well, it's a comfort, *at least*, to know that I'm in company the Adamses would approve of, though *how* I came here is a mystery."

She hung the watches in place, stepped out of the glass room in which she had slept into a hall, and with a slight exclamation of delicious approval, stopped short before a number of chairs, and clasped her little fingers tightly together.

You must remember that Patty Rutter was a Friend, a Quaker, accustomed to silence, but then, in her baby-days having been transplanted to the rugged soil and outspoken ways of Massachusetts, she could not altogether keep silence in view of that which greeted her vision.

She was in the very midst of old friends. Chairs, in which she had sat in her young days stood about the grand old hall. On the walls hung portraits of the Fathers of the Nation that was born at Philadelphia in 1776.

In royal robes, and with careless grace, lounged King George III., the Nation's grandfather, angry no longer at his thirteen daughters, who strayed from home with the Sons of Liberty.

Her feet made haste, and her eyes opened wider, as her swift hands seized relic after relic. She sat on chairs that Washington had rested in; she caught up camp kettles used in every field where warriors of the Revolution had tarried; she patted softly La Fayette's camp bedstead; and wondered at the taste that had put into the hall two old, time-worn, battered doors, but soon found out

that they had gone through all the storm of balls that fell upon the Chew house during the battle of Germantown.

She read the wonderful prayer that once was prayed in Carpenter's Hall, and about which every member of Congress wrote home to his wife.

On a small "stand," encased in glass she came upon a portrait of Washington, painted during the time he waited for powder at Cambridge. Patty Rutter had seen it often, with its halo of the General's own hair about it. She turned from it, and beheld (why, yes, surely she *had* seen *that*, but not here; it was long ago in her baby days in Philadelphia, that Mrs. Rutter had taken her up into a tower to see it) a bell—Liberty Bell—that rang above the heads of the Fathers when the Nation was born.

Poor little Patty began to cry. Where could she be? She reached out her hand, and climbed the huge beams that encased the bell and tried to touch the tongue. She wanted to hear it ring again, but could not reach it.

"It's curious, curious!" she sobbed, wiping her eyes and turning them with a thrill of delight upon a beloved name that greeted her vision. It was growing dark, and she might be wrong. But no; it was the dear name of Adams; and she saw in a basket a little pile of baby raiment. There were dainty caps and tiny shirts of cambric, whose linen was like a gossamer web, and whose delicate lines of hemstitching were scarcely discernible; there were small dresses, yellow with the sun-color that time had poured over them, and they hung with pathetic crease and tender fold over the sides of the basket. The little woman paused and peered to read these words: "Baby-clothes made by Mrs. John Adams for her son, John Quincy Adams."

"Little John Quincy!" she cried. "A baby so long ago!"

She took the little caps in her hands; she pulled out the crumpled lace that edged them. She said, through the fast-falling tears:

"Oh, I remember when he was brought home, *dead*, and how, in the Independence Hall of the State House at Philadelphia, he lay in state, that the inhabitants who knew his deeds, and those of his father, John, and his uncle, Samuel, might see his face. I love the Adamses, every one," and she softly pressed the baby-caps that had been wrought by a mother, ere the country began, to her small Quaker lips, with real New England fervor, for its very own. Tenderly she laid them down to see, while the light was fading, a huge

picture on the wall. She studied it long, trying to discern the faces with their savage beauty ; and the sturdy right-doing men that stood in the foreground ; and then her eyes began to glisten and gather light from the picture ; her lips parted, her breath quickened ; for Patty Rutter had gone beyond her life associations in Massachusetts ; she had gone back to the times in which her Quaker ancestors had made treaty with the native Indians.

“ It is,” she cried with a shout, “ it is Penn’s treaty ! ” Patty gazed at it, until she could see no longer. “ I’m glad it is the last thing my eyes will remember,” she said sorrowfully, when in the gloom she turned away, went down the hall and entered her glass chamber.

“ Never mind my watch,” she said softly. “ When I waken again it will be daylight, and I need not wind it. It will be so sweet to lie here through the night in such grand and goodly company. I only wish Mrs. Samuel Adams would come and kiss me goodnight.”

With these words Patty Rutter laid herself to rest upon the silken quilt from Gardiner’s Island ; and if you look within the Relic Room, opposite to Independence Hall, in the old State House at Philadelphia, in this Centennial summer, you will find her there, still taking her long nap, *fully endorsed by Miss Adams* ; and in Independence Hall, across the passageway, you will see the portraits of more than fifty of the Fathers of the Nation, but the Mothers abide at home.

Will Patty Rutter awaken again in Chicago in 1893 ?

LIFE AND LOVE.

BY ELIZABETH BULLARD.

I.

LOVE'S SPRING SONG.

Exquisite tinting of leaf-buds,
Soft glories o'er mountain and sea,
Dawn and Spring in thy heart too, oh maiden!
With promise of dear joys to be.
Pearly reaches of hopeful distance,
Leading, whither? oh sweet girl for thee?
While love broodeth all in the beauty
Of tearless immortal youth—
Love, prating naught of dull duty,
But chanting of gladness and truth.

The vibrating air is sweet-laden
With music and perfume of Spring;
Songs of the bluebird and robin;
Dainty odors that flower-censers fling.
But absorbed in her lovely self-hood
Cries the girl, "What to me dost thou bring?
"Dear love with thy mystical beauty,
"Thy soft awakening kiss!
"Love, prating naught of dull duty—
"Love, singing of infinite bliss!"

Already, bright wings of the fruit blooms
Are spread for their short, dizzy flight.
But, Love ruleth all with the bounty
Of faith, not yet lost in sight—
Of Hope that knoweth no doubting,
Of a morning that dreams not of night.
Strong love ruleth all through the beauty
Of fearless unquestioning truth;
Love prating naught of dull duty,
Nor hinting of sorrow nor ruth,
Love, chanting sweet in the Springtime
And morning of Life and of Truth.

II.

LOVE'S SONG AT NOONDAY.

Midsummer! High noon! and the Sun-god
Burns his rays through thy heart and thy soul,
Working there, what of blessing or cursing,
Working there, what of rapture, or dole?

Woman, standing now at the zenith
 Of life, while the deep flood-tides roll,—
 Woman, pouring on Love's fiery altars
 Rich libations from Life's golden bowl,
 Gifts of grain from the waving grain-fields,
 Rare flowers, and first fruits of the vine;
 While thy brave lips forget not their smiling
 'Neath brave eyes that of grief give no sign.
 And Love chants a song of weird beauty,
 Of loving for dear Love's sake;
 Of sacrifice, anguish, and duty,
 Of hearts that love on though they break.

Still, with a passionate stillness,
 Shines the sea, in the noonday glare,
 Faint with incense of roses and lilies—
 —Of lilies stately and fair—
 —Of roses red as heart's blood—
 Throbs the heavy pulsating air.
 No song, now, of thrush or of bluebird,
 But a low, stifled moan of despair
 From lips that are weary with smiling,
 Smiling on, through grief and pain,
 From a heart that thirsts for loving,
 As the dry earth thirsts for the rain.
 But, forever, Love chants of the duty
 Of love that "counts loss but gain,"
 Of the glorious anguish and beauty
 Of loving, though loving in vain.

Fold on fold, roll the summer storm clouds,
 Thrills the air with electrical fear,
 Peal on peal! flash on flash! and the tempest
 For blighting or blessing is here!
 And the rain pours its mighty libation
 On earth's sun altars, blackened and sere,
 God's rain on the roses and wheat-fields,
 And the deep sea, cruel and drear;
 Till the floods clap their hands, and a blessing
 Comes at last with the summer rain,
 And revealing the bow of promise,
 God's sun shines in peace again,
 Shines in peace on the bending lilies,
 The torn roses and prostrate grain,
 Shines with peace on the heart of the woman,
 Who worships no longer in vain,
 But with eyes washed clear now, with weeping,
 Sees a vision sacredly sweet,
 A vision of Love's matchless duty
 Wrought for love, through the noonday heat,—
 Supreme Love! supreme anguish, and beauty!
 And she clasps Love's piercèd feet.

III.

LOVE'S EVEN SONG.

Red and gold blaze the fires of the sunset,
Red and gold flame the falling leaves ;
Bruised are the grapes in the wine-press,
Bound the corn in the yellow sheaves ;
And the wistful eyes of the woman
Search with patience born of care,
Some gleaning from Life's harvest bounty,
Some late cluster from Life's vintage fair ;
And an echo of Love's song in Springtime
Floats plaintive from lips pale and sad,
As the heart of the desolate woman
Yearns back to the days that were glad.

IV.

THE NIGHT-WATCH.

Cold and still 'neath the winter moonlight
Lie the wheat fields, the harvest long past,
Cold and white the pathetic churchyard,
Where in snow-covered beds rest at last
The toilers for food and for pleasure,
Old and young, rich and poor, in long sleep,
While the aged eyes of the woman
Once more their sad vigils keep,
Gazing out on the night's frosty splendor—
Till, lo ! in the east-sky there gleams
The dawn of Love's new day ; and chanting
New songs, the stars herald the beams
Of Love's sun, that shall know no setting,
Dawning day, that shall know no night,
And always, all sorrow forgetting,
Happy souls shall stand glad in the light.

THE DETERIORATION OF MR. AND MRS. THADDEUS JONES.

BY MARGARET L. KNAPP.

[*Independent.*]

FOR sixteen years the Joneses had carried poverty on their backs like an Old Man of the Sea, and though his burden had grown heavier with every passing year they had gallantly borne themselves as if it were invisible to the public eye. In an evil hour, when both were young, they had married upon their combined prospects and a modest income in connection with the tin business. The prospects had long since faded, while the income, small for two, had been beaten out and rolled thin, to cover a family of four. Miss Mary Addie, the young lady presumptive of the family, in her savage moods, declared that "they lived on faith, hope and charity—principally charity;" but this was when Miss Mary Addie's haughty spirit rebelled at the ignominy of wearing the unbecoming gowns and hats so delicately conveyed to them by more fortunate cousins.

"Why doesn't Cousin Adelaide say right out, 'You're so poor,' instead of mincing around about 'saving you trouble, with your children growing so fast'?" she demanded, dangling before her eyes in dire contempt the blue plaid which was such a sad misfit to her complexion. "'Twouldn't hurt that chunky Eva of hers to grow some! There isn't a girl in school but knows where my skirts are pieced down under those rows of braid. It makes me think of the poor woman in that Christmas story who had seven charitable turkeys sent her, and every identical person of 'em said when they brought 'em: 'We thought you might not have *thought* to buy one, Mum!'"

Then there was Rudolph, the youthful scion of the house of Jones, whose eight years were one long accumulation of yellow curls and picturesqueness. Mrs. Jones longed to make a Little Lord Fauntleroy of him—this was before the comic papers got hold of Lord Fauntleroy, and tore his dainty velvet to tatters; but Fauntleroys cost money when one has no velvet gowns to cut up for the purpose, and clothes may come and clothes may go, but boys go on forever. Accordingly, she had to do the best she could

with embroidered collars, which were not of a sufficiently luxuriant pattern to cover the perpetual patches on his knickerbockers.

People of limited income can do one of two things—make more money to spend, or spend less. The Joneses attacked this problem at its tail end; they called it economizing. They tried their hardest to find a thousand-dollar house for three hundred a year, and compromised upon a flat. To be sure, there were two dark bedrooms and no linen closet; the old square piano had to be tipped up end for end to get it through the doorway, and bottles of pickles and jelly tumblers overflowed to the shelf of the wardrobe; still, “there were no sidewalks to clean,” as Mr. Jones, who had been his own man of all work through one dark winter of discontent, triumphantly observed.

Miss Mary Addie’s speech really was a libel, for they always paid their way—eventually. They always meant to pay their gas bills within the five days, to save the discount; but they never did. They never subscribed for a magazine, but if money happened to be flush they bought a copy when it came out. They sometimes managed to lay in their winter’s supply of coal in the summer, at which times Mary Addie told the cat that they would have to “live poor” for awhile. She also privately confided to her mother that she was glad the contribution boxes at church were padded, she just *hated* to drop in her little ten-cent pieces.

“Hush, dear!” Mrs. Jones was accustomed to say, quite distressed at the boldness with which Mary Addie was inclined to grapple with the household economies, “remember the widow’s mite.”

“Well, widows might—but she wasn’t a widow—so there!” (And she never would be, either, if she didn’t have more of a chance!)

At one time Mary Addie’s soul was fired by thrilling stories of girls of sixteen who wrote stories and became famous, or went upon the stage, or turned into wonderful geniuses whose voices cast a spell like Orpheus’s lute and drew gold by bucketfuls; and she answered a cajoling advertisement which offered great inducements to a person of talent, on receipt of the necessary postage stamps—no canvassing required; but when a black and yellow circular appeared, agreeing for the trifling sum of one dollar to supply her with a book of over five hundred receipts of every kind, any one of which was worth the price of the book, and could be

confidently expected to make her fortune, her airy dreams of a new piano, a feathered hat like that odious Sue Jackson's and a birthday party suddenly collapsed, and she threw herself back upon her Latin grammar with renewed acerbity.

Long practice had given Mrs. Jones a deftness of touch in cooking which almost went so far as to create something out of nothing. Mr. Jones was seldom made conscious of any deficiencies in this respect. He wanted them all to economize, but he did not care to see the details of their economizing. Mrs. Jones hardly ever ventured to ask him directly for money. Instead she launched her meditations into empty space somewhat in this fashion :

"Rudolph will have to have some new shoes before long, I am afraid. I don't see how his are going to last much longer. I ought to have a new cloak this winter; but I suppose we can't afford it—my old one is so shabby I hate to wear it."

"Why can't a woman have one good coat, like a man, and then wear it?" suggested Mr. Jones, good-naturedly.

"Could, if they paid eighty dollars for one."

"But your new things always look like old ones, Polly. I've seen some women who could make a ten-cent calico look tasty and pretty; and I wish you had that sort of faculty."

"I believe I should have, if I had an allowance of my own."

"I'd give you one in a minute if I was *fixed* just right," said her husband, "and I wouldn't let you work so hard, either; you should have everything you wanted;" and, lost in the glories of a fancied future, he quite forgot the present. He did the best he could—he had given up smoking—he turned his money over to his wife, and never asked her what was done with it. He never nagged her about spending money, as Robinson did his wife.

When, therefore, after this long course of living with nose to the grindstone, Mr. Thaddeus Jones appeared in the dining room one evening as usual, it was without premonition on the part of his family of what was coming. "Polly?" said he.

Mrs. Jones was filling up the teapot. "You are late, Thad," said she—"Mary Addie, go and turn down the gas you left burning in the parlor; we're going to have a large gas bill this quarter."

"In a minute, Ma—Pa's pale—what is it, Pa?"

"Polly,"—Mr. Jones braced his hands upon the table, and tried to impart his information in the careless style in which a

millionaire broker might say to his wife—"By the way, my dear, I made a little matter of fifty thousand to-day." The attempt, he felt, was a failure. "Polly, I've done it at last!"

"Done what, Thad?"

"I have perfected a new style saucepan with a patent attachment, that pours to the right instead of the left."

"And sold it? I'd like one, myself."

"Sold it? *no!* not such a fool—I'm going to control it. It will supplant the old style in less than no time. There's going to be a tremendous demand for it. Polly, we're rich!"

The gas burned on at full head in the parlor. Mr. Jones continued excitedly: "That was a great idea of yours. I remembered what you used to say about wanting a handier saucepan, and, by Cæsar! I'll name it after you. The Polly saucepan! It's worth its weight in gold."

Mary Addie, transfixed by conflicting emotions, sat motionless, with her knife and fork dropping from her limp hands. Rudolph's mind was more concrete. "Pa! say, Pa, c'n I have fi' cents to buy some candy?" he begged, in wheedlesome tones.

Mr. Jones drew out a handful of small change, and recklessly tossed him a dime.

Then, first, Mrs. Jones began to comprehend the magnitude of the change which was about to befall them, and of her own accord she gave Mary Addie a second helping of canned peaches, while in the developing room of her mind a composite picture of a barrel of flour, weather strips, and a new bonnet began to take fascinating shape.

Money does not always lie beyond a new invention; but there was no doubt about this one. Housekeepers, who for years had been laboriously pouring from a right-handed saucepan, now clamored for the Polly, which gave the right hand the freedom of the spoon. It was made in three sizes, of which the twenty-seven cent size was most popular. Dry goods emporiums advertised it (at a discount) among their Saturday basement bargains. It was a success.

The successful proprietor of a Polly saucepan cannot go on living in a flat. There was a fine house for sale further up the avenue, built in old style, large square rooms, generous halls, and a sweep of driveway before the door. Mr. Jones bought it. "It cost him a small fortune," he remarked, triumphantly slapping his

breast pocket, where the title-deed reposed ; “ but he didn’t grudge the money—not he.” Forthwith he began to be pointed out as an esteemed citizen, and invited to take a seat upon the platform at public meetings, and an enterprising New York paper published a column in its Sunday edition, headed “ Got a Corner on Polly ! ” and underneath, “ Mr. Thaddeus Jones is interviewed,” the whole containing items of remote family history which Mr. Jones himself, who had bought a copy on the sly to see what it said of him, was somewhat surprised to learn, not as yet recognizing the fact that a man is great in proportion as the newspapers lie about him. In like manner, the new house furnishings became the text of a sprightly article in a series of “ The Wives of our Inventors,” appearing in a fortnightly magazine, which asserted that “ Mrs. Jones’s taste is for the simply elegant, and, tho’ showing a thoughtful discrimination in china and linen, she prefers the chaste, tho’ subdued furnishings which are in keeping with the historic air of the mansion.” Mrs. Jones, however, haggled over the price of carpets and curtains as she had done all her life, and, in particular, could not think of her parlor draperies for weeks without an electric sense of guilt, so sharp as to take away her breath. Nevertheless, their house was far from being ostentatious, and, in fact, there was a noticeable blankness of wall, except in the library, where a number of family portraits of nebulous appearance hung in dark, oval, gilt-lined frames—but that would all come in time. A man does not get a fancy for picture buying in a day ; and, however much he may enjoy a clear steel engraving, the taste for the Impressionist School, especially that in which the impression is, so to speak, blurred, takes time, and must be acquired, like the taste for olives. With books they were more at home, and a goodly array the volumes made in their low bookcases, although Mr. Jones had been heard to say that he didn’t know as he cared to go down on his knees to his books ; but Mrs. Jones replied that everybody did it now, and, for her part, she liked it as well as a step-ladder.

Miss Mary Addie accommodated herself to her new sphere with great elasticity. She had no qualms of conscience about her long-coveted feathered hat, and her pink and white China silk. If, with the wisdom of a child of light, she wore her cousins’ legacies five weeks longer than there was need, it was done so that Sue Jackson could not call her “ Parvenu ! ”—besides, she would just as soon, now everybody knew she had money to buy things if she

wanted. For herself, she felt capable of still further expansion—even to the extent of a duke, if opportunity arose.

Not so her elders. The Old Man of the Sea was gone, but they were still conscious of his pressure. Mrs. Jones had worked up to the point of keeping both cook and waitress; but she could not rid herself of the old sense of responsibility, and was constantly in the kitchen, putting her hand to this and that, while the well-behaved cook looked on, listening politely, with a meaning lift of her eyebrows. "'Tis a thought I have as how I ought to be pay-in' her something for her help," she said sometimes in strict confidence to the giggling Norah, while Mrs. Jones wandered restlessly upstairs and down, with the gingham apron on, which she was always forgetting to take off, greatly to Mary Addie's disgust. No cooking to do, no scouring and sweeping, she fell back upon her mending, which she had always hated. It never occurred to her to hire that done; and if it had she would have condemned the idea as extravagance. She calculated as closely as in the old days, and thought twice before spending any money for anything, not infrequently, when she did so, buying a thing she worried over afterward, because she might have done without it just as well. As time went on she interested herself in various outside matters, as a directress of this charity or a member of that church committee, and took a good deal of simple comfort in doing so; but the nervous feeling of shirking necessary duty never left her.

"I can't see but what you feel about as poor as you ever did," observed Mary Addie one Sunday evening, when she had been playing hymns on the new upright piano. Mary Addie was taking music lessons now, and told all the girls that she "expected to have her voice cultivated before long." Meanwhile her shrill, high soprano added to the sharpness of her remarks.

There was a silence after Mary Addie had gone upstairs. Mrs. Jones sat in an easy chair, looking more thoughtful than usual. Mr. Jones was turning over the Sunday paper by the light of an elaborate tall lamp.

"I saw Bridgeman's new house yesterday afternoon," he said, presently, without looking up. It was his habit to throw out a conversational remark like this once in a while, to keep his wife from feeling lonely.

"Did you? and is it going to be as handsome as they all say?"

"It's a very large house, larger than he has any need of. I

didn't particularly admire the style of the roof, myself. It cost a good deal of *money*, Polly," disapprovingly.

"Well, isn't Mr. Bridgeman able to afford it?"

"I don't know—oh, yes, yes, I guess so, so far as that goes." He turned a leaf of his paper. "Hullo! Why Professor Sanscrit is dead! said to have left very little property. Why, I supposed he was more successful than that."

"Why, wasn't he regarded as one of our great men?"

"Yes; but that won't be worth much now to his children."

"Worth much what?"

"Why, Polly, how dull you are to-night!" said Mr. Jones, good humoredly—"money, of course."

"Yes, money, money, money!" exclaimed Mrs. Jones, suddenly bringing herself into a sitting position. "It's all we think of! I am just beginning to realize it. Don't you? Thaddeus, we have been growing mean! We have! Don't you see that that's what's the matter with us? We've had to scrape and pinch so long that a cent looks as big as a dollar to us. I can't see anybody in a handsome dress but I must calculate how much it cost. We measure everything by a money standard"——

"But, Polly"——

"We do! If a man makes money, we say he's successful; if he doesn't, we say he's a failure. Didn't we have any happiness until we were rich? You know we did." She began to cry. "Mary, Addie's right when she says we feel just as poor as we used to. I'm afraid I never shall get to be different. It's mean to be so fussy over every cent"——

"But, Polly"——

"We might do more good with our money. We ought to give more."

"I put in my contributions regularly."

"A mum-miserable little two-o-d-dollar bill," sobbed Mrs. Jones; "and it was for Foreign Missions, too."

"It was a five."

"What does that amount to? I—I wish I could act as if I had always been used to money!"

She was sobbing hysterically, with her face against the chair. Mr. Jones looked at his half-burned cigar in perplexity. Puff, puff! what a way women had of flying off at a tangent; puff, puff! not but there might be something in what Polly said, after all; puff,

puff, puff! he threw the cigar into the grate and strode over to his wife. "Polly?" said he, sitting on the arm of her chair.

If the chair had been a relic of the old dispensation it would have given out under his weight; but it was a substantial, modern, forty dollar chair, and it held firm. Mr. Jones slipped his hand behind his wife. "Polly?" said he, "I may be mean, but I've never been mean enough not to love you, have I?"

No thought came to Mrs. Jones's mind about the way men had of flying off at a tangent; she instantly turned and threw both plump arms around his neck. "Oh, Thad!" she cried, "I *never* said you were mean! I said *we* were—and we are! You've been the best, the kindest"——

"There, there, Polly!" She was dropping tears all over the silk lapel of his smoking jacket, but neither of them noticed it or cared. "You never were mean, Polly."

"Yes, I was, Thad—often—when I begrudged you the money you spent on a hair cut, and said I could have done it just as well myself!"

"Well, let's walk up and down, and have it out."

One of their long standing habits was to pace the room together, arm in arm, while discussing a difficult household problem; and it was certainly much more satisfactory to do this in a room twenty-two by eighteen than to take five steps and turn, five steps and turn, knocking off a tidy or two in the process.

"It all comes to this, Thaddeus," said Mrs. Jones at last, "for the sake of the children, at least, we ought to try to have larger views of—things—and not shut our eyes to everything that doesn't taste and smell of money. You know I always was a goose about expressing myself; but that's what I want; and I think, if we should *give* something—somewhere—whenever we caught ourselves doing or saying anything small-minded, we should get over it after awhile."

"It shall be done, Polly," said Mr. Jones, firmly.

It would take too long to tell how the Joneses worked out their own salvation—besides, this is not a moral tale. It cost them a good deal of money to get out of their tight grooves; but they gave, and gave, and gave. From concert tickets, and the picture bought to encourage a struggling young artist, to missionary societies, improvement of their native village, and the Indians, the time never came when they needed to seek far for an object. They sometimes say that they get a great deal more fun out of it than if they waited to

die first. "And, talk about the hardening effect of riches," said Mrs. Jones to me one day, confidentially; "there's a good deal might be said about the hardening effect of poverty; but when Thaddeus brought me a lovely bunch of tea roses awhile ago, my dear, and I never once gave a thought to what they cost, I knew there was a work of grace begun in me."

This was some time ago. The other day Mrs. Thaddeus Jones gave a delightful and largely attended chrysanthemum tea to introduce her daughter, Miss Adelaide Jones, the persimmons quality of whose pristine tartness had ripened into blooming wit and good sense; and it needed no second glance at the handsome matron in her sweeping velvet, so serenely gracious and assured in her hospitality, to convince me that the last consciousness of the Old Man of the Sea had forever departed.

TO AN OLD GUITAR.

BY ANNIE LOUISE BRAKENRIDGE.

[*Century*, 1892.]

Her slender fingers, jewel-drest,
 Stole softly to and fro,
 And in and out among the strings,
 To tunes of long ago.

The golden ribbon kissed her throat
 Where fain his lips would be—
 Oh, how he loved her very breath,
 His sweet maid Marjorie!

In velvet drest, with silken hose,
 And jewels not a few,
 Ah, what a cavalier was he,
 In seventeen-ninety-two!

My songs are not so quaintly sweet
 As those she sang to him,
 My love and I no picture make
 Like theirs, with time grown dim.

But music lingers still in thee,
 And love is just as strong,
 As when sweet Marjorie was young
 And tuned thee to her song.
 My love and I will pass away
 Some day, and then will be

Another hand to touch thy strings,
And find thy melody.

Do you not wonder, old guitar,
Whose hand 't will be, and who
Will sing the sweet love-songs to him
Of nineteen-ninety-two?

I am not sad to think it true
(The present is so sweet),
That Joy and Sorrow must unite
To make thy chords complete.

For what is Sorrow, Pain or Death
To us whose souls are strong!
Time cannot put an end to thee,
Dear Life, and Love, and Song!

ACROSS THE CHIMNEY-TOPS.

BY AGNES L. MITCHELL.

[*Youth's Companion.*]

I look across the chimney-tops—
The city's turmoil lies below;
Upon how many hearths to-night
The cheery fire is all aglow,
And thoughts that come at Christmas-tide
Float in, with me to bide,
So near the chimney-tops!

And quick as fades the sunset sheen
The lights leap out to meet the stars,
As if, perchance, their slender bars
Might bridge the space between;
For me, I need no candle's ray
To point a way,
Across the chimney-tops.

I know the myriad signs of life—
The shops' display, the hovels, homes,
The struggles, and the wearying strife;
There's food enough for thought, where I
Look out so near the sky,
Across the chimney-tops.

The world seems far, the silence drear,
This holy night, when friends draw near,
When hands are clasped and home most dear—
I know it all; it once was mine;
My thoughts go far, as to a shrine,
Across the chimney-tops.

And here and there, like mindful saints,
The steadfast church-spires point above.
I cannot hear, though loud the bells
Chime out their tale of peace and love ;
Still far away sad memories fly
 To church-yard fields that lie
 Beyond the chimney-tops.

The city gleams fade one by one,
Though Christmas cheer be all below ;
Some thankfulness is due, I know,
Since through my window smiles the sun.
What though its joys I must forego,
Sweet peace that comes at Christmas-tide
 With me may bide,
 Beneath the chimney-tops.

PAPER WRITTEN BY MRS. S. D. HOLLY.

AND PREPARED BY REQUEST FOR A RE-UNION OF THE PUPILS OF THE
HARTFORD FEMALE SEMINARY.

IN assuming the duty assigned me for this hour, my thoughts naturally revert through many decades to the time when little more than a child, I came under the care and instruction of this beloved woman, the founder and first principal of the Hartford Female Seminary. Fully as I realize my incompetency for the task, it were indeed a base ingratitude not to affectionately offer an humble tribute to her memory.

Catharine Esther Beecher, the oldest child of a large family, was born September 6, 1800, and as she often said, "Came in with the century." Her birthplace was the primitive village of East Hampton, on the south shore of Long Island. The name of her father, the Rev. Lyman Beecher, is still a name of power and prominence in the churches of New England, while the mother, Roxana Foote, lovely in person as well as gifted in mind, was as noted for her artistic skill as for her domestic and Christian graces. Life in the parsonage was on the simplest scale, but the family was large, the salary small, and after attempting to add to their living by opening a school in the house, a call from Litchfield, Connecticut, was accepted, and a new home was begun among the hills about the year

1810. Here Catharine first came into the advantages of the large and famous school of Miss Pierce, and eagerly did she seize the opportunity. In a letter written long after, she says: "I enjoyed the teaching in music and drawing, but though I succeeded well enough in school, I studied but little and guessed the rest." Dr. B. in a letter of this time says: "Catharine walked through her classes in school." Loving fun and practical jokes, writing prose or verse with equal facility, of indomitable energy and good humor, it will be readily seen that this young girl was a power not only in school but in the large circle of the minister's home. The rapid decline and death of this lovely mother when the daughter was sixteen, brought the first sorrow into her life, but bravely did she attempt to fill the loss as far as possible to the family. A few years later came the affliction that changed the whole course of her life. She was affianced to Prof. Fisher of Yale, but his life was lost by the shipwreck of the ship *Albion* on the coast of Ireland. Her father in a family letter, says: "Catharine is in an awfully interesting state of mind." While overpowered with her grief her vigorous, active and ever-searching intellect wrestled with the deep things of God, until after a severe struggle she obtained peace in believing, and then with the prompt decision which was the habit of her mind, she resolved to devote herself to the cause of female education.

A school of a higher order was needed in Hartford, and in 1823, she, in connection with her sister Mary, opened one in an upper room, in the third story of a building corner Main and Kingsley streets, over the well known sign of the "White Horses." The school was at once a success, but the one room was overcrowded and inconvenient, and in a few years a removal was made to the basement of the North Church and more spacious premises. But this dwelling place too, was soon outgrown, and then Miss Beecher resolved that a suitable building should be erected, fitted to the growth of the school, and the more modern ideas of higher education.

She had many friends among the prominent families of the city, and each man was enlisted in her behalf. One drew the plan for the building, another the act of incorporation, the company was formed and the stock was soon taken, the money raised and the building completed and furnished for its occupants.

Rarely has a school been more richly endowed with teachers or had those more competent in their several departments. Do not

some of those here present recall the names and persons of Miss Brigham, Miss Mary Dutton, Miss Caroline Munger and Frances Strong. Miss Degen, in her French mourning of red and black; Miss Watson, who had forgotten more history than we ever knew; Mrs. Stowe (God bless her,) and Mrs. Gamage, whom we liked to tease till Miss Beecher taught us to love and admire her by telling us her sad history.

Perhaps less progress was made in simple acquisition than in some schools, for I remember certain sad failures on examination days of girls, who should have done better, but we had learned some lessons quite as valuable not always taught thus early. We were led on to think out a subject by our own processes, to differ from the text book and then defend our position, to strive for mental and moral elevation, rather than to dazzle others by whole pages of dates or figures, these were the standards held up for the education of our young minds. Yet in certain studies unusual progress was made. Mental and moral philosophy, rhetoric and logic, were really enjoyed by those who caught the enthusiasm of the teacher. Where the class differed from the author of the text book in rhetoric in some of his definitions, a correspondence was opened. Not agreeing with the views of the Scotch philosophers on the action of the mind, Miss Beecher at once begun to write another philosophy, found a printer, herself the publisher, and we studied our daily lessons from the proof sheets under a strict pledge of secrecy. And here in connection with Miss Beecher writing school books, is a story told by one of her brothers. In the year thirty-one while her father lived in Boston, she went there to correct the proofs for her arithmetic, which was being printed by Perkins & Marvin. Included in her shopping list was the purchase of two traveling trunks, and finding those that suited her otherwise, she objected to the prices asked, twelve and ten dollars. "Twelve dollars is more than I feel able to pay for a trunk, but I am willing to give you eleven apiece." The dealer hesitated, slowly decided, while she went home rejoicing in her bargain, and was greeted with shouts of laughter by those who would never spoil a joke for relationship's sake.

To return, it was not difficult for this earnest woman to keep herself in touch, to use a modern phrase, with the latest methods in the management of schools. Long before the gospel of athletics was proclaimed, she had teachers trained in the more graceful calisthenics and our recess was the time of daily practice. Elocution too

was a constant exercise, and more than a half century since the class rooms resounded with vowel sounds and impassioned shoutings of unutterable aspirates. And far ahead of her time was Miss Beecher's skill in teaching English composition. To gain a knowledge of words, the scholar was taught to transfer poetry into prose, analyze an essay, catch the style of a popular writer, and if gifted enough to transmute prose into poetry. Then when words and ideas had accumulated so that a subject could be readily handled, a composition might be attempted.

Nor was the training of the moral and religious nature slighted for intellectual pursuits. Many of us here gathered can well remember the anxious entreaties, the earnest appeal and the wise and affectionate counsel given to those beginning the new life. Such continued effort in so many directions wore constantly upon the nerves and health of the principal of this large and popular school, and at last, after many attempts to rest and restore her failing health, Miss Beecher found her resignation an absolute necessity, and reluctantly left the institution which she had founded, and where she had faithfully labored so many years. But inaction was impossible for one of her nature. In 1835, she went with her father and his family to Cincinnati, where Dr. B. had received a call to the pastorate of a church, and to be the President of Lane Seminary.

The journey was a long and tedious one, and many of the experiences new to one whose life had been passed in New England, and was full of suggestion to her always-stirring intellect. She had faithfully done her work where the means for education were on every side, what could she do now with broken health and without money to aid the new communities stretching out to the literally boundless West?

She organized some schools in the cities and engaged personally in teaching in Cincinnati and Milwaukee, but her various plans on the subject at last took form in the organization of a "National Popular Education Society" with Ex-Governor William Slade of Vermont as General Agent. His duties being to deliver addresses in various towns and cities, to raise money for the cause, and as far as possible to awaken interest in the movement. In order to develop her work in the plan, Miss Beecher secured some vacant rooms in the old Orphan Asylum in Washington St., in this city, where some twenty or more teachers disposed to go under the patronage of the Society, were collected, examined and drilled by an experienced

instructress, for some weeks. Meantime letters of applications from those wishing teachers were received, the fitness of each young lady for the place was closely scrutinized and at the close of this short term, the class started for their new homes under the faithful care of Gov. Slade.

From this system of personal acquaintance it was found that but few mistakes were made, and the amount of good resulting was incalculable. And may the writer be pardoned here for introducing an incident of our late war bearing on the subject. In a well-fought engagement, one company had shown such unusual bravery that the general in command desired that they should be publicly thanked. "What else did he expect from Slade's girls boys?" was their instant rejoinder. And the writer of this had the pleasure of hearing of a lady who had gone out in one of those classes, that she had been the means of founding a most useful college, and at her death was mourned as having done more for the cause of education than any man in that section of the State. And as a pleasant episode in his labors, Gov. Slade delighted to tell the history of one of these elect ladies, the first sent to California by the Society. The journey by the isthmus was an expensive one, and the agreement was that each should teach at least a year, or repay their traveling expenses. Not long after they had begun their work there, Gov. Slade was surprised when at a hotel in New York, by a gentleman who desired a private interview, this being granted, the stranger's story was soon told. He wished to make one of these teachers his wife, but she claimed a year's delay until she had fulfilled her pledge to the Society. The Governor told him the only alternative was to repay the money expended for her, when she would be released. With great alacrity the gentleman opened a well filled pocketbook, counted out the sum named, added a donation to express his thanks, and the gentlemen parted, one to claim his bride, and the other laughingly to relate the incident. Some of those who have used Miss Beecher's cook-book may be interested to know how it was prepared, as it proved a popular work and made Miss Beecher's name famous, in an unexpected way. She had promised in connection with a friend to have the material of such a work ready for delivery to the Harpers, on a specified date. The time was near, for some reason the work was not begun and the penalty was serious. In no way daunted, Miss Beecher desired some ten or twelve old pupils to be invited to meet her at tea at the house of a friend; then the story was told. The slips of heading into

which a cook book may be rightfully divided, were assigned to those present, and they were asked to round out a certain number of pages of recipes upon fish, flesh and fowls, cakes and dainties, and return to her the results of their new studies. These were compiled into a book and the work became a reliable favorite. This little incident may portray one of Miss Beecher's characteristics; sanguine and full of resource, never discouraged and readily adopting new plans when the old ones failed. She delighted to set many wheels in motion, and if some ran off the track, others were eminently useful in the way. Miss Beecher was a many-sided woman, though fond of studies involving deep thought, she readily found her sphere in action. She feared nothing because it was high or difficult, she despised nothing because it was small or insignificant. Generous almost to improvidence, she earned money but dispensed it freely; fond of music and delighting in art. She left little space for accomplishments in her system of education. To develop the highest form of character; to control circumstances instead of being controlled by them; to live to accomplish impossibilities even, this was the high standard she set for herself and her pupils.

But when fourscore years had passed this useful life came to its end and she entered into her rest and her reward. The brother whose house was her home, writes:

"Like a mirror fractured, each piece like the whole, so Sister Catharine 'went to pieces.' Incessantly, yet incoherently active—now with her hands fixing up her well-worn conveniences of dress, shoes and writing apparatus; now writing a page or two of educational planning, and correspondence with bishops, statesmen and capitalists, running ten times a day to play snatches of tunes from her antique repertoire, always ending with a quavering hymn refrain, 'It's better farther on.' Then back to her room ready for metaphysics until would come the exclamation, 'My head is tired, Tom.'" And her brother adds, "I was alone in the house when she was overtaken by apoplexy at or near midnight. I listened at her door, but her heavy breathing suggested only sound sleep and not the fatal stroke. I think that she lay unconscious from Friday to Sunday evening. Early in the week we buried her privately, and returning Brother Edward interested a large audience with reminiscences, and an appreciative estimate of her character."

"A few years afterwards I buried by her side the youngest, the Rev. James Beecher, as she was the oldest of my father's children."

MISS PHOEBE'S VALENTINE.

BY CONSTANCE GODDARD DU BOIS.

[*Home Maker*, 1893.]

MISS PHOEBE lived in a little low house on the corner of the village street, and it was set so directly on the sidewalk that the passer-by, if so inclined, could extend a hand for a friendly greeting through the open window. It is not recorded that this had ever occurred. Miss Phoebe was slow of recognition, and although her rocking-chair stood near the window for the convenience of her needlework, she was screened from obtrusive observation by a tall flower-decked, spindle-legged table. The top of the table was only large enough to hold a tall pink glass vase in the shape of a twisted cornucopia, and two little yellow ones of no decided design. These were filled every morning with fresh flowers arranged in stiff bouquets. Miss Phoebe's potted plants grew better for cutting.

"Why do you always turn your flowers so they face toward the street, Miss Dawson?" asked Belinda Long, the girl who was learning her trade of seamstress under Miss Phoebe's direction. She often asked idle questions, and stopped her sewing to wait for the answer. She would hold her pretty head on one side, like a cockatoo, Miss Phoebe said to herself, and curl her little finger outward as she held her needle suspended. Phoebe Dawson was a sufficiently amiable woman, but Belinda's ways had power to irritate her.

"I like to set them where they can be seen," was the short reply.

In fact, Miss Phoebe's table might be called the shrine of the passer-by, so carefully was it designed with reference to exterior effect.

"Amos Lodge goes by here five or six times a day back and forth from his school, but he never turns his head," said Belinda, with droll emphasis.

"What is Amos Lodge to me?" demanded Miss Phoebe, sniffing in an agitated manner.

"He's your brother-in-law, ain't he?" asked Belinda.

"He married my sister, Betty, who died fifteen years ago," replied Miss Phoebe, pressing a small, folded handkerchief to her lips.

"When she died it's a pity he didn't marry you," remarked Belinda.

Phoebe Dawson rose and went into the kitchen, closing the door behind her. Belinda heard a rattling of fire-irons, and she threw herself back in her chair in a fit of silent laughter.

"Hasn't she set her cap for him these fifteen years?" she said to herself; "and in England, before she followed him to America, didn't the folks call her 'the deceased wife's sister'? Philetus Brown says so, anyhow."

The thought of Philetus caused Belinda to fold her work with a glance at the clock. It was nearly noon, and at the stroke of the hour Amos Lodge and his favorite pupil would pass the window, Amos striding on ahead with his slow, awkward gait and bent shoulders, and Philetus lingering for a bow and a smile. When Miss Phoebe was absent he was sometimes pelted with a blossom stolen from the yellow vase, and in return he would throw a kiss to Belinda. The danger of observation and the need of thwarting it made this by-play very interesting to the two young people.

To-day the two men went by as usual, and Philetus lifted his hat to Belinda with a smile. She rose and opened the window. A frosty wind blew through the low, over-heated room.

"It is dreadful warm in here," she said. "Miss Dawson hates the cold like a cat."

"Haven't you a flower for me, Belinda?" asked Philetus.

"What would you do with it if I gave it to you?" she replied.

"Wear it over my heart, as I did the last one," he said.

"I know you threw it away the very next minute," said Belinda, "but you might as well have this chrysanthemum. It's doing no one any good here."

She took a fine large blossom from the vase, and Philetus stepped forward to receive it, when an unseen hand was deliberately extended over Belinda's shoulder, the flower snatched from her fingers and flung with force upon the open book which Amos Lodge was reading as he went.

He looked up in surprise at the sight of Phoebe Dawson's fluttering cap-strings and blushing countenance.

"Thank you," he said absent-mindedly, placing the flower in his buttonhole.

"Was that what she expected me to do with it?" he asked rather ruefully, as Philetus, stifling his laughter, resumed his place by his preceptor's side.

"It was a proper thing to do," replied Philetus. "It shows that you appreciate the favor and respond to the sentiment which prompted it."

Amos raised his eyebrows.

"I am not so sure of that," he said. "I only meant to be polite."

"But Miss Dawson evidently means more than that," said Philetus mischievously. "This is leap-year, and to-morrow will be St. Valentine's Day."

Amos Lodge laughed merrily.

"Phoebe is very kind," he said. "I have always had a liking for her. If folks had not talked about us for fifteen years it might have come to something, but I'm shy, and Phoebe's proud. They said she was always running after me, but I never saw anything of the sort in her ways, nothing more than sisterly affection."

"But when a woman opens the window and throws a flower to you it must mean something more," said Philetus.

Amos Lodge pondered this proposition in silence during the remainder of the walk. The boarding house where he and Philetus had their quarters seemed more than ever dreary and desolate to him, the dinner less inviting than usual, his fellow-lodgers noisier and less congenial.

"A man of my age should have a seat by his own fireside and a tidy wife to pour his tea," he said to himself.

There had been a time when life had seemed to Amos a single volume of romance, which fate had closed and buried in a consecrated crypt never more to be profaned by a touch. He had written a poem on this subject. Its stiff metre and stilted metaphors had been an awkward transcript of his passionate regret. Now he felt that the stern prose of life had its meaning and justification.

As he sat thinking by his study fire in the evening, Philetus tapped at the door and entered with a rosy face.

"I am going to send a valentine to Miss Belinda Long," he explained, going directly to the point, "and I don't want to buy the foolish gilt paper things they sell in the stores. I've got a bunch of flowers for her, and I want to send a poem with them. I've tried

my hand on it for a week, but all I can think of is, 'Love me little, love me long,' and that won't do. Then I can't find a rhyme for Belinda. Do write something for me, Mr. Lodge."

Amos did not refuse this request, for his poetic gift was the one of his talents in which he had most confidence, though an unappreciative public had little acquaintance with the products of his muse.

He sat up late to write the verses, taking a pleasure in the task, and almost fancying that he was young again and composing a valentine to send to the mistress of his own affections. This sympathetic inspiration gave an added fervor to his lines :

" Fair charmer, stay your steps and turn your eyes
To where I faint and languish for your love.
Oh, give a soothing balm to hush my sighs,
And breathe an answer that my cure may prove !

" Your looks should heal the wound that they have wrought ;
I claim your heart since you have stolen mine.
If pity lives and kindness moves your thought,
Oh, give consent to be my Valentine ! "

" Will it do ? " asked Amos nervously, presenting this poem to his pupil in the morning.

" It is fine ! " cried Philetus with enthusiasm. " She'll know I did not write it, but that makes no difference. She knows what my feelings are. I'd marry her to-morrow if I were five years older and had a thousand a year to start with."

He sighed and blushed, wondering that he gave this confidence to his elderly preceptor, but the day was made for expansive sentiment.

Before sealing the verses in a scented envelope Philetus added these lines :

" If you agree, my dearest B.,
Wear my flowers to church for me."

Choosing the most romantic method of presenting his tribute of affection, Philetus laid his flowers and the pink-sealed envelope on Miss Phoebe's spindle-legged table, to which he had access through the open window. The window was always open for ventilation at a certain hour in the morning, and Belinda in a becoming cap was usually to be seen wielding a feather duster.

To-day, unfortunately, Belinda slept late, and it was Miss Phoebe who found the valentine. She broke the seal with anxious haste, and as she recognized Amos Lodge's handwriting she sank into her rocking-chair, and read the verses as eagerly as Belinda

might have done. A faint color rose to her cheeks, and an unaccustomed moisture to her eyes.

"It is Valentine's Day, to be sure," she said. She picked up the bunch of yellow daffodils and buried her face in their stiff blossoms. "It must all have come from the flower I snatched from that little flirt Belinda, and flung at Amos by mistake," she concluded. "He took it in earnest, no doubt, and thought I was flirting—at my age!"

Miss Phoebe laughed to herself in a girlish way. She felt that it was ridiculous to be so happy, but there was nothing ridiculous in her love for Amos. It was rooted in the depths of her being.

The lines scrawled at the bottom of the page were evidently written in haste, as Amos's stiff Spencerian hand could hardly be recognized in them—the "P," for instance, looked very like a "B,"—but Miss Phoebe ascribed this to a lover's agitation; and the descent from a stately Pegasus to homely doggerel seemed admirable in its close personal application to the circumstances of the case. Wear the flowers! To be sure she would, in a conspicuous place on the bosom of her new mantilla. Of course every one in meeting would stare to see her decked like a girl, but for Amos's sake she would wear a sunflower, if need be, in her buttonhole.

The next day was Sunday, and Amos, urged by his young companion, was early in his seat in church. Philetus had not confessed the addition he had made to the words of Amos' poem. He felt that as poetry they would be considered incongruous, and moreover that so personal a token of Belinda's favor should not be shared with another. He had chosen a seat in a corner where without turning his head he could watch those who entered, and he hoped to encounter, as it often had happened, a glance from Belinda.

She came, and his heart beat rapidly at a sight of her Sunday attire, curled locks, and plume-crowned hat; but where were his flowers? Philetus started with an exclamation of horror and despair, which caused Amos to look up in alarm. Miss Phoebe, with a blushing glance at Amos, had entered behind Belinda, wearing upon her bosom an enormous bunch of yellow daffodils.

Philetus sat rigid in his seat through the prayers and hymns. Belinda had passed him by without recognition. She had turned a mocking and contemptuous look toward Miss Phoebe's nodding flowers, which won many stares and smiles from her fellow-worshippers, and had then devoted the brightest beams from her eyes to the

survey of Philetus' most formidable rival, Joe Williams, who sang tenor in the choir. Joe Williams was an irreverent youth who could flirt behind a hymn-book. He walked home with Belinda at the close of the service, while Miss Phoebe detained Philetus in his corner by stopping to speak to Amos before he had left his seat.

"I got your 'valentine, Amos," she said in an audible whisper. "I knew your hand, so I must thank you for it. You see I wore your flowers."

This was said with such pointed emphasis that Amos, overcome with surprise, could only remain in blushing silence, while Philetus sank back upon the cushion with a groan. Miss Phoebe darted a severely questioning look at the young man as she turned and left the church.

"What does it mean?" gasped Amos.

"She has worn my flowers," said Philetus, with the calmness of desperation. "She thinks that my valentine to Belinda was sent to her from you. I remember now that I did not direct the envelope. Of course I thought Belinda could be the only one to receive it. I did not imagine that an old woman with one foot in the grave would be thinking of valentines."

"Phoebe is forty-two, and I am forty-five," said Amos calmly. "I do not feel decrepit, however I may appear."

"But it is so absurd!" exclaimed Philetus, vexed at this lack of sympathy in his friend. "I wrote at the end of your poem these additional lines:

'If you agree, my dearest B.,
Wear my flowers to church for me.'

What does 'B' stand for, I wonder? Of course Belinda is angry, for I had as good as told her I would send her a valentine. I shall explain at once, and Miss Phoebe may return her flowers and her verses to the proper owner."

Amos laid a detaining hand on his young friend's shoulder.

"Let it pass, I beg of you, Philetus," he said. "They were my verses, after all. Phoebe could never get over the hurt to her pride. I am willing things should be as they are."

Philetus hid his face in his hands. His preceptor asked a hard thing of his generosity. He knew Belinda's fickle nature and quick self-conceit, which magnified a trifling slight into a cause for deep offense. Perhaps this feather's weight would turn the scale against him. Perhaps he should lose her forever.

He felt youth's angry scorn of age usurping its province and prerogatives. What right had people on the shady side of forty to celebrate the day of St. Valentine? He could have laughed at the absurdity of it, but he was closer to tears. Meantime Amos was waiting with kindly patience for his answer.

Philetus lifted his head with a forced smile. "God bless you, my children," he said, with a mockery of humor. "I will not be an impediment to your union."

Then he hurried from the church, ran frantically past Belinda's house, where he saw the hated figure of Joe Williams in the rocking-chair by the window, and reaching his home and his own room, he flung himself upon a lounge in the despair of early youth, which believes in no future and sees no remedy.

Miss Phoebe and Amos were married in the spring; and it was about this time that Belinda Long sent back Joe Williams's engagement ring with the sufficient explanation that she had changed her mind.

Philetus Brown, who had finished his studies, was clerk in an office in Boston, where he had many kind letters from Amos Lodge, who sent him frequent tidings of Belinda. The news of her broken engagement was cheering to Philetus, reviving past hopes and fond imaginings, which received a happier confirmation in a letter from Amos, enclosing, folded in a sheet of scented paper, Belinda's picture and a pressed and faded yellow daffodil.

LIFE AND LOVE.

BY JESSICA WOLCOTT ALLEN.

[*Good Cheer*, 1884.]

A dark and lonely way,
A constant strife,
A dreary wilderness,—
Oh, this is life!

A star that thro' all storms
Bright beams above,—
A sunbeam on the waste,—
Oh, this is love!

AN ISOLATED FACT FOR THANKSGIVING.

BY ANNIE A. PRESTON.

[*Hartford Courant.*]

MATTHEW ARNOLD admitted the other evening at Unity hall that isolated facts even might be valuable. While his suggestive lecture was still ebbing through my mind, I chanced to meet with an aged inhabitant and heard in response to my plea: "Tell me something that happened on some Thanksgiving day long ago when your grandparents or great-grandparents were young," this incident, an isolated fact that has dropped down out of the past as a grain of gold going to the bottom in the cradling, is picked out and saved, and by its purity, rarity and intrinsic value holds its own and is valued long after all trace of its origin is forgotten. I have arrayed my unearthed treasure for the national feast trusting that its setting may not affect it as blond frizzes do a grizzled top-knot and that the mysterious stranger may be again welcomed in many a hospitable New England home:

Upon one inclement Thanksgiving day, more than a century ago, a large party were assembled in a roomy old mansion on a breezy Connecticut hill-top.

This was the home of an aged couple, whose children, numbering twelve when they went out into the world, were now coming back even to the fourth generation from the four points of the compass in such numbers as to fill the immense old house from garret to cellar.

This Thanksgiving was an extra occasion, an anniversary feast in the family calendar, the dignity of which it was everybody's business to maintain, the babies and the dogs even from every household represented seeming to feel intuitively an individual responsibility to behave at their best.

It was fifty years that day since the aged host and his wife were wed. Twenty-five years had passed since their oldest daughter had taken for better and for worse young Parson Lawton from the neighboring town of X., and on this day a rosy daughter of the house was to be united in wedlock, by her uncle, the parson, to the son of a prosperous neighbor.

The great house was swarming with life. Huge fires in the wide mouths of the staunch capacious stone chimneys crackled and flamed forth light and warmth from every room.

Deep brick ovens held mysterious treasures of flaky chicken pies and golden Indian puddings. Fowls suspended from the ceiling slowly roasting before the fires were basted by bustling matrons or by rosy-faced girls, each of whom saw herself in fancy the presiding genius of some home of plenty, the loved and chosen consort of some swain who now perhaps watched her from the background or considerately and gallantly with bashful compliments held a fan-shaped screen between the glowing cheeks and the dancing flames.

In the ancient log kitchen, the nucleus of all this substantial pile of farming buildings, a fat pig was being barbecued. The pantrys and corner cupboards in all conceivable out-of-the-way niches and nooks fairly swelled the doors ajar by the plenty within. Through the glass front of the almonry, dubbed the "almira" by our grandmothers, in the square room, could be seen the loaves of wedding cake, whose gleaming crests vied with the snow drifts that were heaping without. On the shelf above were a pair of long-necked decanters that, with the fragile jingling glasses grouped about them, echoed of family gatherings beyond the sea.

All day long a thousand *last things* for the evening, when the neighbors were to come in, were being accomplished by many willing hands that made light work. And although there was a great deal of laughter and frolic and running against each other in door-ways and racing around chimneys, the broth was not spoiled by the many cooks, for grandma, wearing her seventy-five years lightly, stood at the helm.

The storm increased as the night fell, the wind roared and shrieked among the bare branches of the trees that reached their arms about in the gloom and the falling snow, as some of the girls peering from the windows said, like witches at their incantations.

The stream in the gorge below the house holding holiday for once, roared and foamed, plunging over the rocks and under the mill where the great saw that had rived the boards of which the house was made, stood idle, opposite the formidable heap of logs on the near hill side.

The storm detained no guest. The savory odors with which the house was filled floated outside through the ever-opening doors to greet the tardy comers. The sound of laughter and song rang out as far as the firelight gleamed.

The guests had all arrived. The table was ready for the feast. The bride and groom stood before the parson for the simple

marriage ceremony to be performed before seating themselves opposite grandpa and grandma at the table, when in the preparatory silence the outer door was blown back by a mighty gust of wind and a strange lone figure was seen standing upon the door stone.

The aged host went forward with an expression of cordial welcome on his kindly face that was quite in harmony with the air of ease and grace with which the stranger entered. His words of excuse were checked and he was received as an expectant, belated and honored guest.

Ready hands took his heavy, velvet, fur-lined cloak, and he stood with his back to the glowing fire, an interested spectator of the marriage ceremony, and right gallantly led the tearful mother to salute the daughter-bride. The merry-making went on, but the stranger had fallen into eager conversation with his host.

His discourse was good to hear, one and another were drawn into the ring that encircled him, and soon, wonderful to relate, the great house was still save the ring of his even modulated voice.

He talked of the attainments of the old world and the prospects of the new, of the nearing work for the youths and maidens, of the mission of the children, until the parent's cheeks glowed with pride and the emulous blood was sent tingling through the veins of all present. He talked of the future of a great republic in the world, a country without a king, governed by the people, and as its resources became known, becoming inevitably the receptacle of the overflow of the rest of the world. And he eloquently showed how by keeping the young nation pure the world should be purified, and how a finer civilization should grow from the inevitable association, attrition and crossing of nationalities, followed in time by physical beauty not then dreamed of, and a culture as fine and pure and widely disseminated that only the most poetical imagination could have a vague conception of it.

"A war is inevitable," he said. "You have the honor and privilege to be accounted worthy by God to be helpers in the great struggle for American Liberty."

No one realized at the time that this stranger was plotting high treason against the king, that they too might be amenable for giving him such wrapt and sympathetic attention.

Perhaps the seeds of sedition were so subtle as to have been like some sweet foreign wine, seemingly innocent in its first breath of fragrance, but after a little, when the glass is drained, sip by sip,

asserting its stimulating effect. Perhaps they had difficulty in thinking fast enough to keep pace with him, but his words burned into their hearts, they could not be forgotten.

They sat at the table for a long time but no one remembered much about the supper upon which so much thought, time and labor had been bestowed. They saw before them in a vast word picture the future of their country. They apprehended the magnitude of a duty to be done and their own personal responsibility in it. Their wrongs that had been like a huge pile of fagots were kindled by the fire of patriotism never to go out until the country was free.

They forgot the dessert and the dance, but they remembered the sweet ring of a Latin poem that only the parson understood which fell from the lips of the guest as they all stood about the tables after thanks had been returned.

"I must go," said the stranger, after a little further talk.

"Oh, no!" they cried, "by no means;" and they grouped themselves about him like a barrier between the cheer within and the rigor without. He raised his hand to enforce silence and said: "My friends, I came. I have seen this honored New England feast day at its best. I have been received by this professed servant of God in the spirit of Him whom he serves. I have been welcomed, cheered, refreshed, comforted. May I hope to be as cordially speeded on my way?"

He clasped the silver buckle of his velvet cloak and gave his shapely white hand to one and another with some kindly parting words. Turning at length to go he said: "You will not forget me; when you see my prophecies become living realities before your eyes you will perhaps thank me for what may now seem my untimely visit. Adieu."

He was gone. The company looked at each other with eyes that were dimmed with tears. They could not speak of him even to conjecture regarding his identity, such was the charm that the grace of his presence had thrown over his port, his memory and his message.

When a vague report reached them of a coach and four with a solitary passenger posting along the turnpike between Providence and Hartford on Thanksgiving day and they were told it passed the old tavern at Ashford town at sunset, and dashed past Mansfield "Four Corners," five miles to the westward "nigh on upon midnight," they wondered if it were possible that their flaming lights

and spark-emitting chimneys had suggested a detour and a halt to the mysterious passenger.

The impression made by that visit was not lost. When the youthful bride was called upon to give up her husband at her country's call she remembered the words of the stranger as he held her hands at parting: "Your path may not be a flowery one, but however sharp the thorns in your way may be, you will press on feeling honored that you have been accounted worthy to be a helper in such a grand contest for liberty." She thought of it again when the news reached her of her husband's death on the battle-field, but she never flinched. "I might have sank under it," she said, "had I not been prepared for the conflict and the reward."

After the war was over and peace was declared the influence of that strange Thanksgiving visit was still felt. That living illustration of a riper culture than their narrow world had known, gave an impulse to those noble susceptible young hearts that otherwise they might never have found except in dreams.

In the most cultivated circles of our land to-day may be found descendants of that little company in whose lives that stranger's visit was an isolated fact, prolific with great suggestions and grand results, so sure is it that truth is a seed and given good soil it will thrive, and its end no man hath known.

THE EVER RESTLESS.

BY SARAH PRATT McLEAN GREENE.

One staid in his place by the shore, where his fathers had lived, staid he,
And the faces that knew him smiled, as they might till death should be,
And one had never a place, but sailed wide on the darkening sea.

And one had his own fireside, and the love of his heart had he,
And his children nestled there; and afar on the tossing sea
Sailed the wreck of a broken heart—afar on the tossing sea.

And he who sailed in wrack, by night a dream dreamed he,
Of lights on the quiet shore, and the love of his heart—ah me!
Lost soul! of the harbor lights and the love of his heart dreamed he.

And he who staid by the shore—'tis strange as strange may be,
But at night his dreaming soul put forth on the restless sea,
And sailed with a longing dim on the wild and boundless sea.

MOON-WIDE.

BY MARY L. BOLLES BRANCH.

[*Churchman.*]

The builders are building a house
 In the field just over the way ;
 The walls are up and the floors are there,
 But the windows and doors are vacant and bare,
 And the wind sweeps through from the bay.

A window upstairs so mates
 With the one on the other side,
 That, looking up you can see blue sky,
 With maybe a white cloud flitting by,
 Blue sky just a window wide.

We thought it a window wide
 Till down came the dark and the night,
 When a globe of light from edge to edge
 Shone a perfect round, and poised on the ledge,
 The moon with her splendor bright.

She entered into the room
 Which had been so empty and bare ;
 She looked at us with her radiant face ;
 She threw on us the charm of her grace,
 And smiled as she tarried there.

And oh ! you sphere of light
 Who dwellest among the stars,
 Ready to enter with presence bright,
 Did you find another house that night,
 Unhampered by curtains and bars ?

You are large enough for a world,
 You are thousands of miles away ;
 Great bounds in the far blue sky you fill,
 And yet you stood on the window-sill
 And brightened the house like day.

If we ope but a little door,
 If we leave but a little space,
 All heaven is waiting a way to bless
 With heights and breadths that we cannot guess,
 But its glory floods the place.

And the sky which seemed window-wide
 May hold many millions of stars,
 A sun by day and a moon by night,—
 And a pathway up to the Infinite,
 So away with the curtains and bars !

SONNET.

"Hic me, pater optime, fessam, deseris, heu!"

BY LUCY CATLIN BULL.

[*Atlantic Monthly.*]

Ere yet in Virgil I could scan or spell,
Or through the enchanted portal of that lay
Which ravished ancient Rome had found my way,
How oft with heaving breast I heard thee tell
Of horrors that the Trojan fleet befell:
How for a time they were the tempest's prey,
And how, at last, into a little bay
Their boats came gliding on the peaceful swell.
There, though thick shade might threaten from above,
Was rest and peace, nor any need to roam.
Alas! I did not dream how soon for thee,
Best father, sweetest friend, the quiet cove
Would stretch its arms, while I, half blind with foam,
Should still be tossing on the open sea.

SAINT CECILIA.

BY MRS. ZADEL BARNES GUSTAFSON.

[*Harper's Monthly.*]

"As thou standest there,
Thou seemest to me like the angel
That brought the immortal roses
To Saint Cecilia's bridal chamber."

LONGFELLOW'S *Golden Legend*.

IN the daily mass of the Roman Catholic Church occurs this stately invocation: "Nobis quoque peccatoribus famulis tuis, de multitudine miserationum tuarum sperantibus, partem aliquam et societatem donare digneris cum tuis sanctis Apostolis et martyribus: cum Joanne, Stephano, Matthia, Barnaba, Ignatio, Alexandro, Marcellino, Petro, Felicitate, Perpetua, Agata, Lucia, Agnete, CÆCILIA, Anastasia, et omnibus sanctis"—perpetually commemorating among the well beloved names of its martyr saints that of the Roman virgin Cecilia.

The story of this saint is told by various authors, with no very noteworthy discrepancies between the different versions; and however

its fact and legend may be proportioned, it has sufficient of both the beautiful and the marvellous to explain its influence as an inspiration in connection with music and the other arts.

It is supposed that St. Cecilia was born in Rome somewhere in the third century. Her parents were people of high distinction who secretly adhered to the Christian faith. Religion and melody seem to have composed the gentle temperament of the little Cecilia, who from her birth expressed herself in prayer and song. At a very early age she took the vow of chastity, and carried always with her a copy of the Gospels hidden in the folds of her dress. As she grew to womanhood her musical talent, mental graces, and personal loveliness distinguished her even among the gifted and beautiful; while the religious ardor and virginal calm of her life completed a personality so impressive as to lead naturally to its own lasting effect in statue, painting, and song. She composed hymns, and sang them in a voice of such quality that the angels, it is declared, could not remain in heaven when Cecilia was singing, but descended to mid-air to listen to her. She could play skillfully on all the musical instruments of her day, but was so little content with them that she set herself to the invention of something better, and produced the organ (whose compass and rich vibration were more suited to express her musical fervors), and consecrated it to the worship of God.

Submitting to her parents' wish, she became, at the age of sixteen, the wife of Valerian, a wealthy and worthy young Roman noble. She wore sackcloth next her tender skin under her wedding dress, and went to her nuptials fasting, and invoking God and the angel hosts to give her power to so prevail with her husband that he should respect her vow of chastity. On their return from the temple to their bridal chamber, Cecilia, first pledging her husband to secrecy, told him that she was nightly and daily guarded by a glorious angel, who would not permit a mortal lover to come near her.

“ I have an angel which thus loveth me
That with great love, whether I wake or sleep,
Is ready aye my body for to keep.”

CHAUCER, *Second Nonnes Tale*.

Valerian, listening in astonishment, asked to be permitted to see this angel, to which she replied that he must first become a Christian and be baptized; and sent him to the venerable Pope St. Urban, who succeeded in converting Valerian, after which he hastened back to Cecilia. Exquisite music proceeded from his dwelling, and as he

opened the door of his young wife's chamber he beheld an angel standing in the midst of a white radiance near to Cecilia, and smiling upon her as she knelt in prayer. In his hands were two wreaths or crowns of pure white and pure red roses, which had been plucked in Paradise, and still held the perfume and dew of the gardens of heaven.

Valerian knelt beside Cecilia, and the angel crowned them with these roses, and blessed them, and offered to Valerian the fulfillment of his dearest wish in return for having respected the virgin sanctity of his wife. Valerian at once made known that he desired, above all things, the conversion and baptism of his beloved brother Tiburtius.

After the angel vanished, Tiburtius came in, and immediately, and with surprise—for it was not the time of flowers—noticed the odor of the roses, which were invisible to him because of his unbelief. Cecilia explained her faith to him, and her husband's conversion, and all with so much tenderness and eloquence that Tiburtius was convinced, sought Urban for baptism, and then joined earnestly in the loving labors of Cecilia and Valerian, helping the poor, and comforting and encouraging the persecuted Christians. Cecilia herself converted over four hundred persons to Christianity by her preaching, and sent them to Pope Urban for baptism.

At last the prefect Almachius learned of and endeavored to put a stop to this work. He demanded that Valerian her husband and his brother should publicly abjure their faith, and make sacrifice to Jupiter.

They firmly refused, and the brothers were seized and cast in prison, where their keeper, Maximus, was so impressed with their teaching and their behavior in their troubles that he was converted, and suffered martyrdom with them. After their execution the barbarous prefect, who was covetous of her estates, persecuted the virgin widow, who bore herself with such dignity, gentleness and patience under the threats of Almachius* that forty persons who were present at the scene professed her faith and desired to share her fate. Baffled and angry, the prefect gave orders that she should be taken home and cast into her own bath, after it had been heated to the intensest degree. This was done; but when she had been shut in "for a day and a night, in which the fires were heated up and made to glow and roar their utmost," Cecilia was found unharmed.

* It is said that there was no prefect of this name.

Almachius then condemned her to death by the sword. Cecilia knelt calmly before her executioner, and as he raised the sword above her head, she began to sing, and so moving were the tones of her sweet voice that he smote unsteadily, and with three blows—the limit permitted by the Roman law—had but partially severed the head, which drooped meekly, while the martyr continued her dying hymn.

She lived for three days, during which the people flocked in crowds around her, while she taught them, and prayed for them, and gave away her possessions to the needy. To St. Urban she gave her house in which she had been stricken down, to be converted, after her death, into a church or chapel for the service of God.

At the close of the third day (November 22, A. D. 280), in the midst of a tremblingly sung hymn of praise, she expired, and her body was buried by Pope Urban and his deacons.

Her palace was changed, as she had desired, into a temple consecrated to the worship of the Saviour. One of its aisles opens into the sudatorium in which her life had been miraculously preserved from the boiling bath, the pipes or calorifers of which remain to this day. This room is held in special veneration.

During the period from her death to the ninth century—marked by municipal disturbances and disastrous invasions—this church was suffered to fall into decay; but in 821 Pope Paschal I. carefully restored it, and transferred to it the remains of Cecilia, Valerian and Tiburtius.

The manner of finding these sacred relics is told as follows by Baring Gould, who, while relating the Cecilia legend with considerable detail, seasons it throughout with a piquant flavor of incredulity.

“In the fourth century,” says he, “appeared a Greek religious romance on the loves of Cecilia and Valerian, written, like those of Chrysanthus and Daria, Julian and Basilissa, in glorification of the virginal life, with the purpose of taking the place of the sensual romances of Daphnis and Chloe, Chereas and Callirhoe, etc., which were then popular. There may have been foundation of fact on which the story was built up, but the Roman calendar of the fourth century, and the Carthaginian calendar of the fifth, make no mention of Cecilia. It is said, however, that there was a church dedicated to St. Cecilia in Rome in the fifth century, in which Pope Symmachus held a council in 500. But Symmachus held no

council in that year! But Pope Paschal I. dreamed that the body of the saint lay in the cemetery of St. Calixtus, along with that of her husband Valerian. He accordingly looked for them, and found them, or *some* bodies—as was probable in the catacombs—which he was pleased to regard as those of Cecilia and Valerian, and he translated these relics to the Church of St. Cecilia, and founded a monastery in their honor.”

St. Cecilia's chroniclers differ in opinion as to the date of her appearance. “Usuardus,” says Baring Gould, “makes Cecilia suffer under Commodus, and Molanus transfers the martyrdom to the reign of Aurelius.”

The “*Lives of the Saints*, collected from Authentick Records of Church History: The Whole Interpreted with suitable Reflections”—an interesting old tome, printed in Gray's Inn, London, in 1750—states that “several authors, considering how much that Prince (Alexander Severus) favour'd the Christians, date St. Cecily's Death in the Reign of Marcus Aurelius and Commodus, joint Emperors from 176 to 180. The Grecians are persuaded she suffered in Diocletian's Persecutions, and keep her Festival on the same day with the Latins.”

The Rev. Alban Butler, in his *Lives of the Saints*, gives no account of the manner of St. Cecilia's martyrdom, but alludes to the dream of Paschal by which her original burial place was discovered, and mentions that St. Cecily's Church is called “in Trastevere,” or Beyond the Tiber, to distinguish it from the two other churches in Rome bearing her name. After acknowledging the rare musical gift of St. Cecily, the Rev. Alban Butler delivers himself of a quaint little homily—that from some pens would read like broad humor—warning the young from the effects of “soft, effeminate music, which bewitches the senses, dissipates the mind, alienates it from serious studies, is the corrupter of the heart, and the poison of virtue!”

Mr. Hare, Mrs. Clement and Mrs. Jameson all give pleasing versions of the St. Cecilia story, Mrs. Jameson's being much the fullest account of the various representations of Cecilia in art.

After the time of Pope Paschal the Church of St. Cecilia again sank into ruin, but in 1599 Cardinal Sfondrati had it carefully repaired and redecorated. On this occasion the tomb was re-opened, the robe of gold tissue in which the embalmed body was first shrouded still remained, together with the linen cloths steeped in

her blood and wrapped around her feet. Touched by the pathetic grace of the recumbent figure, Sfondrati sent for Stephano Maderno, a sculptor of celebrated skill, and ordered him to represent it in marble. This work, entitled "Cecilia Lying Dead," is perhaps the most perfect and beautiful of all bearing her name, and is thus described by Sir Charles Bell: "The body lies on its side, the limbs a little drawn up; the hands are delicate and fine; they are not locked, but crossed at the wrist; the arms are stretched out. The drapery is beautifully modelled, and modestly covers the limbs . . . It is the statue of a lady perfect in form, and affecting from the resemblance to reality in the drapery of white marble, and the unspotted appearance of the statue altogether. It lies as no living body could lie, and yet correctly, as the dead when left to expire—I mean in the gravitation of the limbs."

The yearly festa of St. Cecilia occurs on the anniversary of her martyrdom, November 22, in her church of St. Cecilia in Trastevere, which is then thronged with the worshipful and music-loving of Rome. The papal choir assemble, and respond to each other in these antiphons:

"And Cecilia, Thy servant, serves Thee, O Lord, even as the bee that is never idle.

"I bless Thee, O Father of my Lord Jesus Christ, for through Thy Son the fire hath been quenched round about me.

"I asked of the Lord a respite of three days, that I might consecrate my house as a church.

"O Valerian, I have a secret to tell thee: I have for my lover an angel of God, who with great jealousy watches over my body.

"The glorious virgin ever bore the Gospel of Christ in her bosom, and neither by day nor night ceased from conversing with God in prayer."

Then follows the anthem:

"While the instruments of music were playing, Cecilia sang unto the Lord, and said, Let my heart be undefiled, that I may never be confounded.

"And Valerianus found Cecilia praying in her chamber with an angel."

The Church of St. Cecilia has not been materially altered since its rebuilding by Sfondrati in 1599, though in 1725 Cardinal Doria added certain modern decorations, which do not seem to be regarded as improvements. The church stands at the "extremity of the Trastevere, near the Quay of La Ripa Grande." A picturesque house in the style of the Middle Ages stands opposite. The frieze of the portico has mosaic arabesques, with crude portraits of St. Cecilia and pictures of other saints, which, together with the mosaics in the

Tribune—a part of the church not touched since Paschal's time—are supposed to date from the ninth century.

Her body since the time Maderno made his expressive copy of it has lain in the confession, which is directly under the high altar. The tomb of Cardinal Adam of Hertford, a prelate who figured in the opposition to Urban VI., is near the entrance of the church, to the right. He was the only one saved from a cruel death after the triumph of that Pope, England interfering in his behalf. His tomb is adorned with the English arms—three leopards and a fleur-de-lis quartered.

The beautiful urn of Cardinal Fortiguerra stands also near the entrance, to the left. The mosaics in the church ceiling represent Christ surrounded by the saints Cecilia, Paschal, and Paul, Valerian, Peter, and Agata, with appropriate symbols. Behind the altar is a picture of St. Cecilia's martyrdom, supposed to be the work of Guido. The painting at the extremity of the right aisle represents St. Cecilia appearing in a beautiful garment wrought with jewels, and showing the slumbering Pope Urban where he will find her body. This is believed to have been painted in the ninth century; it is the last in a series of fine frescoes which were destroyed in the seventeenth century, and were supposed to be the work of Byzantine artists, under the direction of Pope Paschal. Fortunately a copy of the entire series is preserved in the Barberini Palace Library, and forms a dramatic pictorial account of the main incidents of Cecilia's life and martyrdom.

Mrs. Jameson is undecided as to the period when St. Cecilia was first regarded as a patron saint of music, but says that previous to the fifteenth century she is seldom portrayed with musical instruments. Her influence upon music is of course that of tradition and idea. Belief in her rare musical gift, not only as a singer, composer, and inventor of musical instruments, but as one whose powers of religious harmony were such as to draw irresistibly to her presence angelic audiences, gives to her idea a something which, if vague and indeterminable, is still in accord with the aspiring, religious, and renunciative moods of musical composition.

The influence of her idea upon painting and sculpture is, however, more easily traced and definite, and that it has been considerable is indicated even in the mere progress of her story.

Cimabue, Lucas van Leyden, Maderno, Zurburan (in the Louvre), Mignard, Raphael, Giulio Romano, Jean Scheffer,

Domenichino, and Domenico Zampieri are among the great artists of the world who, under the Cecilia inspiration, have portrayed her and her story on canvas and in marble in some of the most beautiful work to which their names attach.

Some idea of the surpassing merits of the Cecilia art memorials by the last six of the above-mentioned artists may be gained by a study of the exquisite outline copies of them in the plates of *Le Musée de Peinture et de Sculpture, par Reveil*.

Says Louis Viardot, in his *Les Merveilles de la Peinture*: "Among Raphaels, we must not omit to mention what is and always will be the pearl of the museum at Bologna—the St. Cecilia. . . . He has represented her in an ecstasy, listening to celestial music, and letting fall from her hands a little portable organ on which she has begun the concert finished by the angels. . . . This St. Cecilia was ordered of Raphael in 1515 by a lady of Bologna named Elena dall' Olio Duglioli, of the house of Bentivoglio, who was subsequently canonized; thus the picture came to Bologna, where it has since remained."

The copies by Carracci and Guido have made this beautiful work widely known. Viardot remarks that people educated to admire the dazzle, splendor, and wonderful effect of Guido, Guercino, and Domenichino, do not at first receive the full impression of Raphael's coloring, so much more subdued, but so deep and so full of meaning that it comes at last, by a real growth in the observer's mind, to impress as the supreme in art.

In connection with adherence to certain fixed emblems, there is much versatility of treatment in the St. Cecilia paintings. Sometimes she is represented in rich, even regally gorgeous, appareling, and again clothed with almost severe simplicity; with a rich turban, or with the celestial red and white roses on her head, or with a slender aureole faintly raying upon her hair; with the organ at her side or at her feet, while she looks upward in rapture to the descending angels. "Sometimes a dramatic feeling has been given, . . . as where St. Cecilia is playing to the Virgin, and St. Antony of Padua is listening, in Garofalo's work. Or as in a picture by Giulio Campi, where St. Cecilia is seated before an organ, attired in the rich Florentine costume of the sixteenth century; near her stands St. Catherine, listening to the heavenly strains."

In her many fine descriptions of the St. Cecilia pictures, Mrs. Jameson gives the following: "She is very seldom represented in

the devotional pictures as the virgin martyr only, but I remember one striking example ; it is in a picture by Giulio Procaccino. She leans back, dying, in the arms of an angel, her hands bound, her hair dishevelled, the countenance, raised to heaven, full of tender, enthusiastic faith ; one angel draws the weapon from her breast ; another, weeping, holds the palm and a wreath of roses. This picture was evidently painted for a particular locality, being on a high, narrow panel, the figure larger than life, and the management of the space and the foreshortening very skillful and fine. I know not any picture of St. Cecilia *sleeping* except Alfred Tennyson's :

‘There, in a clear walled city on the sea,
Near gilded organ-pipes, her hair
Bound with white roses, slept St. Cecily.
An angel looked at her.’

But the roses brought from paradise should be *red* and *white*, symbolical of love and purity, for in paradise the two are inseparable, and purity without love as impossible as love without purity.”

The idea of St. Cecilia seems to have brooded over art in its most richly sensuous development, and to have infused it with a fine spiritual sentiment, without exacting any real sacrifice of the warm and the splendid. Her idea, though virginal, is without austerity ; it is young, fresh, and feminine, with the blended charm of child and angel.

In much the same way as it came to music and to art has the St. Cecilia influence come to poetry—the third strand of the triple inspiration. Her beauty, innocence, and submission, her high yet gentle heroism, and her tragic fate, could not appear in the majestic, pregnant silence of sculptured marble, in the heart-felt and heart-awakening color of Raphael's touch, and be absent from the great mosaic of song.

ST. CECILIA.—A LEGEND.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME ÉMILE DE GIRARDIN.

It was a high-born Roman maid,
Valerian's virgin wife,
Who, long ago, for Christian faith,
Gave her pure life.

She loved to swell God's praise, and sang
So sweetly day and night,
That angels, listening, leaned from heav'n
In mute delight.

And when they came to take her life,
She sang the hymn of death,
So that the headsman drew in awe
His trembling breath.

O'er her meek head he held the sword
In hands that stayed its flight,
Nor, till the tender song was done,
Dared he to smite.

Half severed, falling not, but trembling—
O graceful, piteous sight! —
Leaneth her head, as in her statue
Of marble white.

E'en as she sank in death, her moans
From songs could not be told,
Around her in her tomb they wrapt
Her robe of gold.

Her blest remains, long after found,
Sleep 'neath her altar's ceil,
Before them, praying from their hearts,
The people kneel.

The traveller in Rome is shown
Where she escaped the flame
In the fair church now ever known
By her sweet name.

And yearly in its sacred walls,
When comes the winter-time,
The people glorify this saint
With song and chime.

To her all arts yield tribute due;
Great Raphael makes her fair,
By her own songs interpreting,
In colors rare.

With halo crowned, clasping her lute,
And beauteously attired,
Cecilia is the patron saint
Of the Inspired.

Virgin, type of harmony,
She inspires the sacred song,
And her voice responds to Genius
From heaven's throng.

A SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY, 1687.

JOHN DRYDEN.

From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began ;
When Nature underneath a heap
Of jarring atoms lay,
And could not heave her head,
The tuneful voice was heard from high,
Arise, ye more than dead !
Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,
In order to their stations leap,
And Music's power obey.

From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began :
From harmony to harmony,
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in man.

What passion cannot Music raise and quell ?
When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
His listening brethren stood around,
And, wondering, on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound.
Less than a god they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that shell,
That spoke so sweetly and so well.
What passion cannot Music raise and quell ?

The trumpet's loud clangor
Excites us to arms,
With shrill notes of anger,
And mortal alarms.
The double double double beat
Of the thundering drum
Cries, hark ! the foes come ;
Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat.

The soft complaining flute
In dying notes discovers
The woes of hopeless lovers,
Whose dirge is whisper'd by the warbling lute.

Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs, and desperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depth of pains, and height of passion,
For the fair, disdainful dame.
But oh ! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach,
The sacred organ's praise ?
Notes inspiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heavenly ways
To mend the choirs above.

Orpheus could lead the savage race ;
 And trees uprooted left their place,
 Sequacious of the lyre ;
 But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher ;
 When to her organ vocal breath was given,
 An angel heard, and straight appear'd,
 Mistaking earth for heaven.

GRAND CHORUS.

*As from the power of sacred lays
 The spheres began to move,
 And sung the great Creator's praise
 To all the bless'd above,
 So when the last and dreadful hour
 This crumbling pageant shall devour,
 The trumpet shall be heard on high,
 The dead shall live, the living die,
 And Music shall untune the sky.*

A SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY AT OXFORD.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

I.

Cecilia, whose exalted hymns
 With joy and wonder fill the blest,
 In choirs of warbling seraphims
 Known and distinguish'd from the rest,
 Attend, harmonious saint, and see
 Thy vocal sons of harmony ;
 Attend, harmonious saint, and hear our pray'rs,
 Enliven all our earthly airs,
 And, as thou sing'st thy God, teach us to sing of thee :
 Tune every string and every tongue ;
 Be thou the Muse and subject of our song.

II.

Let all Cecilia's praise proclaim,
 Employ the echo in her name.
 Hark ! how the flutes and trumpets raise,
 At bright Cecilia's name, their lays !
 The organ labors in her praise.
 Cecilia's name does all our numbers grace,
 From ev'ry voice the tuneful accents fly,
 In soaring trebles now it rises high,
 And now it sinks, and dwells upon the base ;
 Cecilia's name through all the notes we sing,
 The work of ev'ry skillful tongue,
 The sound of ev'ry trembling string,
 The sound and trump of every song.

III.

Forever consecrate the day
To music and Cecilia;
Music, the greatest good that mortals know,
And all of heav'n we have below :
Music can noble hints impart,
Engender fury, kindle love ;
With unsuspected eloquence can move
And manage all the man with secret art.
When Orpheus strikes the trembling lyre,
The streams stand still, the stones admire,
The list'ning savages advance,
The wolf and lamb around him trip,
The bears in awkward measures leap,
And tigers mingle in the dance.
The moving woods attended as he played,
And Rhodope was left without a shade.

IV.

Music religious hearts inspires ;
It wakes the soul, and lifts it high,
And wings it with sublime desires,
And fits it to bespeak the Diety.
The Almighty listens to a tuneful tongue,
And seems well pleased and courted with the song.
Soft moving sounds and heav'nly airs
Give force to every word, and recommend our pray'rs.
When time itself shall be no more,
And all things in confusion hurl'd,
Music shall then exert its pow'r,
And sound survive the ruins of the world.
Then saints and angels shall agree
In one eternal jubilee ;
All heav'n shall echo with their hymns divine,
And God himself with pleasure see
The whole creation in a chorus join.

CHORUS.

*Consecrate the place and day
To music and Cecilia.
Let no rough winds approach, nor dare
Invade the hallow'd bounds,
Nor rudely shake the tuneful air,
Nor spoil the fleeting sounds.
Nor mournful sigh nor groan be heard,
But gladness dwell on ev'ry tongue ;
Whilst all, with voice and strings prepared,
Keep up the loud harmonious song,
And imitate the blest above,
In joy and harmony and love.*

ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

ALEXANDER POPE.

Descend, ye Nine ! descend and sing,
 The breathing instruments inspire ;
 Wake into voice each silent string,
 And sweep the sounding lyre !
 In a sadly pleasing strain
 Let the warbling lute complain ;
 Let the loud trumpet sound
 Till the roofs all around
 The shrill echoes rebound ;
 While in more lengthen'd notes, and slow,
 The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.
 Hark ! the numbers soft and clear
 Gently steal upon the ear ;
 Now louder and yet louder rise,
 And fill with spreading sounds the skies.
 Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
 In broken air trembling the wild music floats ;
 Till by degrees, remote and small,
 The strains decay,
 And melt away
 In a dying, dying fall.

By music minds an equal temper know,
 Nor swell too high nor sink too low.
 If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
 Music her soft assuasive voice applies ;
 Or when the soul is press'd with cares,
 Exalts her in enlivening airs.
 Warriors she fires with animated sounds,
 Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds ;
 Melancholy lifts her head,
 Morpheus rouses from his bed,
 Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
 Listening Envy drops her snakes ;
 Intestine War no more our passions wage,
 And giddy Factions bear away their rage.

But when our country's cause provokes to arms,
 How martial music every bosom warms !
 So when the first bold vessel dared the seas,
 High on the stern the Thracian raised his strain,
 While Argo saw her kindred trees
 Descend from Pelion to the main :
 Transported demigods stood round,
 And men grew heroes at the sound,
 Inflamed with glory's charms :
 Each chief his sevenfold shield display'd,
 And half unsheath'd the shining blade ;
 And seas, and rocks, and skies rebound,
 To arms ! to arms ! to arms !

But when through all the infernal bounds,
Which flaming Phlegethon surrounds,
Love, strong as death, the poet led
To the pale nations of the dead,
What sounds were heard,
What scenes appear'd,
O'er all the dreary coasts!
Dreadful gleams,
Dismal screams,
Fires that glow,
Shrieks of woe,
Sullen moans,
Hollow groans,
And cries of tortured ghosts! —
But hark! he strikes the golden lyre,
And see! the tortured ghosts respire.
See shady forms advance!
Thy stone, O Sisypheus, stands still,
Ixion rests upon his wheel,
And the pale spectres dance;
The Furies sink upon their iron beds,
And snakes uncurl'd hang listening round their heads.

By the streams that ever flow,
By the fragrant winds that blow
O'er the Elysian flowers;
By those happy souls that dwell
In yellow meads of asphodel,
Or amaranthine bowers;
By the heroes' armed shades
Glittering through the gloomy glades;
By the youths that died for love,
Wandering in the myrtle grove—
Restore, restore Eurydice to life;
Oh, take the husband, or restore the wife!
He sung, and hell consented
To hear the poet's prayer;
Stern Proserpine relented,
And gave him back the fair.
Thus song could prevail
O'er death and o'er hell,
A conquest how hard and how glorious!
Though fate had fast bound her,
With Styx nine times round her,
Yet music and love were victorious.

But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes;
Again she falls, again she dies, she dies.
How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move?
No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.
Now under hanging mountains,
Beside the falls of fountains,
Or where Hebrus wanders,
Rolling in meanders,

All alone,
 Unheard, unknown,
 He makes his moan ;
 And calls her ghost,
 For ever, ever, ever lost !
 Now with furies surrounded,
 Despairing, confounded,
 He trembles, he glows,
 Amidst Rhodope's snows :
 See ! wild as the winds o'er the desert, he flies ;
 Hark ! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanals' cries—
 Ah ! see, he dies !
 Yet e'en in death Eurydice he sung,
 Eurydice still trembled on his tongue ;
 Eurydice the woods,
 Eurydice the floods,
 Eurydice the rocks and hollow mountains, rung.

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
 And fate's severest rage disarm ;
 Music can soften pain to ease,
 And make despair and madness please ;
 Our joys below it can improve,
 And antedate the bliss above.
 This the divine Cecilia found,
 And to her Maker's praise confined the sound.
 When the full organ joins the tuneful choir,
 The immortal powers incline their ear ;
 Borne on the swelling notes, our souls aspire,
 While solemn airs improve the sacred fire,
 And angels lean from heaven to hear.
 Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell ;
 To bright Cecilia greater power is given :
 His numbers raised a shade from hell,
 Her's lift the soul to heaven.

THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER

From its Sources to the Sea.

BY EMMA SHAW.

[*Education.*]

Oh, mighty river, crystal clear,
Flowing, flowing, year after year,
No time to rest, no time to stay,
What tidings bring you from away?
On vast Superior's northern shore
Do still the Storm-god's thunders roar
Till distant heights catch up the sound
And send sonorous echoes round,
Till, sounding out, now here, now there,
The mighty chorus fills the air?—
What tidings from the pictured-coast
Whose "Castle" * guards a demon-ghost?
Are still unfurled the rocky sails †
Which bid defiance to the gales?
Canst tell us if the "Empress" † fair
Still stands, a rocky siren, there;
And if the elves still make their home
Beneath "Le Portail's" † sand-stone dome?
Hast in the gloomy "chapel" † stayed,
While mournful winds sad dirges played
For ships, which, off that fatal shore,
Went down and ne'er were heard of more? —
To you alone, O mighty stream!
Reflecting now the moon's pale beam
And all the wondrous starry train
Which shine alike o'er isle and main;
Or, bright beneath the sinking sun
That ruddy grows when day is done,—
To you, alone, is known the race
Who first, in Nature's resting-place
On Royale Isle and Kéweenaw,
The mineral wealth with wonder saw,
Canst tell us whence and how they came,
Those ancient ones whom none can name?
Then, later, who like you has known
The struggles of those "Fathers" lone
Who gave their lives to plant the cross
(Counting it rather gain than loss)

* A place is pointed out on Thunder Cape where the cliffs outlined against the horizon bear some resemblance to a gigantic recumbent figure. This, according to Indian tradition, was the Storm-god, who was believed to hold undisputed sway in all that region.

† The rocks along the pictured shore of Lake Superior are carved by the action of the elements into various shapes. At one place there is an exact representation of a sloop with sails all set. The "Empress" is a gigantic profile of a woman's face. About this region cluster many aboriginal legends, which people the caves with elves, demons, etc.

On far-off shore and western isle?
 What legends quaint hast heard, erstwhile,
 Of dusky maid and stalwart brave
 Who,—up-borne on Superior's wave,—
 Sailed westward in their birch canoe,
 Watched o'er by fabled Manitou?—
 Canst sing for us a *voyageur's* song?
 Their notes have been forgotten long;
 And years and years have passed away
 Since, o'er the waves, their voices gay
 Rang blithely out in quaint old rhyme
 To which their oars kept perfect time.
 Wilt tell us now, and tell us true,
 How all the water at the "Soo"
 Finds outlet through such shallow bed?
 Small wonder, that with breakers dread
 The boiling, seething waters pour
 O'er jagged rocks which line the shore
 In flood so mad that, far and wide
 Upon the waves white foam-wreaths ride!—
 For rest alone dost steal away
 And linger long in Georgian Bay
 Among her thousand lonely isles,
 Made beauteous by Nature's smiles?
 Isles where his home the wild gull makes;
 His cry alone the stillness breaks!—
 Hast lingered in thine eastward march
 Beneath the "Giant Fairies"* arch,
 Or stopped to see if ghosts still keep
 Their nightly watch at "Lover's Leap"?
 Listened to hear the sunset gun
 At Mackinac, when day was done?
 Fair Mackinac! who proudly takes
 Her place,—"Gibraltar of the Lakes,"—
 Where Michigan comes thro' the strait
 The flood to meet at Huron's gate.
 As 'twixt her shores the two unite,
 Then onward flow, all sparkling bright,
 Adown the peaceful river Claire,—
 That's bordered now with homesteads fair,—
 Across the lake, to find in sight
 Above Fort Wayne, our ensign bright,
 Dost bring, with swiftest fancy, back
 The long-lost days of Pontiac?
 Dost hear again sad Logan's plaint
 Come down the years, in echoes faint;
 And brave Tecumseh's warlike boast
 To meet, alone, an armed host?
 When, left behind that narrow strait,
 You enter next fair Erie's gate

* Mackinac was claimed by the aborigines to be the abode of the Giant Fairies; and numberless weird traditions are told of "Arch Rock," "Lover's Leap," and similar formations which abound on this beautiful "Gem of the Straits."

Does Perry's memory with you stay
 While lingering at Put-in Bay ?
 Or, eastward still, you stop a while
 Amidst the rocks at Kelley's Isle,*
 Canst read for us the Indian lore
 Which learned minds have pondered o'er ?
 Canst tell how, on each rocky face,
 Those signs and symbols found their place ?
 Wilt tell us where, beneath the wave,
 The luckless Griffin † found a grave ?
 And how and where,—for no one knows,—
 They met their fate, those fine *bateaux*
 Which, sent to conquer Pontiac,
 Set bravely out, but ne'er came back ?
 To learn of you in vain we try ;
 To all our words comes no reply !
 A river now, you hurry on
 As if impatient to be gone ;
 And fast, and faster, on you whirl
 With foaming haste and angry swirl,
 Till, o'er the rocks with one mad leap
 You go, and still right onward sweep.
 Tho' loud to you Niagara calls,
 Deaf to the thunder of the falls
 You roll your sea-green waves along,
 Still speeding on with current strong.
 On either hand gray cliffs look down ;
 Their adamantine faces frown
 As, presently, you leave behind
 Your narrow bounds, and unconfined
 And peaceful now, in broader lake
 The Indian name Ontario take.
 " The beautiful," it signifies ;
 And, surely, all the name implies
 You are to me. Still on you glide,
 Mile after mile, until,—less wide,—
 You stop a bit at Kingston Bay ;
 Then, narrowing, you steal away
 From all the wondrous beauty there
 Of wooded shore and islets fair.
 Untempted by Dame Nature's wiles,
 You stop not midst the Thousand Isles,
 But still press on, a river free,
 Maddened with haste to reach the sea.
 By Long-Sault Rapids and Lachine
 You gallop on with frantic mien ;
 For e'en the Isle of Montreal
 You really make no pause at all
 (Tho' bold it stands, full in your track
 As if to hold the torrent back) ;
 But claiming all the tribute due
 From Ottawa and Richelieu,

* At Kelley's Isle are the best specimens of Indian hieroglyphics to be found anywhere in the region.

† The Griffin was the first vessel on the lakes. She was lost somewhere in this vicinity.

You wind beneath historic heights
 Made memorable by many fights;
 Your rolling flood you hold in check
 A moment, ere you leave Quebec,—
 Its plains where brave men fought and fell,
 Its old and time-worn citadel,
 And Montmorency's silv'ry veil
 Half-screening cliffs which none can scale,—
 Then hasten on with tireless speed.
 On either side the banks recede;
 Till wild and lonely Saguenay
 Comes down to you from Ha-Ha Bay;
 Mingling its waters,—inky black,—
 With yours, at ancient Tadousac.
 Glad or sorry at the meeting
 Both press on: there's no retreating!
 So, swept on with resistless force,
 You still pursue your seaward course;
 And when the breakers loudly roar
 Upon the bleak Atlantic shore,
 Where mountain billows rise and swell,
 We say, "St. Lawrence, fare thee well!"

'SPACIALLY JIM.

BY BESSIE MORGAN.

[*Century.*]

I was mighty good lookin' when I was young,
 Pearl an' black-eyed an' slim,
 With fellers a-courtin' me Sunday nights,
 'Specially Jim.

The likeliest one of 'em all was he,
 Chipper an' han'some an' trim,
 But I tossed up my head an' made fun o' the crowd
 'Specially Jim.

I said I hadn't no 'pinion o' men
 An' I wouldn't take stock in *him*!
 But they kep' on a-comin' in spite o' my talk
 'Specially Jim.

I got so tired o' havin' 'em round
 ('Specially Jim!)
 I made up my mind I'd settle down,
 An' take up with him.

So we was married one Sunday in church,
 'Twas crowded full to the brim,
 'Twas the only way to get rid of 'em all
 'Specially Jim!

MY POSSIBLE SELF.

BY DELIA LYMAN PORTER.

[Anson D. F. Randolph & Co.]

"I HAVE a kind of *Doppelgänger*," said Miss Emily.

"A what?" asked Hessie.

"A *Doppelgänger*! That is what the Germans call the 'other self,' which, they think, accompanies the real one."

"Oh, Miss Emily!" exclaimed Hessie in despair, "do tell me in plain English what you mean."

Hessie was Miss Emily's shadow, the one human being who was fond enough of her to willingly hear her talk by the hour. The attraction of that fresh young life of seventeen for a middle-aged woman of thirty-eight was a mystery to Miss Emily, but she enjoyed it keenly, and was in the habit of talking as freely to her as if she were soliloquizing. They were sitting, that stormy evening in late November, not by a glowing open fire, where people in stories are always so comfortably ensconced, but by a plain black hole in the floor, through which nevertheless came warmth, if not cheer. The latter the student lamp, the books, and their own tongues had to supply.

Neither had spoken for fifteen minutes, when the unwonted silence was broken by Miss Emily's remark:

"My *Doppelgänger*," she began negatively to explain, "is not like Julian Hawthorne's double, of which I heard the other day, which has been seen by his friends on several occasions, which appears exactly like him, and yet is not he, for he is somewhere else."

"Oh, Miss Emily!" said unbelieving Hessie, deprecatingly.

"Neither is she like the Dr. Jekyll part of me," continued Miss Emily, "for she does not leave the rest of me an unadulterated residuum of wickedness like Mr. Hyde. Neither is she exactly like the spirit in *Dipsychus*."

"What is *Dipsychus*?" asked Hessie.

"*Dipsychus* is the title of a remarkable though unfinished poem by Arthur Hugh Clough," replied she, "consisting of a dialogue between the nobler, spiritual part of a man and his worldly, selfish, material part; but mine is not like either."

"Then what *is* it like?" asked Hessie, a little weary of this long introduction.

"She has had an extraordinary influence on my life ever since I first became aware of her existence thirteen years ago," continued Miss Emily. "She has not left me since, even for a day. She is sometimes a discouragement, but more often an incentive, and at all times makes me realize the seriousness and value of life as I never did before. And you have one, too, Hessie."

"Oh, Miss Emily, what *do* you mean?" asked poor Hessie.

"MY POSSIBLE SELF!—my best possible self."

"Oh," said Hessie, a light breaking over her, "I see."

"Now, if you want a long story, I will tell you where I first saw her," continued Miss Emily.

"Indeed I do!" said Hessie, as she took a more comfortable position on the rug at her friend's feet, looking up in her face with her head propped on her elbow. "Now begin."

"I remember perfectly the circumstances under which I met her, thirteen years ago," began Miss Emily. "It was on a beautiful Sunday afternoon in late September that I sat alone in the Triangle, reading a sermon of Horace Bushnell's."

"What is the Triangle?" interpolated Hessie.

"It is a small creviced nook on the edge of Paradise Island, where I spent that summer," she explained. "It was shut in on two sides by high rocks, and on the third opened to the blue waters of the Sound. It was my favorite retreat when I wanted to be shut out from all the world. The sermon was the one which I have heard called one of the greatest of this century, and is entitled, 'Every Man's Life a Plan of God's.' You must read it, Hessie. It shows that when we were born, God had for each of our lives a plan, the best possible, which each one of us, with our own peculiar limitations both of heredity and early training, can live, and our highest purpose should be to follow this plan of God's for us."

"I should like to read it," said Hessie.

"Dr. Bushnell puts it all in a wonderful way," said Miss Emily, "and it made a great impression on me. As I shut my book that afternoon and looked out on the water at my feet, I gave myself up to the train of thought which the sermon suggested, and, all at once, like a flash of lightning, I saw MY POSSIBLE SELF! There she stood, as clearly defined to my mental sight as the black rock edge against the blue sky."

"What was she like?" said Hessie.

"In personal appearance she was like me, and yet unlike. Her build was the same, but her physique far stronger than mine, and almost perfect. She looked strong enough to carry on a great work in the world, and the contrast gave me a pang as I thought of the health I had squandered in late hours and foolish dissipation the first winter I came out in society. I was not really delicate thirteen years ago, but I had lived up to every inch of my vitality, and consequently had no reserve force for any emergency, though originally inheriting an iron constitution. The least extra exertion wearied me, so it was a pang indeed which I received from the sight of the vigor and fine physical perfection of MY POSSIBLE SELF."

"But her face must have been like yours?" said Hessie.

"It was, and yet different. The eyes were the same in shape and color, but the expression had a certain nameless something in it which mine lacked, and which made hers beautiful. It was a look as of seeing things afar off, and of a perfect trust in something or somebody. The other most dissimilar feature was the mouth—a wonderful combination of sweetness and firmness. I knew my own lips were weak, undecided. MY POSSIBLE SELF's brow, too, was smooth as satin; not a wrinkle or a crow's foot. Mine I brought on myself, Hessie, years ago, by an early contracted habit of worrying whenever things went wrong. I sighed as I saw how unnecessary and detrimental were those self-imposed disfigurements of mine."

"She must have been beautiful," said Hessie.

"Indeed, she was not; for she had my despised red hair and my snub nose and the large finger-joints which have always been such a trial to me, you know; but it was a perfect revelation to me to see how the points which I have mentioned almost counterbalanced the inherited blemishes. Her whole appearance was so attractive it made me for a moment unhappy, not because of wounded vanity at the contrast (for that was not one of my many failings), but because I saw how much could be done in the world by so attractive a woman. The more personal charm, the more influence in reaching others for good. But beside this revelation of her outward appearance, I suddenly seemed to acquire a knowledge of her mental and spiritual qualities and of her past life."

"How could you?" said Hessie, puzzled.

"I do not know," said Miss Emily; "but again, like a flash of lightning, I seemed to have MY POSSIBLE SELF burned into my

understanding. I saw with pleasure that she still had my light-hearted, jolly, easy-going temperament, but what had become laziness and shallowness with me, MY POSSIBLE SELF had, by diligent efforts, developed into a peaceful quietness of manner and a sympathetic, genuine cheeriness which made her a sunbeam wherever she went. I saw, too, that she still had my natural likes and dislikes, though the latter were much less aggressive than in my case. She had in general no 'edges,' such as I have always had in abundance, you know."

"Is that why you call yourself a social polygon, Miss Emily?" asked Hessie, with a laugh.

"Yes," said she, with another; "for I have so many decided likes and dislikes which keep thrusting themselves out and cutting into people."

"Poh!" said Hessie.

"MY POSSIBLE SELF was as extravagantly fond of music as I, but had done so much more with it. Instead of trifling, as most school-girls do, and as I had, with the musical advantages my generous parents had showered upon me, she had improved every one, and, having mastered the natural disinclination to persevering hard work, which I always ascribed to my Southern ancestry, the result was to me simply amazing. Her voice, no better than mine at the start, was wonderfully developed, and besides its vastly superior technique, had a sweetness of tone which I knew must come from some fount of spiritual harmony within. Mine lacked her sympathetic tone. She had gained something from life which I had not."

"Was she as fond of poetry and reading as you?" asked Hessie.

"Yes," said she; "but what a difference in the result on her mind and mine! She had curbed her (and my) natural taste for romance and fiction, and had allowed it but a scanty gratification, which was as nothing compared with her solid reading. I remembered that, when I was thirteen years old, some one had told me what an amount of history I would know in ten years if I read it for fifteen minutes every day. I wearied of the experiment in three months. MY POSSIBLE SELF had persevered until then, her twenty-fifth year—and had proved that 'many a mickle makes a muckle' by the fact that she was then able to teach history as a specialty."

"I suppose she was a great linguist, too," said Hessie, knowing her friend's weak point,

"No," answered Miss Emily, "I was comforted to see that she had done nothing with the languages. She had, like myself, an aversion to them, and after several unsuccessful attempts, had wisely decided to put her energies where she could do her best work.

"Her spiritual nature was so much more developed than my own that, had it not been for the unmistakable physical resemblance, I could not have believed that that fair soul was MY POSSIBLE SELF.

"The great turning-point in her spiritual life, as in my own, was at twenty years of age. Then my father lost his large fortune, and we children were obliged to earn our own support. I took it very hard, and my complaints and bewailings added greatly to the sorrows of my parents. I tried in several ways to earn a living, but my previous unthorough habits of study made my expensive education of little practical use in earning money. My first attempts—giving singing lessons and writing for the press—were failures, and I was humiliated to find that my cake-making and preserves brought me in more money than either."

"What could your POSSIBLE SELF do?" asked HESSIE.

"She would have been in great demand, with her singing and history, and a dozen other things to back, and her unselfish cheerfulness would have made her a joy and a constant support to my parents. What misery I felt at this revelation of what I 'might have been' to my family! But it was then too late, for my dear father had died the year before. Oh, HESSIE, do not wait so long as I did to know your POSSIBLE SELF, and what she might do in your place to make those around you happy!

"So all my life ran before me, and I saw what MY POSSIBLE SELF had made out of it—the conversational powers she had cultivated, and in which my own carelessness and laziness had made me so sadly deficient; the books she had read and I had only begun and never finished; the noble friends she had made and I had let slip, or had not had the character to attract; the many opportunities to do good which I had neglected and she had eagerly embraced, and the long troop of joys which came to her in their wake; the people she had helped; the same circumstances in our lives which her way of life had turned into blessings and mine into trials; even the pleasures of life had brought more to her than to me, for I had unconsciously frittered away on many worthless objects both my capacity for enjoyment and my naturally warm affections. All this wealth of life was hers, though she was born with the same physique,

temperament, and natural tastes as mine, and though her early years were passed among the same people and brought her the same early training. I could not feel that this difference was the result of anything but my own fault.

"As I mused over these lost opportunities, and the fatal habit I had acquired of preferring present pleasure to sacrifice for future good, a deep feeling of misery overcame me. My life seemed wasted and utterly good for nothing. I said aloud: 'Truly, I know of no worse hell than that a soul which has spent a wasted life should be everlastingly confronted with its POSSIBLE SELF for all eternity.'"

"Oh, Miss Emily!" said Hessie, in a low, awe-struck tone.

"The sun had set by that time, and it was growing cold and dark, but still I sat in my rocky niche absorbed in these sad thoughts. I do not know how long I should have sat there, but, as the first star shone down on my troubled face, a ray of hope entered my heart, for I seemed to see another POSSIBLE SELF, not bright and almost perfect, like the first, but still so much beyond my present self that my heart leaped at the thought that it was yet possible for me to attain it. It was the personification of the best self possible to me from that hour.

"I found my way over the rocks to our island cottage that night, feeling almost as if I had had a revelation from God, Hessie. Since then not one day has MY POSSIBLE SELF left me. Every day I try to do what she would do when annoyances and cares harass me; to think how sunshiny she would be under those same circumstances.

"In my efforts for self-improvement, in meeting the great as well as the small trials of life, and in my life work I try to live up to that revelation of MY POSSIBLE SELF."

"I, too, must have a POSSIBLE SELF," said Hessie, thoughtfully, and with a far-away look in her sweet brown eyes.

"Yes, dear, and so has everyone, no matter how lowly. If we all made it the purpose of our lives to attain to OUR POSSIBLE SELVES, which is only another name for God's plan for our lives, what a heaven this world would be!"

